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THE

CHILDREN'S HYMN BOOK.

[Brock, Mrs Carey]

THE

CHILDREN'S HYMN BOOK

FOR USE IN

CHILDREN'S SERVICES, SUNDAY SCHOOLS

AND FAMILIES

Arranged in Order of the Church's Year

PUBLISHED UNDER THE REVISION OF

THE RIGHT REV. W. WALSHAM HOW, D.D.
Bishop Suffragan for East London

THE RIGHT REV. ASHTON OXENDEN, D.D.
Late Bishop of Montreal, and Metropolitan of Canada

AND

THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON, M.A.
Rector of Barnes

With Accompanying Tunes

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PREFACE.

THE CHILDREN'S HYMN BOOK, in the preparation of which no labour or expense has been spared, will, it is hoped, be welcomed by many as the most careful and comprehensive attempt yet made to supply a long felt need. Hymn-singing has found its way into nearly every family circle; the Sunday School has been largely developed within the Church of England; Children's Services have multiplied; Guilds, Bands of Hope, and kindred societies have been formed in hundreds of parishes; and the demand for hymns suited to the young, on all subjects within the range of their interests, is becoming daily more and more urgent.

The object of this Collection is to provide a Hymnal for the young, in which, whilst a high standard of excellence and a healthy religious tone are preserved, every hymn shall be, as regards the sentiments conveyed and the expressions used, within their possible experience, and, as far as may be, within their comprehension. In adhering to this rule, the Compilers have necessarily been obliged to exclude from their pages many hymns, which, however valuable and beautiful in themselves, it would be impossible for children to use without a simulation of religious experience dangerous to the simplicity and truthfulness of their relations with God. At the same time, they have not forgotten the necessity of making children familiar in childhood with such hymns as they can love and value all their lives. Many of the hymns generally used in Divine Service deal with thoughts and ways which are common to the younger and older members of the Church, and may be a life-long help to both in the realization and love of Divine things. Care has been taken to secure a large number of the more beautiful and vigorous of these.

The Compilers feel it impossible adequately to express their gratitude to the Revisers of this work—the Right Rev. W. Walsham How, Bishop of Bedford, the Right Rev. Bishop Ashton Oxenden, and the Rev. John Ellerton—for the careful and patient consideration which they have given to every hymn, and for the invaluable assistance and advice rendered by them in the work.

To all who have aided them by original contributions, careful criticisms, and valuable suggestions, they feel it incumbent to give their special thanks. First of all must be named the Rev. W. Pulling, Chairman of the Committee of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," (whose letter in reply to the Acting Editor of the CHILDREN'S HYMN

Book is subjoined), to whose kind co-operation and valuable introductions the Compilers are deeply indebted, as they are also to the Committee, for the generosity with which they placed at their disposal all their valuable copyright hymns.

For hymns composed expressly for this work, or first published in it, the Compilers are under special obligations to the Bishop of Bedford, to the Rev. Canon Baynes, to the Rev. Gerard Blunt, to Miss Butler, to the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, to the Rev. Gordon Browne, to Lady Baker, to Mrs. Charles, to Mrs. Curteis, to Miss Sarah Doudney, to Mrs. de Lisle Dobrée, to the Rev. John Ellerton, to Mrs. Hernaman, to the Rev. Geoffrey Hughes, to Mrs. Mitchell, to the Rev. J. E. Millard, to the Rev. T. B. Pollock, to the Rev. C. W. Power, to Miss Christina Rossetti, to Mrs. Charles Streatfeild, to the Rev. S. J. Stone, to the Rev. Canon Alfred Stowell, to the Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett, to Mr. A. H. Turner, to Miss Wiglesworth, and also to two kind and sympathizing helpers, who have passed from earth whilst this work was in the press—Miss Frances Ridley Havergal and Miss Jennette Threlfall.

For the use of hymns already published, they desire to render their warm thanks to several of the writers already mentioned, and also to Mrs. Alexander, to the Rev. H. Bonar, D.D., to the Rev. W. Bright, D.D., to the Rev. J. E. Bode, to the Rev. W. St. Hill Bourne, to Sister M. F. Clare, to the Rev. S. Childs Clarke, to the Rev. J. Erskine Clarke, to Mr. W. Chatterton Dix, to the Rev. H. Downton, to Miss Elliott, to the Rev. Canon Farrar, to Mr. Gilbert, to the Rev. J. W. Hewett, to the Rev. E. Harland, to the Rev. Cecil Hook, to Messrs. Hatchard, to the Rev. Vernon Hutton, to the Rev. J. W. Irons, D.D., to the Rev. J. S. Jones, to the Rev. T. Keble, to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, to Mrs. Luke, to the Rev. R. F. Littledale, LL.D, (to whom they are under special obligation for much valuable assistance), to Mrs. Monsell, to the Rev. Cecil Moore, to the Rev. Gerard Moultrie, to Messrs. Masters, to the Earl Nelson, to Messrs. Novello, to the Rev. Francis Pott, to the Rev. G. R. Prynne, to the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, to the Rev. J. Parson, to Messrs. Parker, to the Rev. G. F. Smyttan, to Messrs. Skeffington, to the Rev. Godfrey Thring, to the Rev. Henry Twells, to the Rev. B. Webb, to the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster.

Of the tunes it may equally be said that neither labour nor expense has been spared in their preparation, and that the endeavour worthily to set the hymns to music, has been the work of several years.

One great object has been to provide pleasing melodies, such as children can easily learn, and at the same time to secure the sound harmonies which shall accustom their ears to what is good. A simpler tune has occasionally been substituted for that generally set.

Where tunes of small merit have been admitted on account of their long-standing popularity, and in some other cases, a second tune has been given as an alternative. Counsel having been taken throughout with some of our most eminent Church composers, and especially with those well experienced in the requirements of children, it is earnestly hoped that the end sought will not be altogether unattained.

Although the tunes are mostly printed in the modern notation, it is not intended that they should be sung too rapidly. The style of each hymn, with its tune, should indicate, to the reverent mind, its proper speed. There is now, as regards the singing of hymns, an increasing reaction from the unseemly haste widely adopted some years ago, and a just medium between a careless drawl and an irreverent hurry is steadily gaining ground.

It is impossible to acknowledge adequately, the exceeding kindness shown towards the work throughout its progress, by proprietors of tunes, publishers, and composers; but special thanks must be expressed to the Rev. W. Pulling and the Committee of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" for their generous permission to make use of their copyright tunes as set to their own words; to Mr. Arthur Sullivan for his free permission to print many tunes from "Church Hymns," and his valuable information as to other tunes in that collection; to the Committee of the "Irish Church Hymnal"; to Sir Robert Stewart; and to the late Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, who kindly allowed the free use of tunes by the late Rev. W. H. Havergal and herself, published in "Songs of Grace and Glory."

Grateful and regretful mention must be made of the latest services rendered to Church and home psalmody by Mr. Henry Smart in the invaluable help he gave to this work during the last two years of his life, by writing tunes for it, and by giving his sanction to some of the new tunes, his revision to the harmonies of many standard tunes, and his much prized advice on many points.

Special acknowledgements are also due to the Rev. Sir Frederick A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus. Doc., for his revision of other of the harmonies, for a new tune, and for the re-harmonizing of a melody of his own for this work; also to Professor W. H. Monk for his kind and important advice, and his readiness to afford assistance. Grateful thanks are also offered to Captain Bowdler Bell, for his efficient help in the revision of the proofs.

For tunes written expressly for this work, many thanks are offered to Dr. Armes, to Dr. Arnold, to Mr. E. W. Barber, to Mr. C. A. Barry, to * Mr. Cyril Bowdler, to Mr. Cameron W. H. Brock, to Mr. A. H.

* Who has also given permission to use some tunes taken from his forthcoming "Occasional Hymnal."

Brown, to the Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, to Mrs. Jeffery Browning, to Mrs. Bruce, to the Rev. E. W. Bullinger, to Mrs. Callow, to Dr. Champneys, to Mrs. E. C. Chepmell, to Mr. Langdon Colborne, to Mr. Matthew Cooke, to Mr. W. de P. Crousaz, to the Rev. R. F. Dale, to the Rev. C. J. Dickinson, to Mr. J. W. Elliott, to Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., to Major A. Ewing, to the Rev. J. Hampton, to Mr. George Hinton, to Mr. R. Hoar, to Mr. E. J. Hopkins, to Dr. Iliffe, to Mr. Henry Lahee, to Mr. Lavington, to Mr. C. H. Lloyd, to Dr. Longhurst, to Prof. G. A. Macfarren, Mus. Doc., to Mr. Walter Macfarren, to Mr. F. A. Mann (Organist of Lowestoft), to the Rev. T. R. Matthews, to the late Rev. Peter Maurice, D.D., to Dr. E. G. Monk, to Prof. W. H. Monk, to Mr. T. Morley, to Dr. Naylor, to Prof. Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus. Doc., to Prof. the Rev. Sir F. A. G Ouseley, Bart., Mus. Doc., to Mr. T. German Reed, to the Rev. S. J. Rowton, to Madame Sainton-Dolby, to the Rev. H. F. Sheppard, to the Rev. Henry Sidebotham, to Mr. Joseph W. Sidebotham, to Mr. Samuel Smith, to Prof. Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., to Mr. E. A. Sydenham, to Mr. Berthold Tours, to Mr. Turle, to Mr. A. H. Turner.

Some of the already-mentioned contributors are also sincerely thanked for permission to use tunes already published or written by them. Acknowledgements for kind assistance thus given by other composers, and by several proprietors and publishers, are also made as follows :—To HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, for her gracious permission to print the tune "Gotha," composed by H.R.H. the late PRINCE CONSORT, to the Proprietors of the "Anglican Hymn Book," to Mr. W. S. Bambridge, to the Rev. W. J. Blew and Mrs. Gauntlett, to the Rev. James Boultbee, to the Rev. Lord T. Butler, to the Proprietors of the "Canterbury Tune Book," to the Rev. E. S. Carter, to Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co., to the Rev. R. R. Chope, to the Rev. S. Childs Clarke (for the use of a tune by the late Rev. J. B. Dykes, M.A., Mus. Doc.), to Mr. Cooper (for the use of a tune by the late Mr. George Cooper), to Mrs. Curteis, to the Rev. L. Darwall, to Mrs. Dykes (for the use of tunes by the late Rev. J. B. Dykes), to the Lady Victoria Evans Freke, to Mr. J. Farmer, to Mr. J. Downing Farrer, to Mr. W. Freestone, to Mrs. Gauntlett, to Mr. W. Gilbert, to the Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, to Mr. Burnham W. Horner, to the Rev. F. G. Hume, to Miss Hutton, to Miss A. C. Jackson, to Mr. Jekyll, to Mr. James Langran, to the Bishop of Lichfield, to the family of the late Dr. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, to Messrs. Masters, to Mr. R. N. Matthews, to the Rev. W. Mercer, to Messrs. Metzler & Co., to Messrs. Nisbet & Co., to Messrs. Novello & Co., to Mrs. Palmer, to Mr. Arthur Patten, to the Rev. F. Peel, to the Rev. Clement Powell, to the Proprietors of the "Presbyterian Hymnal," to Mr. S. D. Routh, to the Editors of the "Sarum Hymnal," to the Rev. D.

Smith, to Mr. T. W. Staniforth, to Dr. Steggall, to Mr. R. Minton Taylor, to Mr. Trembath, to the Rev. H. A. Walker, to the Rev. F. A. Wesley for the use of the tune "Aurelia," by the late Dr. S. S Wesley.

Great pains have been taken to discover the names of authors of hymns and of composers of tunes used; and should a copyright, in any case, have been infringed, it is hoped that the proprietors may be pardoned for what has been unintentional. Any such error, if pointed out, shall be remedied in a future edition.

Many thanks are also due to the Bishop of Bedford and the Rev. J. Ellerton, to the Rev. T. W. Sidebotham, to the Rev. H. Walter Brock, and to the numerous friends who have kindly afforded information respecting both hymns and tunes, and have rendered much valuable help in the preparation of the work.

In conclusion the Compilers desire to ask the prayers of all, that this work—the result of years of thought and labour—may, notwithstanding all imperfections, be acceptable to the Church of Christ and promote the glory of God.

Applications for permission to print copyright tunes, or words, must be addressed (accompanied by a stamped directed envelope) to the Editor,

MRS. CAREY BROCK,

The Deanery, Guernsey.

Eastnor Rectory, Ledbury, 29th October, 1877.

Dear Madam,

I brought your letters before my colleagues at our general meeting on Thursday. I am desired by them to communicate to you our unanimous and unhesitating decision to abandon our own long-cherished intention to bring out a children's hymn book, and to afford you the co-operation which you desire to obtain from us in your own arduous undertaking.

We were led to this conclusion by the knowledge, conveyed to us for the first time by your letters, that you had been engaged in the compilation of a child's hymn book, that you had been making for it long and anxious preparation, and that you had accumulated for it a large store of materials. We felt also that, in giving up our own book, long contemplated by us, and postponed only by other great, if not more important labours, we cannot resign this work into better hands than your own, or to a compiler more competent to meet successfully a want which we have always recognised, and which *we* had hoped to be permitted to provide for in behalf of Christ's little ones.

I remain, dear Madam,

Faithfully yours,

W. PULLING.

Chairman "H. A. M."

To MRS. CAREY BROCK,
The Deanery, Guernsey.

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A blank implies that the name of the Author or Composer has not been certainly ascertained.

First Line of Hymn.	No.	Author.
A charge to keep I have	231	Rev. Charles Wesley
A time to watch, a time to pray	114	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
Above the clear blue sky	269	Rev. J. Chandler
Above the clear blue sky	270	Mrs. Bourdillon
According to Thy gracious word	301	J. Montgomery
Again the morn of gladness	37	Rev. J. Ellerton
Again the morning shines so bright	2	E. O. D.
All glory, laud, and honour	110	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., fr. the Lat.
All hail the power of Jesus' Name	261	E. Perronet
All is bright and cheerful round us	367	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
All people that on earth do dwell	264	W. Kethe
All that's good, and great, and true	252	Rev. Godfrey Thring
All things bright and beautiful	255	C. F. Alexander
Almighty Father, God of love	1	E. Wiglesworth
Almighty God, Whose only Son	315	Rev. Sir H. Baker, Bart.
And didst Thou hunger then, O Lord ...	101	Mrs. Streatfeild
And now this Holy Day	49	Rev. E. Harland
Angels from the realms of glory	71	J. Montgomery
Another day begun	55	Rev. J. Ellerton
Around the Throne of God a band	374	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
Around the Throne of God in heaven ...	205	A. Houlditch
Art thou weary, art thou languid	213	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., fr. the Grk.
As Hebrew children strewed their palms...	343	Mrs. Mitchell
As pants the hart for cooling streams ...	199	N. Tate and N. Brady
As the bird in meadow fair	3	
As with gladness men of old	93	W. C. Dix
Ascended Lord, accept our praise	57	Bishop Walsham How

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First line.	No.	Name of Tune.	Metre.	Source, or Name of Composer.
A charge to	231	Sunderland†	... S.M. ...	Henry Smart
A time to...	114	1 Berea** ... ... / 2 Cologne	... L.M. ...	1 Philip Armes, Mus. Doc. / 2 German
Above the	269	Children's voices† ...	66664444	E. J. Hopkins
Above the	270	Haddo*	..D.S.M....	James Turle
According	301	Stafford	... C.M. ...	Dr. S. Howard
Again the	37	Wir pflügen	767676766684	German
Again the	2	Prima Lux*	... L.M. ...	M. A. S.
All glory...	110	St. Theodulph ...	... 7676D ...	German
All hail the	261	1 St. Leonard† / 2 Zwingle† ...	... C.M. ...	1 Henry Smart / 2
All is bright	367	Lux Eoi†...	... 8787D ...	Arthur Sullivan
All people	264	Savoy	... L.M. ...	Goudimel (?)
All that's...	252	St. John's Mentone**	... 7777 ...	Rev. Henry Sidebotham
All things	255	"All things bright"†	... 7676 ...	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bt. Rehar. and arr. expressly for this work
Almighty...	1	Ardbraccan*	... L.M. ...	Rev. C. J. Dickinson
Almighty...	315	Intercession	... L.M. ...	Latin melody
And didst	101	Eden	... C.M. ...	Rev. W. H. Havergal
And now...	49	Moseley*	... 6666 ...	Henry Smart
Angels ...	71	St. Raphael†	...878747...	E. J. Hopkins
Another ...	55	Bethlehem	... S.M. ...	S. Wesley
Around the	374	1 St. Sepulchre† / 2 Emmanuel ...	... L.M. ...	1 George Cooper / 2 Braun's *Echo Hymnodiæ Cælestis*
Around the	205	1 Glory / 2 Aymestrey* ...	... 86868 ...	1 / 2 M. A. S.
Art thou ...	213	1 Stephanos† / 2 St. Neot's† ...	... 8583 ...	1 Rev. Sir. H. Baker, Bart. Arr. by Prof. Monk / 2
As Hebrew	343	Crookesbury*	... C.M. ...	M. A. S.
As pants ...	199	Martyrdom	... C.M. ...	Hugh Wilson
As the bird	3	Dewdrops**	... 7777D ...	Dr. Champneys
As with ...	93	Dix	...777777...	German
Ascended	57	Carass†	... C.M. ...	Julia Browning

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	4	Bishop Ken
Before the Throne of God above	209	Sister M. F. Clare
Before Thine awful Presence, Lord	288	Bishop Walsham How
Behold a little child	222	Bishop Walsham How
Behold, the Master passeth by	373	Bishop Ken (adapted Bishop How)
Behold Thy servant drawing near	305	John M. Neale, D.D.
Behold us, Lord, before Thee met	289	Rev. W. Bright, D.D.
Be present at our table, Lord	327	John Cennick
Beyond the holy city wall	162	C. F. Alexander
Blessed art thou, who passed before ...	352	Mrs. Henry Brock
Blessed night, when Bethlehem's plain ...	72	Rev. H. Bonar, D.D.
Blest day of God, how calm, how bright...	40	John Mason
Blest are the pure in heart...	243	Rev. J. Keble
Bread of Heaven, on Thee we feed	299	Josiah Conder
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	94	Bishop Heber
Brightly gleams our banner	277	Rev. T. J. Potter
By cool Siloam's shady rill	238	Bishop Heber
Children of the heavenly King	223	John Cennick
Christ is gone up, yet ere He passed ...	364	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
Christ is merciful and mild	159	J. Buckworth
Christ the Lord is risen again	123	Bohemian Brethren
Christ, Who once amongst us	182	Rev. W. St. Hill Bourne
Christian children must be holy	86	C. F. Alexander
Christian, seek not yet repose	229	Charlotte Elliott
Come and let us hail the dawning	41	
Come, children, lift your voices	345	C. F. Hernaman
Come, Christian children, come and raise	275	Dorothy Ann Thrupp
Come, Christian youths and maidens ...	325	Rev. T. A. Stowell
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove ...	135	Simon Browne
Come, let us join our cheerful songs... ...	262	Dr. Watts
Come, our Father's voice is calling	290	Rev. L. Tuttiett
Come, praise your Lord and Saviour ...	274	Bishop Walsham How
Come, sing with holy gladness	276	Rev. J. J. Daniel
Come, Thou long expected Jesus	64	Rev. Charles Wesley
Come, ye thankful people, come	346	Dean Alford
Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said	329	Prof. Joseph Anstice
Day by day we magnify Thee	5	Rev. J. Ellerton
Day is past and gone	18	Rev. Dr. Littledale
Do no sinful action	232	C. F. Alexander
Earth has many a noble city	95	Compilers of *A. and M.*, based on trans. by Rev. E. Caswall
Easter flowers are blooming bright	124	

First line.	No.	Name of Tune.	Metre.	Source, or Name of Composer.
Awake, my	4	1 Morning Hymn 2 Morning† (*American Hy. Bk.*, No. 4)	... L.M. ...	1 F. H. Barthélémon 2 Dr. Boyce Har. E. G. Monk, Mus. D
Before the	209	St. Cyril† (No. 2) ...	... C.M. ...	Arthur Patten
Before ...	288	Abendlied†	... C.M. ...	German
Behold a ...	222	Scarborough*	... 666688 ...	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick
Behold, the	373	Bavaria†	... L.M. ...	German
Behold Thy	305	St. Peter†...	... C.M. ...	A. R. Reinagle
Behold us	289	Benison	... 888888 ...	Old Tune
Be present	327	Emmanuel†	... L.M. ...	Braun's *Echo Hymnodiæ Cælestis*
Beyond the	162	Rockingham	... L.M. ...	Dr. Miller
Blessed art	352	Alton*	... L.M. ...	M. A. S.
Blessed ...	72	St. Eanswyth	... 7774 ...	J. W. Sidebotham, Mus. Bac. Oxon.
Blest day	40	1 Hermann ... ... 2 Langford	...D.C.M....	N. Hermann
Blest are ...	243	Carlisle	... S.M. ...	Lockhart.
Bread of ...	299	"Bread of Heaven"†	... 777777 ...	Bishop Maclagan
Brightest ...	94	The Three Kings† ...	11.10.11.10	Dr. Champneys
Brightly ...	277	Vexillum†...	6565 12 lines	Henry Smart
By cool ...	238	Belmont	... C.M. ...	S. Webbe
Children ...	223	1 Pilgrimage† 2 St. Bees†	... 7777 ...	1 Har. Prf. Sir. R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc. 2 Rev. J. B. Dykes, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Christ is ...	364	St. Jude	... C.M. ...	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick
Christ is ...	159	St. Helen, or Harwich	... 7777 ...	
Christ the	123	Wirtemburg	... 77774 ...	German
Christ, Who	182	Pastor Bonus†... ...	... 6565D ...	J. Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Christian...	86	Tranby†	... 8787 ...	Rev. S. M. Barkworth
Christian...	229	Vigilate†	... 7773 ...	Prof. W. H. Monk
Come and	41	Braylesford†	... 878787 ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
Come, chil-	345	Harvest**	7676 12 lines	Berthold Tours
Come ...	275	Tottenham	... C.M. ...	
Come ...	325	Commemoration** ...	... 7676D ...	Matthew Cooke
Come, gra -	135	London	... L.M. ...	Henry Smart
Come, let us	262	London New	... C.M. ...	Dr. Croft
Come, our	290	"Our Father's Voice"†	... 8787 ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Come ...	274	Edengrove†	... 7676D ...	Samuel Smith
Come, sing	276	Ellacombe	... 7676D ...	German
Come, Thou	64	Turnau	... 8787 ...	German
Come, ye...	346	St. George's, Winds.†	... 7777D ...	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.
Daily, O ...	329	Preston†	... 888888 ...	Bishop Jenner
Day by day	5	"Day by day"† ...	... 8787 ...	Rev. E. S. Carter
Day is past	18	"Day is past"† ...	... 5577 ...	Rev. L. Darwall
Do no sinful	232	Warfare†	... 6565 ...	L. J. Hutton
Earth has	95	Stutgard	... 8787 ...	German
Easter ...	124	In excelsis gloria** ...	... 7777 ...	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.
Ere another Sunday close	50	O. P.
Ere evening shadows round me close ...	19	*Formby's School Songs*
Eternal Father, strong to save	318	W. Whiting
Every morning the red sun	203	C. F. Alexander
Fair waved the golden corn	235	Rev. J. H. Gurney
Faithful Shepherd, feed me	190	Rev. T. B. Pollock
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Father, let me dedicate	89	Rev. L. Tuttiett
Father, look upon Thy children	292	E. A. Wiglesworth
Father, Name of love and fear	293	Rev. J. Ellerton
Father of love, our Guide and Friend ...	195	Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D.
Father, while the shadows fall	20	Miller
Fear not the foe, thou flock of God	226	Rev. H. Bonar, D.D.
Fight the good fight	217	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, D.D.
For all the saints who from their labours...	381	Bishop Walsham How.
For all Thy saints, a noble throng	371	C. F. Alexander
For all Thy love and goodness	60	Frances J. Douglas & Bishop W. How
For mercies that we taste and see	331	Rev. J. Skinner
For the beauty of the earth	256	F. S. Pierpoint
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	90	Rev. H. Downton (altered)
Forgive them, O my Father	112	C. F. Alexander
Forsaken once and thrice denied	370	C. F. Alexander
Forty days and forty nights	105	Rev. G. H. Smyttan and Rev. F. Pott
Framer of the light	7	Rev. S. Childs Clarke
From Greenland's icy mountains	308	Bishop Heber
From hidden source arising	379	Rev. R. F. Littledale, D.D.
From the Eastern mountains	96	Rev. Godfrey Thring
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	177	Rev. Charles Wesley
Glory be to Jesus...	117	Rev. E. Caswall, from the Latin
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God the Father's only Son	145	Rev. S. J. Stone
God, Who madest earth and heaven... ...	22	Bp. Heber and Archbp. Whately

First line.	No.	Name of Tune.	Metre.	Source, or Name of Composer.
Ere another	50	Sarratt†	... 7777 ...	Rev. T. R. Matthews
Ere evening	19	Woolwich*	... L.M. ...	A. Ewing
Eternal ...	318	Melita†	...888888...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Every ...	203	1 Eternity† / 2 Rhuabon*	...757577...	1 L. J. Hutton / 2 M. A. S.
Fair waved	235	Moravia	... S.M. ...	L. West
Faithful ...	190	St. Wystan†	... 6565 ...	Rev. Lord T. Butler
Father ...	6	The Bourne*	... 6565 ...	M. A. S.
Father, let	89	"Father, let me dedicate"*	... 7575D ...	Prof. G. A. Macfarren, Mus. D.
Father ...	292	Killiney*	... 8787D ...	M. A. S.
Father ...	293	Lonsdale†	... 7777 ...	Rev. F. A. J. Hervey
Father of...	195	Barham†	... C.M. ...	R. M. Dale
Father ...	20	Shadows*	77778585	Prof. W. H. Monk
Fear not the	226	Church Militant* ...	... 884D ...	Robert Hoar
Fight the...	217	St. Crispin†	... L.M. ...	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.
For all the	381	Sarum Hymnal, No. 299†	10.10.10.4	Joseph Barnby
For all Thy	371	St. James...	... C.M. ...	R. Courteville
For all Thy	60	Springtime†	Irregular	Arr. Arthur Sullivan
For mer-	331	Ely†	... L.M. ...	Bishop Turton
For the ...	256	All Saints† (No. 2.)	...777777...	Henry Lahee
For Thy ...	90	Canterbury	... 7777 ...	Orlando Gibbons
Forgive ...	112	St. Margaret†	... 7676 ...	Rev. W. Statham
Forsaken...	370	Derry†	... 8886 ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Forty days	105	Liguria or St. Ambrose	... 7777 ...	Ancient mel. har. H. Smart
Framer of...	7	Lux matutina†... ...	... 5510D ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
From ...	308	Lancashire†	...7676D ...	Henry Smart
From hid -	379	St. Alphege†	... 7676 ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
From the...	96	Colyton*	...6565D ...	Prof. W. H. Monk
Gentle ...	177	Innocents...	... 7777 ...	
Glory be to	117	North Coates†... ...	... 6565 ...	Rev. T. R. Matthews
Glory to the	143	Orillia	... 7777 ...	S. D. Routh
Glory to ...	21	Tallis's Canon... ...	... L.M. ...	Tallis
Go forward	225	St. Alkmund	...7676D ...	Rev. J. S. Sidebotham
God, Al -	139	Brookboro'**	...656565...	Prof. Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc.
God Al -	140	Fides**	...878747...	Prof. Sir Herbert Oakeley, M.A., Mus. Doc.
God Eter -	265	Litania†	... 7777 ...	D. G.
God hath...	192	Ludborough†	... L.M. ...	Rev. T. R. Matthews
God in ...	309	Frankfort...	... 8787 ...	German
God of ...	8	1 Riviera** / 2 Brandenburg†	... 7777 ...	1 E. W. Barber / 2 German
God of that	282	Mainzer	... L.M. ...	Dr. Mainzer
God save...	326	God save the Queen	6646664	
God the ...	51	St. Meinrad*	... 7775D ...	Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard
God the ...	145	"All in all"*	...777777...	Prof. W. H. Monk
God, Who	22	Temple†	84848884	E. J. Hopkins

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.
God will take care of you all through ...	184	Frances Ridley Havergal
Golden harps are sounding	129	Frances Ridley Havergal
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd	179	J. E. Leeson and J. Whittemore
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	187	Bishop Christopher Wordsworth
Great Creator, Lord of all	141	Rev. T. B. Pollock
Great God, and wilt Thou condescend ...	250	Jane Taylor
Great God, Thou giver of all good	331	Rev. J. Skinner
Hail, sacred day of earthly rest...	39	Rev. Godfrey Thring
Hail the day that sees Him rise...	130	Rev. Charles Wesley (altered)
Hail to the Lord Who comes	363	Rev. J. Ellerton
Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are ...	193	Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. (altered)
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord	157	William Cowper
Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes	65	Dr. Doddridge
Hark, the herald angels sing	70	Rev. Charles Wesley
Hark the sound of holy voices	382	Bishop Christopher Wordsworth
Hark the swelling breezes	312	H. B.
Hark what music fills the sky	73	E. Wiglesworth
He is gone, a cloud of light	131	Dean Stanley
He led them unto Bethany	128	C. F. Hernaman
He scarcely felt the cruel stones	83	Mrs. Streatfeild
Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus	23	Rev. F. Stanfield
Hear Thy children's hymn of praise ...	271	E. A. Curteis
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing ...	253	Bishop Christopher Wordsworth
Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is ...	336	Rev. Gerald Blunt
High o'er the glittering temple	102	Mrs. Streatfeild
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty ...	144	Bishop Heber
Holy Spirit, Lord of Glory	294	Rev. R. H. Baynes (altered)
Holy Spirit, Lord of love	298	Bishop Maclagan
Hosanna they were crying	66	C. F. Hernaman
Hosanna to the living Lord	212	Bishop Heber
Hosanna we sing, like the children dear...	267	Rev. G. S. Hodges
How beautiful is earth	198	E. Wiglesworth
How beautiful the hills of God...	103	Mrs. C. Streatfeild
How blest are they who strive	313	
How bright those glorious spirits shine ...	387	Dr. Watts and W. Cameron
How can we serve Thee, Lord	342	C. F. Hernaman
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds ...	155	Rev. J. Newton
Hushed was the evening hymn	247	James Drummond Burns
I am not worthy, Holy Lord	300	Rev. Sir Henry Baker, Bart.
I heard the voice of Jesus say	216	Rev. H. Bonar, D.D.
I love to hear the story	174	Emily Huntingdon Miller
I think when I read that sweet story of old	172	Mrs. Luke

First line.	No.	Name of Tune.	Metre.	Source, or Name of Composer.
God will ...	184	Eunice†	10.10.10.10	Frances Ridley Havergal
Golden ...	129	Hermas†	6565 12 lines	Frances Ridley Havergal
Gracious ...	179	{1 St. Bede† / 2 Wymering} ...	...878787...	{1 P. Armes, Mus. Doc. / 2
Gracious ...	187	Charity†	... 7775 ...	J. Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Great Crea-	141	San Remo**	7757775	E. W. Barber
Great God	250	Bowdler, No. 27† ...	... L.M. ...	Cyril Bowdler
Great God	331	Ely†	... L.M. ...	Bishop Turton
Hail, sacred	39	Wreford†...	... 8684 ...	Rev. E. S. Carter
Hail the ...	130	Ascension†	{7777 with alleluias}	Prof. W. H. Monk
Hail to the	363	St. Veronica** ...	...666666...	Dr. Champneys
Hark, hark	193	Pilgrims†...	11.10.11.10.9.11	Henry Smart
Hark, my	157	St. Bees†...	... 7777 ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Hark the...	65	York...	... C.M. ...	
Hark, the	70	Mendelssohn	7777777777	Mendelssohn
Hark the	382	{1 Gloria† / 2 Deerhurst, or Holy Voices†} ...	... 8787D ...	{1 Henry Smart / 2 James Langran
Hark the	312	Onslow†	... 6565D ...	Henry Lahee
Hark what	73	St. Eanswyth** ...	... 7774 ...	{J. W. Sidebotham, Mus. Bac. Oxon.
Hé is gone	131	Honidon†...	... 7777D ...	Rev. T. R. Matthews
He led ...	128	Theddlethorpe* ...	... C.M. ...	Rev. T. R. Matthews
He scarcely	83	Burgate†	... C.M. ...	M. A. S.
Hear Thy	23	Sanctuary†	... 8787 ...	Rev. C. J. Dickinson
Hear Thy	271	College House† ...	... 7575 ...	E. A. Curteis
Heavenly	253	{1 Iona† / 2 Muriel†}	... 8787D ...	{1 J. Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc. / 2 T. Morley
Here, Lord	336	Clare Market†... ...	11.10.11.10	Mary Palmer
High o'er	102	Lausanne...	... 7676D ...	
Holy, holy	144	Nicæa†	11.12.11.10	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Holy Spirit	294	Ingatestone	...878787...	Arthur H. Brown
Holy Spirit	298	Wells	...777777...	Bortniansky
Hosanna ...	66	Autumn†...	... 7676 ...	Frederick Iliffe, Mus. Doc.
Hosanna ...	212	Baden	... 88887 ...	German
Hosanna ...	267	"Hosanna we sing"†	Irregular	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
How beau -	198	Stanton*	668646686	Julia Browning
How beau -	103	Saltfleet*	... C.M. ...	Rev. T. R. Matthews
How blest	313	Sunderland†	... S.M. ...	Henry Smart
How bright	387	St. Anne	... C.M. ...	Dr. Croft
How can ...	342	Solitude*...	... 6666D ...	H. A. Callow
How sweet	155	St. Peter†...	... C.M. ...	A. R. Reinagle
Hushed was	247	Frensham**	...666688...	E. A. Sydenham
I am not ...	300	Leicester†	... C.M. ...	William Hurst
I heard the	216	{1 Flensburg† / 2 Winthorpe†} ...	...D.C.M....	{1 Spohr / 2 Rev. T. R. Matthews
I love to ...	174	Bowdler, No. 178†...	7676 12 lines	Cyril Bowdler
I think ...	172	{1 Fermain† / 2 High Stone†} ...	Irregular	{1 Rev. F. G. Hume / 2 M. A. S.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.
I was made a Christian	287	Rev. J. S. Jones
In all Thou didst while here on earth ...	360	Rev. S. Childs Clarke
In deep humiliation	132	Rev. J. E. Millard
In God's holy dwelling	324	Rev. Canon T. A. Stowell
In His temple now behold Him	362	*Denton's Church Hymn Book.*
In our work and in our play	176	W. C. Dix
In the blackness of the cloud	84	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
In the desert all alone...	369	Mrs. Mitchell
In the fair morning of our youth	234	*Children's Worship*
In the paradise of Jesus	194	Mrs. Streatfeild
In Thy presence, Holy Father	319	*Hymns and Carols*
In token that thou shalt not fear	283	Dean Alford
It is a day of gladness	339	C. F. Hernaman
It is a thing most wonderful	161	Bishop Walsham How
It is finished, blessed Jesus	119	Bishop Maclagan
Jerusalem my happy home...	201	
Jerusalem the golden	202	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., fr. the Lat.
Jesu, gentlest Saviour...	306	Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D.
Jesu, Lover of my soul	160	Rev. Charles Wesley
Jesu, meek and gentle...	165	Rev. G. R. Prynne
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All	163	Rev. H. Collins
Jesu, now Thy new-made soldier	281	Rev. J. Hewett
Jesu, the very thought of Thee...	171	St. Bernard, tr. Rev. E. Caswall
Jesu, to Thy table led...	302	Rev. R. H. Baynes
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	359	C. F. Alexander
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	125	*Lyra Davidica*
Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour	220	Jane Taylor
Jesus, high in glory	164	*American Sunday School Hymn Book*
Jesus, holy, undefiled...	9	Mrs. Shepcote, *Hymns for Infant Children, No.* 4
Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear...	185	Rev. Hugh Stowell, D.D.
Jesus lives! no longer now...	126	Frances E. Cox, from C. F. Gellert
Jesus, Master whom I serve	348	Frances Ridley Havergal
Jesus, name of wondrous love	87	Bishop Walsham How
Jesus, our thankful voices	332	Rev. Geoffrey Hughes
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	311	Dr. Watts
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	24	Mary Lundie Duncan
Jesus was once a little child	173	Sister M. F. Clare

First line.	No.	Name of Tune.	Metre.	Source, or Name of Composer.
I was made	287	Bohemia	... 6565D ...	German
In all Thou	360	Minton†	... 886 ...	R. Minton Taylor
In deep ...	132	St. Peter Port** ...	... 7676 ...	W. de P. Crousaz
In God's ...	324	Urswicke**	... 6565D ...	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.
In His ...	362	Regent Square† ...	... 878787 ...	Henry Smart
In our work	176	Pilgrimage†	... 7777 ...	Har. Prof. Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc.
In the ...	84	1 Arbela** ... ... 2 Garrett in G† ...	... 7777D ... ... 7777 ...	P. Armes, Mus. Doc. G. M. Garrett, Mus. Doc.
In the ...	369	1 The Desert** 2 Liguria† or St. Ambrose	... 7777 ...	1 Florence Bruce 2 Har. Henry Smart
In the fair	234	Ne derelinquas me**	... L.M. ...	C. H. Lloyd, M.A., Mus. D.
In the ...	194	The many mansions**	... 8787D ...	E. G. Monk, Mus. Doc.
In Thy ...	319	Bethany†	... 8787D ...	Henry Smart
In token ...	283	St. Stephen	... C.M. ...	Rev. W. Jones, of Nayland
It is a day	339	Hawksley*	7676 12 lines	C. A. Barry
It is a thing	161	Jam Lucis	... L.M. ...	Ancient plain song
It is finish'd	119	Ad inferos†	... 8787 ...	W. H. Sangster, Mus. Bac.
Jerusalem	201	Southwell†	... C.M. ...	H. S. Irons
Jerusalem	202	1 Ewing† 2 King's Pyon† ...	... 7676D ...	1 A. Ewing 2 Rev. James Boultbee
Jesus ...	306	Eucharisticus†... ...	... 6565 ...	J. Stainer, M. A., Mus. D.
Jesu, Lover	160	Hollingside†	... 7777D ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.
Jesu, meek	165	St. Constantine† St. Lambert† ...	... 6565 ...	1 Prof. W. H. Monk 2 Rev. R. R. Chope
Jesu, my ...	163	Barnby in E♭† ...	... 888888 ...	J. Barnby
Jesu, now	281	St. Raphael†	... 878747 ...	E. J. Hopkins
Jesu, the	171	Metzler's Redhead, 66†	... C.M. ...	R. Redhead
Jesu, to ...	302	Lacrymæ†	... 777 ...	Arthur Sullivan
Jesus calls	359	Gotha† (No. 2) ...	... 8787 ...	H.R.H. the Prince Consort
Jesus Christ	125	1 Worgan 2 Easter Hy. No. 2†	7777 with alleluias	1 Henry Carey 2 Prof. W. H. Monk
Jesus Christ	220	1 Yarnton* 2 Kimberworth† ...	... 8787 ...	1 Rev. Peter Maurice, D.D. 2 Rev. D. Smith
Jesus, high	164	North Coates	... 6565 ...	Rev. T. R. Matthews
Jesus, holy	9	*Hymns for Infant Children*, No. 4	... 7777 ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, M.A., Mus.D.
Jesus is our	185	Bohemia	6565D or II. II. II. II	German
Jesus lives	126	1 St. Albinus† 2 Lindisfarne† ...	... 78784 ...	1 H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. 2 Rev. J. B. Dykes, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Jesus ...	348	Wells	... 777777 ...	Bortniansky
Jesus, name	87	Vienna	... 7777 ...	German
Jesus, our	332	Hampstead*	... 7474 ...	M. A. S.
Jesus shall	311	Worcester	... L.M. ...	John Stanley
Jesus ...	24	1 Stutgard 2 St. Hilda† ...	... 8787 ...	1 German 2 E. A. Curteis
Jesus was...	173	Childhood†	... C.M. ...	Rev. C. J. Dickinson

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.
Jesus, we love to meet	44	Mrs. Parson
Jesus, what once Thou wast	150	Mrs. Charles
Just as I am, without one plea	219	Charlotte Elliott
King of glory, Saviour dear	380	Mrs. Mitchell
King of saints, to whom the number ...	372	Rev. J. Ellerton
Let no hopeless tears be shed	355	Rev. R. F. Littledale, D.D. (fr. Lat.)
Let us sing, the angels sing	273	Rev. C. B. Taylor
Little children, Advent bids you	67	E. Wiglesworth
Little children wake and listen	74	*Children's Manual*
Lo! at noon 'tis sudden night	115	Jane Taylor
Lo! He comes with clouds descending ...	68	Rev. Charles Wesley
Looking upward every day	221	M. Butler
Lord, a Saviour's love displaying	314	Rev. Ernest Hawkins
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee	246	Rev. J. H. Gurney
Lord, be Thy word my rule	291	Bishop Christopher Wordsworth
Lord, I have sinned—pardon me	108	C. F. Hernaman
Lord Jesu Christ, our Lord most dear ...	285	C. Winkworth, from the German
Lord Jesu! on our forehead	295	Rev. R. H. Baynes (altered)
Lord Jesus, God and Man	323	Rev. Sir H. Baker, Bart.
Lord, keep us safe this night	47	
Lord of the living harvest	349	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, D.D.
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak ...	351	Frances Ridley Havergal
Lord, Thy children guide and keep	272	Bishop Walsham How
Lord, Thy children lowly bending	167	Rev. T. A. Stowell
Lord, Thy mercy now entreating	106	A. N.
Lord, Thy word abideth	211	Rev. Sir H. Baker, Bart.
Lord, to Thee glad songs of praise	85	*Denton's Church Hymnal*
Lord, we come to ask Thy blessing	334	E. O. D.
Lord, we stand before Thy Throne	296	Mrs. Parsons
Lord, when before Thy Throne we meet...	304	Rev. T. G. Nicholas
Lord, Who hast made me Thy dear child...	104	E. C. W.
Lord, Who, throughout these forty days ...	107	C. F. Hernaman
Loving Saviour, we, Thy children	333	Rev. Geoffrey Hughes
Make use of me, my God	244	Rev. H. Bonar, D.D.
Maker of all things	147	
Members of Christ are we	191	Rev. Isaac Williams
My Father, for another night	10	Rev. Sir H. Baker, Bart.
My Father, hear my prayer	26	E. C. W.
My God, accept my heart this day	297	Matthew Bridges
My God, how wonderful Thou art	151	Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D.

First line.	No.	Name of Tune.	Metre.	Source, or Name of Composer.
Jesus, we ...	44	Beechcroft*	... 6666D ...	T. German Reed
Jesus, what	150	Norton*	... S.M. ...	H. A. Callow
Just as I am	219	Misericordia†	... 8886 ...	Henry Smart
King of ...	380	Benedict**	... 7777 ...	Prof. Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc.
King of ...	372	Everton†	... 8787D ...	Henry Smart
Let no ...	355	St. Millicent†	... 774 ...	Arthur Sullivan
Let us sing	273	Lowestoft†	... 7777 ...	F. A. Mann
Little chil -	67	Advent**	... 8787D ...	Berthold Tours
Little chil -	74	Monkton Coombe*...	... 8787 ...	Rev. E. W. Bullinger
Lo! at noon	115	North End*	... 777777 ...	M. A. S.
Lo! He ...	68	1 Helmsley 2 *Anglican Hymn Book*, 38†	... 878787 ...	1 Thomas Olivers (?) 2 Walter Macfarren
Looking ...	221	Wimbledon**	... 7676 ...	Henry Lahee
Lord, a ...	314	1 Westoe† ... ... 2 St. Birinus*... ...	... 8787D ... ... 8787 ...	Mary Palmer G. B. Arnold, Mus. Doc.
Lord, as ...	246	Abridge	... C.M. ...	Isaac Smith
Lord, be ...	291	Walthamstow* ...	... 6666 ...	Rev. E. W. Bullinger
Lord, I ...	108	Burford	... C.M. ...	*Wilkins' Psalmody*, 1699
Lord Jesu	285	Mundi Redemptor†	... 888888...	T. W. Staniforth
Lord Jesu	295	Ecclesia**	... 7676 ...	C. W. Lavington
Lord Jesus	323	St. Helena	... S.M. ...	
Lord, keep	47	Vesper Hymn	... S.M. ...	
Lord of the	349	Goldstern...	... 7676D ...	German
Lord, speak	351	Winchester New ...	... L.M. ...	Crasselius
Lord, Thy	272	"Lord, Thy children guide and keep"**	... 777777 ...	Prf. G. A. Macfarren, Mus. D.
Lord, Thy	167	"Lord, Thy children lowly bending"**	8585843	Walter Macfarren
Lord, Thy	106	St. Sampson†	... 8787 ...	Rev. Henry Sidebotham
Lord, Thy	211	1 Ravenshaw 2 St. Petrox† ...	... 6666 ...	1 German 2 W. Boyd
Lord, to ...	85	Innocents	... 7777 ...	
Lord, we...	334	Holy Trinity** ...	... 8787 ...	Henry Lahee
Lord, we...	296	Azotus**	... 7775D ...	Philip Armes, Mus. Doc.
Lord, when	304	Walton**	... 868688 ..	F. Iliffe, Mus. Doc.
Lord, Who	104	St. Gildas†	... C.M. ...	Bishop Maclagan
Lord, Who	107	*Child's Book of Praise*, No. 5†	... C.M. ...	C. A. Barry
Loving ...	333	Loving Saviour† ...	... 8585 ...	Cyril Bowdler
Make use of	244	Dippenhall**	... S.M. ...	E. A. Sydenham
Maker of...	147	St. Cecilia New* ...	54545453	M. A. S.
Members of	191	Fairfield†	...D.S.M....	Rev. P. La Trobe
My Father	10	St. Timothy†	... C.M. ...	Rev. Sir. H. Baker, Bart. Arr. Prof. Monk
My Father	26	Kelso†	... 6666 ...	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick
My God ...	297	St. Peter†	... C.M. ...	A. R. Reinagle
My God ...	151	Westminster†	... C.M. ...	James Turle

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.
My Lord, in glory reigning	241	Rev. S. Baring-Gould
My Saviour, be Thou near me	27	Rev. T. A. Stowell
'Neath the stars that shone so bright ...	75	Rev. R. H. Baynes (altered)
New every morning is the love	11	Rev. J. Keble
No room within the dwelling	76	Rev. R. H. Baynes (altered)
Not only in Thy manhood's might	180	
Not your own, but His ye are	350	Frances Ridley Havergal
Now a new year opens	88	Rev. S. Childs Clarke
Now, Eternal Father, bless	286	Rev. L. Tuttiett
Now that the daylight fills the sky	12	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers of *A. and M.*, fr. Lat.
Now the day is over	28	Rev. S. Baring-Gould
Now the daylight goes away	30	Frances Ridley Havergal
Now the solemn shadows darken	25	Sarah Doudney
Now the sun has passed away	29	Bishop Walsham How
O day of rest and gladness...	38	Bishop Christopher Wordsworth
O come, all ye faithful	77	Rev. F. Oakeley, and Compilers of *A. and M.*, from the Latin
O Fount of life and beauty	368	E. Wiglesworth
O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord	215	N. Tate and N. Brady
O happy band of pilgrims	197	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., from the Greek
O happy Christian children	254	Rev. L. Tuttiett
O Heavenly Jerusalem	377	Rev. Isaac Williams, fr. the Latin
O Holy Lord, content to fill	178	Bishop Walsham How
O Jesu, crucified for man	58	Bishop Walsham How
O Jesus, I have promised	237	Rev. J. E. Bode
O Jesu, Thou art standing...	166	Bishop Walsham How
O Light, Whose beams illumine all... ...	168	Rev. E. H. Plumptre
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea ...	317	Bishop Christopher Wordsworth
O Lord, Thy children come to Thee ...	303	Bishop Hinds
O Man of sorrows, Who didst die to save	353	Rev. R. H. Baynes (altered)
O my God, I fear Thee	146	E. O. D.
O sons and daughters, let us sing	122	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers of *A. and M.*, fr. Lat.
O Thou, Who by a star didst guide	97	Rev. J. M. Neale, D D.
O Thou, Who through this holy week ...	118	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
O Thou, Whose bounty fills the earth ...	337	Rev. J. Ellerton
Oft in danger, oft in woe	224	Henry Kirke White and others
Oh, blest was he, whose earlier skill ...	375	Bishop Walsham How
Oh, dark and dreary day	116	Rev. S. Childs Clarke
Oh, grant to each before Thee now	338	*G. F. S. Manual*
Oh, help me, Lord, this day to be	13	M. Butler

First line.	No.	Name of Tune.	Metre.	Source, or Name of Composer.
My Lord...	241	Waltham Abbey* ...	... 7676D ...	C. W. H. Brock
My Saviour	27	Angel Tower** ...	... 7676D ...	W. H. Longhurst, Mus. Doc.
'Neath the	75	Mayland**	7777877	Matthew Cooke
New every	11	Melcombe	... L.M. ...	S. Webbe
No room	76	Barton*	... 777764 ...	Rev. R. F. Dale, M.A. Mus. Bac. Oxon.
Not only in	180	Gotha,† No. 1	... L.M. ...	H.R.H. the Prince Consort
Not your...	350	Mablethorpe*	... 7777D ...	Rev. T. R. Matthews
Now a new	88	Upton Pyne†	... 6565 ...	Rev. F. A. J. Hervey
Now, Eter-	286	St. Eustatius	... 777777 ...	German
Now that...	12	1 Jam Lucis 2 Killin ...	... L.M. ...	1 Ancient plain song 2
Now the ...	28	1 St. Angelo† ... ... 2 Upton Cressett**	... 6565D ... ... 6565 ...	G. Hinton
Now the ...	30	Patmos†	... 7777 ...	Rev. W. H. Havergal
Now the ...	25	Goldstone**	... 878747 ...	W. H. Longhurst, Mus. Doc.
Now the ...	29	Irene**	... 7777D ...	A. H. Turner
O day of...	38	Aurelia†	... 7676D ...	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.
O come, all	77	Adeste fideles	Irregular	
O Fount of	368	Lincoln	... 7676 ...	M. Vulpius
O God of...	215	Bedford	... C.M. ...	W. Wheale
O happy ...	197	Bedwyn†	... 7676 ...	Rev. F. A. J. Hervey
O happy ...	254	Walkelyn...	... 7676 ...	George B. Arnold, Mus. Doc.
O Heavenly	377	Frome Selwood† ...	... 7676 ...	T. W. Staniforth
O Holy ...	178	Melcombe	... L.M. ...	S. Webbe
O Jesu ...	58	Rockingham	... L.M. ...	Dr. Miller
O Jesus ...	237	Wellesley**	... 7676D ...	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.
O Jesu ...	166	Patience†	... 7676D ...	Henry Smart
O Light ...	168	Bickley†	... 888888 ...	Prof. W. H. Monk
O Lord ...	317	Almsgiving†	... 8884 ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
O Lord ...	303	Dura†	... 888888 ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
O Man of	353	Pietas**	10.10.10.8	Henry Lahee
O my God	146	Europa*	... 656577 ...	M. A. S.
O sons and	122	O filii et filiæ	888 with alleluias	French melody
O Thou ...	97	Joachimsthal	... C.M. ...	German
O Thou ...	118	St. Etheldreda† ...	... C.M. ...	Bishop Turton
O Thou ...	337	*Anglican Hy. Bk.* 183, 1st edition	... C.M. ...	E. G. Monk, Mus. Doc.
Oft in ...	224	University College†	... 7777 ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
Oh, blest...	375	Coatham	... C.M. ...	
Oh, dark...	116	Waltham†	... 666666 ...	Arthur H. Brown
Oh, grant	338	Constance**	... D.C.M....	T. Morley
Oh, help...	13	"O help me, Lord"*	... L.M. ...	Cyril Bowdler

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.
Oh, how fair that morning broke	100	Rev. J. Ellerton
Oh, praise our God to-day...	341	Rev. Sir H. Baker, Bart.
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be ...	208	Rev. J. M. Neale, D D., and Compilers of *A. and M.*, from the Latin
On Olivet a little band	133	Rev. S. J. Stone
On this day, the first of days	45	Rev. Sir H. Baker, Bart., fr. the Lat.
On wings of living light	127	Bishop Walsham How
Once in royal David's city	78	C. F. Alexander
Onward, Christian soldiers	278	Rev. S. Baring-Gould
Onward, onward, march to glory	279	Rev. C. W. Power and Rev. Gordon Browne
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed ...	136	Harriet Auber
Our Father, when we kneel to say	320	
Our solemn Lent has come again	109	E. O. D.
Pleasant are Thy courts above	210	Rev. H. F. Lyte
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven ...	268	Rev. H. F. Lyte (altered)
Praise the Lord, O my soul	328	Ps. ciii. 1, 2
Praise we the Lord this day	365	
Rejoice, ye pure in heart	280	Rev. E. H. Plumptre
Reverently we worship Thee	142	C. F. Hernaman
Rock of Ages, cleft for me...	218	Rev. A. M. Toplady
Sabbath of the saints of old	59	Thos. Whytehead
Safely, safely gathered in	354	E. O. D.
Saints of God, whom faith united	376	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise	52	Rev. J. Ellerton
Saviour, blessèd Saviour	263	Rev. Godfrey Thring
Saviour, now the day is ending...	53	Sarah Doudney
Saviour, we are young and weak	169	Rev. T. A. Stowell
Saviour, while my heart is tender	233	John Burton
Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding... ...	284	Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg
See the leaves around us falling	62	Bishop Horne
Shepherd good and gracious	186	Rev. L. Tuttiett
Sing, O sing, this blessèd morn	79	Bishop Christopher Wordsworth
Soldiers of Christ, arise	228	Rev. Charles Wesley
Soldiers true and faithful	335	E. Wiglesworth
Sometime o'er our pathway	322	Rev. L. Tuttiett
Songs of praise the angels sang	266	J. Montgomery
Souls in heathen darkness lying	310	C. F. Alexander

First line.	No.	Name of Tune.	Metre.	Source, or Name of Composer.
Oh, how ...	100	St. Katharine** ...	...777777...	Rev. J. Hampton
Oh, praise	341	St. Michael	... S.M. ...	*Daye's Psalter*
Oh, what...	208	O quanta qualia ...	10. 10. 10. 10	
On Olivet	133	St. Dominic**... ...	... L.M. ...	Dr. Champneys
On this day	45	1 Lubeck 2 On this day** ...	... 7777 ...	1 German 2 John Naylor, Mus. Doc.
On wings of	127	Gopsal	66664444	G. F. Handel
Once in ...	78	1 Irby† 2 L'Hyvreuse† ...	...878777...	1 H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. 2 E. T.
Onward ...	278	St. Gertrude†	6565 12 lines	A. Sullivan
Onward ...	279	Onward, onward† ...	8787 12 lines	C. H. Lloyd, M.A., Mus. Bac. Oxon.
Our blest...	136	St. Cuthbert†	... 8684 ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, M.A. Mus. Doc.
Our Father	320	Burgate†	... C.M. ...	M. A. S.
Our solemn	109	Albridge*...	...D.C.M ...	E. J. Hopkins
Pleasant are	210	Maidstone†	... 7777D ...	W. B. Gilbert
Praise, my	268	1 St. Peter's, Westminster 2 Mannheim	...878787...	1 James Turle 2 German
Praise the	328	Grand Chant		Pelham Humphreys
Praise we...	365	Rylstone**	... S.M. ...	C. H. Lloyd, M.A., Mus. Bac. Oxon.
Rejoice, ye	280	Peterborough†... ...	... S.M. ...	Prof. W. H. Monk
Reverently	142	*Child's Book of Praise*, No. 11† ...	...777777...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, M.A. Mus. D.
Rock of ...	218	Redhead, 76†	...777777...	R. Redhead
Sabbath ...	59	Jersey	... 7777 ...	Dr. Boyce
Safely ...	354	Cicely*	... 7777D ...	Cyril Bowdler
Saints of...	376	St. Asaph†	... 8787D ...	William S. Bambridge
Saviour ...	52	1 Pax Dei† 2 Benediction† ...	10. 10. 10. 10	1 Rev. J. B. Dykes, M.A., Mus. Doc. 2 E. J. Hopkins
Saviour ...	263	1 Edina† 2 Gladness† ...	... 6565D ...	1 Prof. Sir H. Oakeley, Mus. Doc. 2 J. Downing Farrer
Saviour ...	53	Ilkley**	...878777...	J. W. Elliott
Saviour, we	169	Epsom College** ...	...777777...	Rev. S. J. Rowton
Saviour ...	233	Otham*	... 8787 ...	Robert Hoar
Saviour ...	284	Sunnyside*	... 8787 ...	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick
See the ...	62	St. Sampson†	... 8787 ...	Rev. Henry Sidebotham
Shepherd...	186	Star of the East ...	... 6565D ...	Har. Rev. Sir F. A. G Ouseley, Bart.
Sing, O sing	79	Incarnation**	...777777...	Henry Smart
Soldiers of	228	St. Michael	... S.M. ...	*Daye's Psalter*, 1563
Soldiers ...	335	"Soldiers true"**...	... 6565D ...	John Naylor, Mus. Doc.
Sometime	322	St. Wilfrid*	.. 6565D ...	Amy C. Jackson
Songs of ...	266	Culbach	... 7777 ...	German
Souls in ...	310	Saxe-Weimar	...878747...	German

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.
Standing at the portal...	91	Frances Ridley Havergal
Summer suns are glowing	61	Bishop Walsham How
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear... ...	32	Rev. J. Keble
Take up thy cross the Saviour said	245	Rev. C. W. Everest
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	356	C. Winkworth, from the German
The Church's one foundation	189	Rev. S. J. Stone
The darkness now is over	14	
The day is done	33	Mrs. Dunsterville
The daylight fades	34	Thomas O. Summers
The day, O Lord, is spent	31	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
The day was done; beside the sultry shore	258	Rev. R. H. Baynes (altered)
The earth, O Lord, is one wide field ...	307	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
The eternal gifts of Christ the King ...	378	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers of *A. and M.*
The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord ...	328	Ps. cxlv. 15; Ps. civ. 27
The flowers that bloom in sun and shade...	260	Christina G. Rossetti
The golden gates are lifted up	134	C. F. Alexander
The heavenly Child in stature grows ...	98	Rev. J. Chandler, and Compilers of *A. and M.*, from the Latin
The hours of day are over...	35	Rev. J. Ellerton
The joyful morn is breaking	81	B. Gough
The King of Love my Shepherd is	183	Rev. Sir H. Baker, Bart.
The Lord be with us as we bend	48	Rev. J. Ellerton
The morning bright with rosy light	15	Thomas O. Summers
The morning, the bright and the beautiful	16	Rev. H. Bonar, D.D.
The old year's long campaign is o'er ...	92	Rev. S. J. Stone
The roseate hues of early dawn	200	C. F. Alexander
The saints of God, their conflict past ...	383	Bishop Maclagan
The Shepherd now was smitten	361	Rev. F. Pott, from the Latin
The Son of God goes forth to war	385	Bishop Heber
The strife is o'er, the battle done	121	Rev. F. Pott, from the Latin
Their names are names of kings	384	Rev. S. J. Stone
There is a blessèd home	196	Rev. Sir H. Baker, Bart.
There is a book who runs may read	148	Rev. J. Keble
There is a green hill far away	158	C. F. Alexander
There is a happy land	204	Andrew Young
There is a land of pure delight...	207	Dr. Watts
There is an Eye that never sleeps	242	John Aikman Wallace
There is no name so sweet on earth	156	E. Roberts

First line.	No.	Name of Tune.	Metre.	Source, or Name of Composer.
Standing at	91	New Year*	11.11.11.11.11.11	F. A. Mann
Summer ...	61	Ruth†	... 6565D ...	Samuel Smith
Sun of my	32	1 Angelus 2 Hursley 3 Abends†	... L.M. ...	1 German 2 3 Prof. Sir H. Oakeley, Mus. Doc.
Take up ...	245	Breslau	... L.M. ...	German
Tender ...	356	1 St. Chad† 2 Holyrood† ...	... 787877 ...	1 Bishop Maclagan 2 Prof. Sir R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc.
The Church	189	Aurelia†	... 7676D ...	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.
The dark -	14	1 Tatham* 2 Morning Light*	... 7676 ...	1 Robert Hoar 2 E. T.
The day is	33	Freshwater*	... 448 ...	T. B.
The day -	34	Repose*	... 446446 ...	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick
The day, O	31	Vespertine**	... S.M. ...	Henry Smart
The day ...	258	The day was done* ...	10.10.10.10.	Cyril Bowdler
The earth	307	Manchester	... C.M. ...	R. Wainwright
The eternal	378	Church Triumphant†	... L.M. ...	J. W. Elliott
The eyes of	328	Grand Chant		Pelham Humphreys
The flowers	260	Grasmere**	... 864D ...	C. W. H. Brock
The golden	134	Dinard**	... C.M. ...	E. C. A. Chepmell
The hea -	98	Tallis's Ordinal ...	... C.M. ...	Tallis
The hours	35	Chenies†	... 7676D ...	Rev. T. R. Matthews
The joyful	81	Christmas morn ...	... 7676D ...	E. J. Hopkins
The King	183	Dominus regit me† ...	... 8787 ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, M.A., Mus. Doc.
The Lord	48	Eventide†	... C.M. ...	Henry Smart
The morn -	15	1 St. Stephen 2 Bertha† ...	... C.M. ...	1 Rev. W. Jones of Nayland 2 E. A. Curteis
The morn -	16	Anastasis†	Irregular	Rev. E. W. Bullinger
The old ...	92	Northumberland† ...	... D.C.M....	Henry Smart
The roseate	200	Henlow†	... D.C.M....	Burnham W. Horner
The saints	383	Wesley in D†	... 888888 ...	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.
The Shep -	361	Lincoln	... 7676 ...	M. Vulpius
The Son of	385	1 Northon† ... ... 2 St. Anne	... D.C.M....	Rev. T. R. Matthews Dr. Croft
The strife is	121	Victory	... 8884 ...	From Palestrina
Their ...	384	St. Faith†	... 6464 ...	Robert Hoar
There is a	196	The blessed Home†	... 6666D ...	J. Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
There is a	148	St. Flavian	... C.M. ...	*Barber's Psalm Tunes*, 1687
There is a	158	1 Horsley 2 Newdigate† ...	... C.M. ...	1 W. Horsley, Mus. Doc. 2 Rev. Clement Powell
There is a	204	1 Happy Land 2 Ivy Gates† ...	64646764	1 Indian Air 2 J. Downing Farrer
There is a	207	Tallis's Ordinal ...	... C.M. ...	Tallis
There is an	242	St. Chrysostom† ...	... C.M. ...	Rev. W. H. Havergal
There is no	156	Gertrude†	... 8787D ...	R. N. Matthews

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.
There's a Friend for little children	206	Albert Midlane
They are gathering homewards from every	358	Mary Leslie
Thine for ever, God of love	236	M. F. Maude
This day at Thy creating word	46	Bishop Walsham How
This day the Lord's disciples met	137	Rev. J. Ellerton
This is the day the light was made	43	Rev. John Chandler, from the Latin
This is the day the Lord hath made... ...	42	Dr. Watts
Thou bid'st us seek Thee early	170	J. Threlfall
Thou didst leave Thy throne	153	E. E. S. E.
Thou in whose name the two or three ...	56	Rev. J. Ellerton
Thou Who throned above all glory	175	Rev. W. T. Short
Thou Who with dying lips...	321	E. Wiglesworth
Through all the changing scenes of life ...	259	N. Tate and N. Brady
Through the day Thy love has spared us ...	36	Thomas Kelly
Through the night of doubt and sorrow ...	251	Rev. S. Baring-Gould
Thy glory fills the heaven	149	Rev. George Rundle Prynne
Thy life was given for me	240	Frances Ridley Havergal
To God Who gives our daily bread	330	Mrs. M. Rumsey
True friends help each other	340	*G. F. S. Manual*
Waken, Christian children	99	Rev. S. C. Hamerton
Watch now, ye Christians, watch and pray	69	Rev. Godfrey Thring
We are but little children weak	249	C. F. Alexander
We are Soldiers of Christ, Who is mighty	227	Rev. T. B. Pollock
We give Thee but Thine own	316	Bishop Walsham How
We plough the fields and scatter	347	Miss J. M. Campbell, from the German
We praise Thy grace, O Saviour	366	Bishop Walsham How
We sing a loving Jesus	154	Sarah Doudney
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth...	257	Bishop Cotton
Weeping as they go their way	120	Rev. William S. Raymond
When, for some little insult given	248	Jane Taylor
When, from Egypt's house of bondage ...	181	J. Threlfall
When God of old came down from heaven	138	Rev. J. Keble
When, His salvation bringing	111	Joshua King
When I survey the wondrous Cross	113	Dr. Watts, last verse added by Compilers of *A. and M.*
When the morning breaketh	17	A. H. Turner
When we, in holy worship...	214	E. Wiglesworth
While shepherds watched their flocks by...	82	N. Tate
While the shepherds kept their vigil... ...	80	Rev. S. J. Stone
While the sun is shining	230	Rev. T. A. Stowell
Who are these, like stars appearing	386	Frances E. Cox, from the German

First line.	No.	Name of Tune.	Metre.	Source, or Name of Composer.
There's a...	206	Edengrove†	... 7676D ...	Samuel Smith
They are...	358	One by one**	Irregular	Henry Lahee
Thine for	236	Newington†	... 7777 ...	Bishop Maclagan
This day at	46	Melcombe	... L.M. ...	S. Webbe
This day ...	137	St. Etheldreda† ...	... C.M. ...	Bishop Turton
This is the	43	Zwingle	... C.M. ...	
This is the	42	St. Paul's, Canterb.†	... C.M. ...	W. H. Longhurst, Mus.Doc.
Thou bid'st	170	Seek Me early** ...	... 7676D ...	E. G. Monk, Mus. Doc.
Thou didst	153	1 Veni† / 2 Margaret† ...	Irregular	1 Emily S. Elliott / 2 Rev. T. R. Matthews
Thou in ...	56	Alfreton	... L.M. ...	
Thou Who	175	*Anglican Hymn Book*, No. 384† ...	... 878747 ...	Prof. G.A.Macfarren, Mus.D.
Thou Who	321	Solitude†...	... 6666D ...	H. A. Callow
Through all	259	Wiltshire	... C.M. ...	Sir George Smart
Through ...	36	Stoneleigh†	... 878777 ...	C. S. Jekyll
Through ...	251	1 St. Asaph†... ... / 2 St. Oswald† ...	... 8787D ... / ... 8787 ...	W. S. Bambridge / Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus.D.
Thy glory	149	Antiochia**	... S.M. ...	Philip Armes, Mus. Doc.
Thy life ...	240	Thy life was given†	... 666666 ...	Prof. G. A. Macfarren, Mus. Doc.
To God ...	330	St. Leonard	... C.M. ...	Henry Smart
True friends	340	Rabenlei	... 6565 ...	German
Waken ...	99	North Coates†... ...	... 6565 ...	Rev. T. R. Matthews
Watch now	69	Mountnessing* ...	... 8787 ...	Arthur H. Brown
We are but	249	Alstone†	... L.M. ...	C. E. Willing
We are ...	227	Mont Dol**	12.9.12.9	E. C. A. Chepmell
We give ...	316	Bethlehem	... S.M. ...	S. Wesley
We plough	347	1 Wir pflügen / 2 Cleethorpes† ...	767676766684	1 German / 2 Rev. T. R. Matthews
We praise	366	Rex amoris†	... 7676 ...	Rev. E. W. Bullinger
We sing a	154	Weston†	... 7676D ...	M. A. S.
We thank	257	Italia	...D.L.M....	Prof. Sir H. Oakeley, Mus. Doc.
Weeping as	120	Lacrymæ	... 777 ...	Arthur Sullivan
When, for	248	St. Mildred†	... C.M. ...	Dean Alford
When, from	181	Pilgrim children** ...	... 878747 ...	C. H. Lloyd, M.A., Mus. Bac., Oxon.
When God	138	Dundee	... C.M. ...	*Scotch Psalter*, 1615
When, His	111	1 Hosanna / 2 Tours in B♭† ...	... 7676D ...	1 / 2 Berthold Tours
When I ...	113	Rockingham	... L.M. ...	Dr. Miller
When the	17	Therfield*	... 656577 ...	Rev. R. F. Dale, M.A., Mus. Bac., Oxon.
When we...	214	Rex amoris†	... 7676 ...	Rev. E. W. Bullinger
While ...	82	Winchester old ...	... C.M. ...	From *Este's Psalter*
While the	80	Crondall**	... 878787 ...	E. A. Sydenham
While the	230	While the sun** ...	... 6565D ...	Walter Macfarren
Who are ...	386	All Saints (No. 1) ...	... 878777 ...	German

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author.
Who is on the Lord's side	239	Frances Ridley Havergal
Who is this, so weak and helpless	152	Bishop Walsham How
Within the churchyard, side by side ...	357	
Winter reigneth o'er the land	63	Bishop Walsham How
Work, for the night is coming	344	S. Dyer
Yes, our Shepherd leads with gentle hand..	188	*Hymns from the Land of Luther*
Yesterday, with worship blest	54	Bishop Walsham How

LITANIES.

Name and first line of Litany.	No.	Author.
For little children (No. 1)		
Jesu, from Thy Throne on high	388	Rev. T. B. Pollock
For little children (No. 2)		
Father, from Thy Throne on high ...	389	Mrs. Streatfeild
Of the Childhood of our Lord		
Jesu, Son of God most high	390	Rev. T. B. Pollock
Of the Life of our Lord		
By Thy birth, O Lord of all	391	Mrs. Harriet Mozley
Of the Passion of our Lord		
Heavenly Father, from Thy Throne ...	392	Rev. Vernon Hutton
Of the Resurrection of our Lord		
God the Father, God the Son	393	Rev. Vernon Hutton
Penitential (No. 1)		
All our sinful words and ways	394	L. F.
Penitential (No. 2)		
Jesus, Lord most mighty	395	A. T. Russell
Penitential (No. 3)		
Jesu, we are far away	396	Rev. T. B. Pollock
Holy Father, hear our cry	397	Rev. Cecil Moore
Of the Holy Spirit (No. 1)		
O Thou, Who art the Gift unpriced ...	398	Rev. S. J. Stone
Of the Holy Spirit (No. 2)		
Spirit blest, Who art adored	399	Rev. T. B. Pollock
For Missions		
Heavenly Father, let Thy Light	400	

First line.	No.	Name of Tune.	Metre.	Source, or Name of Composer.
Who is on	239	Hermas†	6565 12 lines	F. R. Havergal
Who is this	152	{1 Hilgrove** / 2 Cilwyr** } ...	... 8787D ...	{1 A. H. Turner / 2 Langdon Colborne
Within the	357	{1 Dinan** ... ... / 2 Choisy	...D.C.M.... / ... C.M. ...	E. C. A. Chepmell
Winter ...	63	Clarence†...	... 7777 ...	Arr. Arthur Sullivan
Work, for	344	Belgard*	... 7675D ...	Rev. C. J. Dickinson
Yes, our ...	188	Farnham*	Irregular	M. A. S.
Yesterday	54	Ancient Litany† ...	... 7777 ...	

LITANIES.

First line.	No.	Name of Tune.	Metre.	Composer.
Jesu, from	388	Tilford**	... 7776D ...	E. A. Sydenham
Father ...	389	Groombridge†... ...	... 7776 ...	
Jesu, Son of	390	Mill Lane†	... 7776 ...	
By Thy ...	391	Litany†	...777777...	J. W. Elliott
Heavenly	392	Miserere Domine* ...	... 7776 ...	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick
God the ...	393	Corwen**	... 7776 ...	Langdon Colborne
All our ...	394	Metrical Chant† ...	... 7778 ...	Rev. E. W. Bullinger
Jesus, Lord	395	Tunstall**	6565D 666	W. H. Longhurst, Mus. Doc.
Jesu, we ...	396	Hampden†	... 7776 ...	W. Freestone
HolyFather	397	Supplicatio†	... 7776 ...	Rev. F. Peel
O Thou ...	398	Bexhill*	... 8886 ...	Prof. W. H. Monk
Spirit blest	399	Pré Béni†...	... 7776 ...	Cæsar Malan
Heavenly	400	Morley†	... 7776 ...	T. Morley

CAROLS.

First line of Carol.	No.	Author.
A Child this day is born	402	From Latin
A Virgin most pure	403	Traditional
Carol, sweetly carol	404	Fanny Crosby
Come to the manger in Bethlehem	401	Mrs. Mitchell
Come, ye lofty	405	Rev. A. T. Gurney
Good Christian men, rejoice	406	Rev. T. M. Neale, D.D. (fr. the Lat.)
Good Christian people, all...	407	Rev. E. Haskins, M.A.
Good news from the hills of Judæa	408	Mrs. Mitchell
Hail, sweet Baby, pure and holy	409	E. Wiglesworth
Hark, hear ye not the angel song	411	Rev. Godfrey Thring
Hark, what mean those holy voices	410	Rev. John Cawood
Infant born in Bethlehem	413	
In the field, with their flocks abiding ...	412	Rev. F. W. Farrar
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing ...	414	Traditional
No room in the inn for the traveller weary	415	E. A. Wiglesworth
Ring the bells, the Christmas bells	416	Agnes Burney
See, amid the winter snow...	417	
The first Nowell	418	Traditional
The stars are shining bright and clear ...	419	J. Threlfall (altered)
When Christ was born of Mary free... ...	420	Traditional

CAROLS.

First line of Carol.	No.	Tune.	Composer.
A Child this day is born	402	†	Traditional
A Virgin most pure	403	†	Traditional
Carol, sweetly carol	404	†	P. V.
Come to the manger in Bethlehem ...	401	*	Samuel Smith
Come, ye lofty	405	†	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.
Good Christian men, rejoice	406	†	German
Good Christian people, all	407	†	H. G. Trembath, Mus. Bac., Oxon.
Good news from the hills of Judæa ...	408	*	Madame Sainton-Dolby
Hail, sweet Baby, pure and holy ...	409	†	F. A. Mann
Hark, hear ye not the angel song ...	411	**	J. W. Elliott
Hark, what mean those holy voices ...	410	*	George B. Arnold, Mus. Doc.
Infant born in Bethlehem	413	*	Samuel Smith
In the field, with their flocks abiding	412	†	John Farmer
Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing	414	**	Jos. W. Sidebotham, Mus. Bac. Ox.
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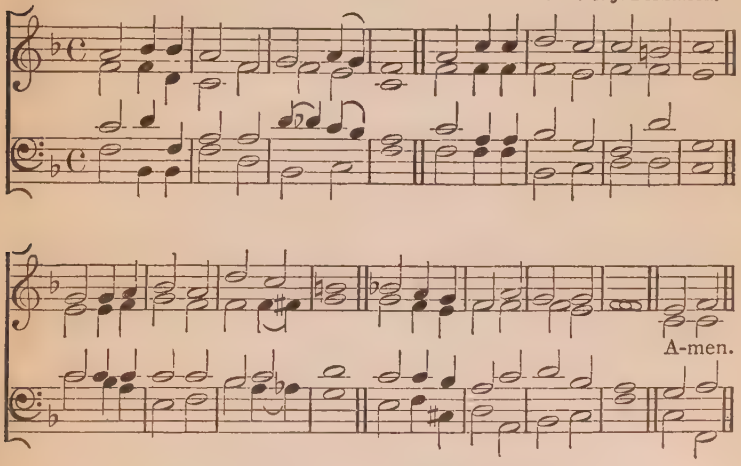
THE

CHILDREN'S HYMN BOOK.

MORNING.

1.—ARDBRACCAN. L.M. REV. C. J. DICKINSON.



"Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

ALMIGHTY FATHER, GOD of Love,
Look down in mercy from above;
And be Thy gracious Hands outspread,
In blessing o'er Thy children's head.

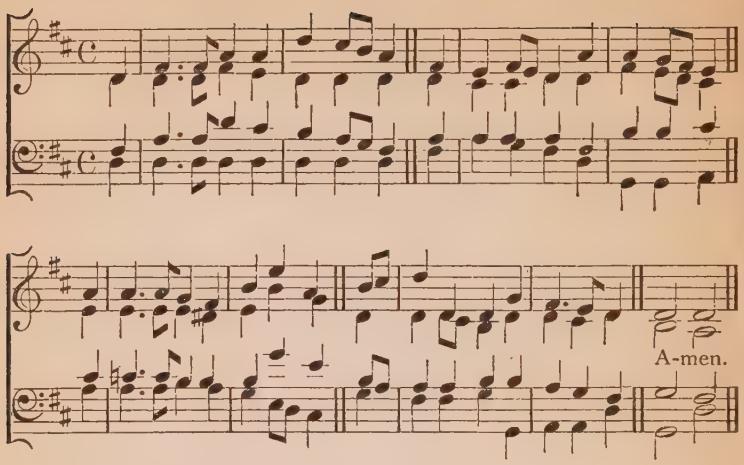
We thank Thee for the care which kept
Our homes in safety while we slept;
And now we pray that through the day,
Thy loving Eye would guide our way.

Preserve our feet from every snare,
Help us to keep our hearts with care;
That though our threefold foes assail,
They may not over us prevail.

As children guarded by Thine Arm,
We feel ourselves secure from harm;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Thy Presence all our joy and stay.

Then when the evening comes once more,
We will again Thy grace implore:
And lay us down in peace and sleep,
For Thou wilt watch around us keep. Amen.

2.—Prima Lux. L.M. M. A. S.



"I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me."

AGAIN the morning shines so bright,
Again I see the pleasant light;
The gloom of night has passed away,
And I kneel down once more to pray.

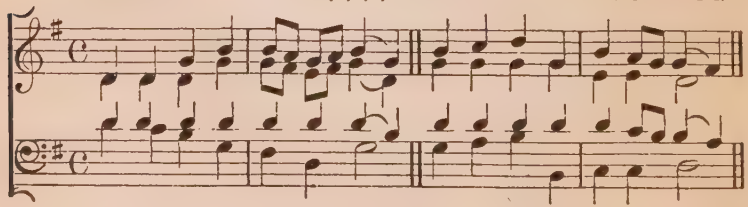
O gracious Father! Thou art kind,
Upon Thine Arm I have reclined;
And Thou hast given me peaceful sleep,
And watched Thy child from harm to keep.

O blessed Jesus, kind and true,
Thou, too, hast watched the long night through,
And with an elder brother's care
Hast guarded me from every snare.

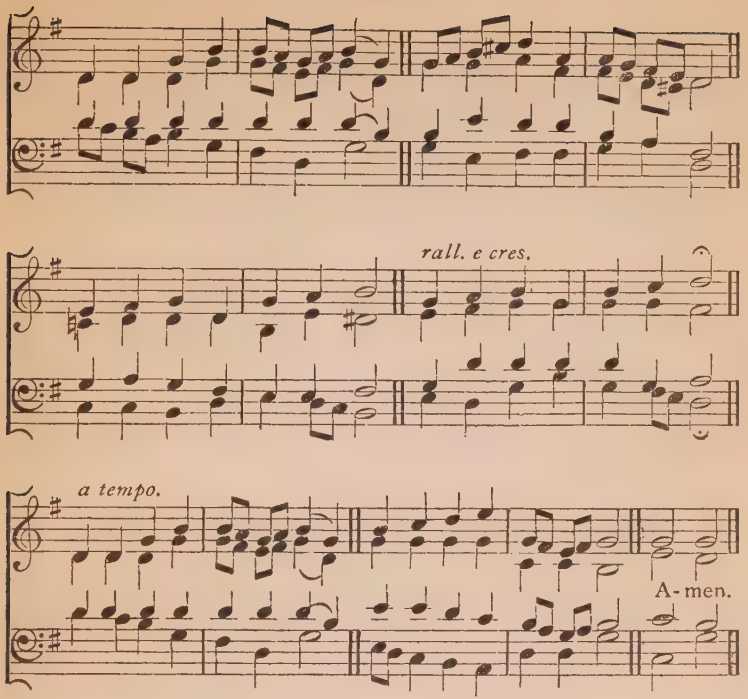
O Holy Spirit! Thou hast shed
Thy blessings also round my bed;
No evil dream, no thoughts of fear,
Could trouble me whilst Thou wert near.

O Threefold God! who reign'st above,
I thank Thee for this tender love;
And now I kneel, and humbly pray,
Oh, keep me through another day! Amen.

3.—Dew Drops. 7.7.7.7. D. Dr. Champneys.



Morning.



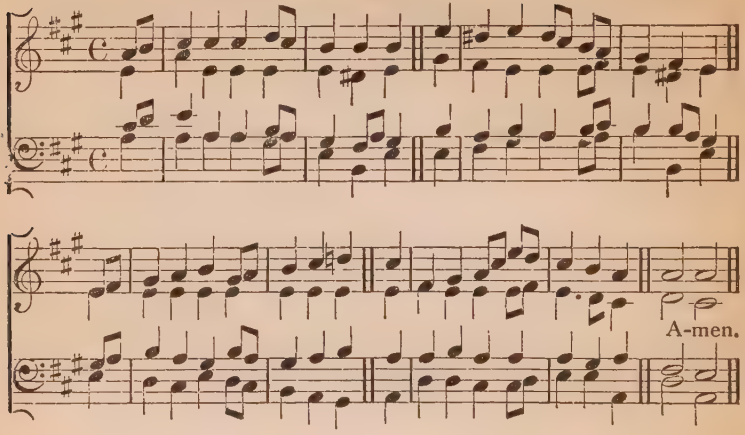
"I will sing a new song unto Thee, O God."

AS the bird in meadow fair,
Or in lonely forest, sings,
Till it fills the summer air,
And the greenwood sweetly rings,
So my heart to Thee would raise,
O my GOD, its song of praise,
That the gloom of night is o'er,
And I see the sun once more.

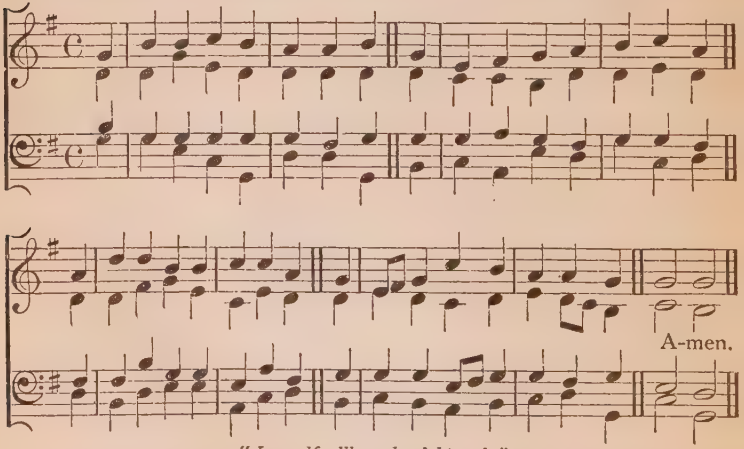
If Thou, Sun of Love, arise,
All my heart with joy is stirred,
And to greet Thee upward flies,
Gladsome as a soaring bird.
Shine Thou in me clear and bright,
Till I learn to praise Thee right:
Guide me in the narrow way,
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

Bless to-day whate'er I do,
Bless whate'er I have and love;
From Thy holy precepts true,
Suffer not Thy child to rove.
By Thy SPIRIT strengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee;
Then, an heir of life on high,
Fearless, I may live and die. Amen.

4.—Morning Hymn. [*1st Tune.*] L.M. F. H. Barthélémon.



4.—Morning. [*2nd Tune.*] L.M. W. Boyce, Mus. Doc. *Har.* E. G. Monk, Mus. Doc.



"I myself will awake right early."

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Morning.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing GOD thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

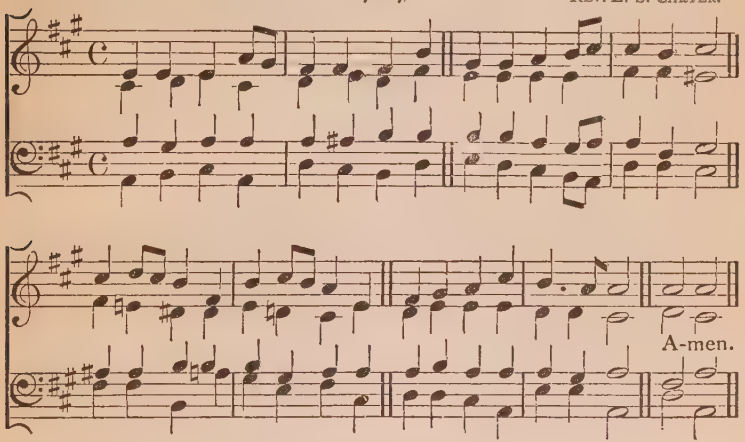
Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

LORD, I to Thee my vows renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
To Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
Amen.

5.—DAY BY DAY. 8.7.8.7. REV. E. S. CARTER.



"Let Thy Name be magnified for ever."

DAY by day we magnify Thee—
When our hymns in school we raise;
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

Day by day we magnify Thee—
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home we bless Thee
For the mercies of the morn.

Day by day we magnify Thee—
In our hymns before we sleep;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
CHRIST'S dear lambs all night to keep.

Day by day we magnify Thee—
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

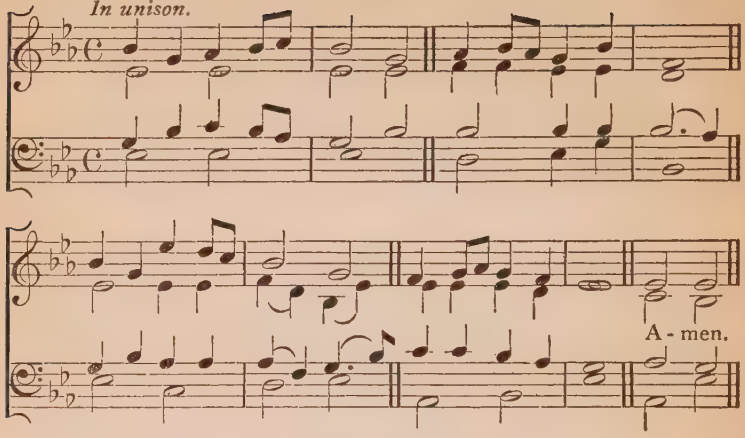
Day by day we magnify Thee—
When, for JESUS' sake, we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

Day by day we magnify Thee—
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labours,
Waiting for Thy day in peace.

Then, on that eternal morning,
With Thy great eternal host,
May we fully magnify Thee—
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!
Amen.

6.—THE BOURNE. 6.5.6.5. M. A. S.

In unison.



"Our Father which art in heaven."

FATHER, Holy FATHER,
Now the sun has come,
Bringing light and glory
From Thy Heavenly Home,

We Thy little children,
To Thy Throne above
We would hymn Thy praises,
We would sing Thy love.

Thou art wise and loving,
Thou art great and strong;
Glad when we do rightly,
Grieved when we do wrong.

Hear us, Holy FATHER,
As to Thee we pray,
Asking Thee to keep us
Safe from harm to-day.

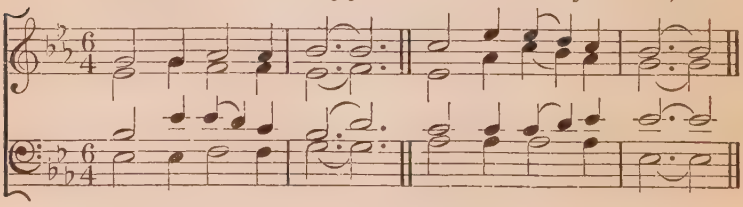
As our Saviour JESUS,
When a little child,
Gentle was, and holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild,

He shall be our copy;
We will try to be
Patient and obedient,
Loving, kind as He.

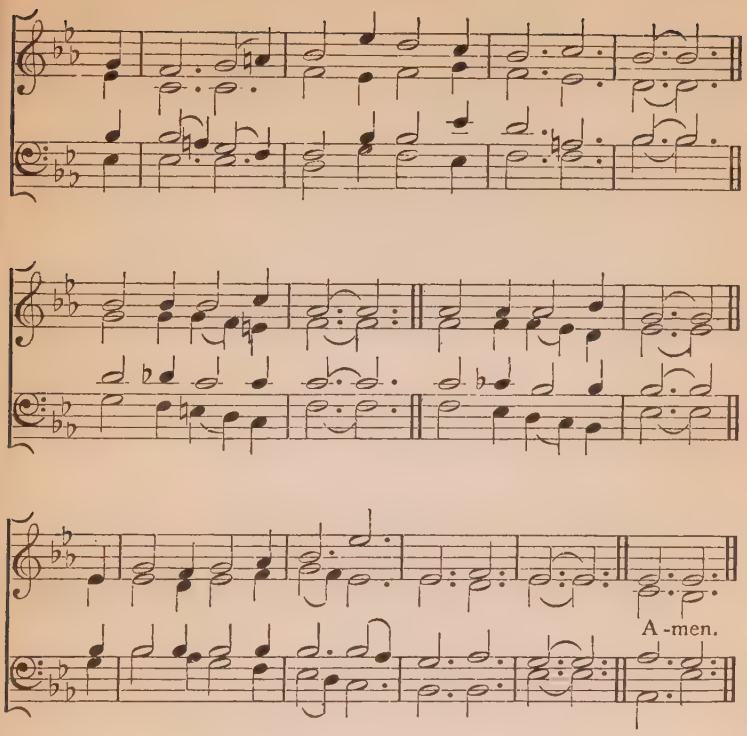
FATHER GOD, our FATHER,
Guide us every hour;
Keep us safe, and shield us
From temptation's power.

So, when night returneth,
Holier may we be,
Kept from sin and sorrow,
All the nearer Thee. Amen.

7.—LUX MATUTINA. 5.5.10. D. REV. J. B. DYKES, M.A.



Morning.



"Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God."

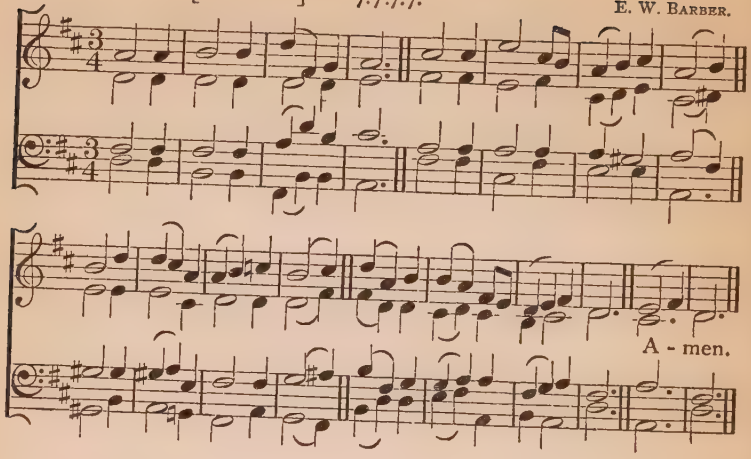
FRAMER of the light,
Who from out the night
The dawn of joyous day again dost bring,
On our darkened eyes,
Bid Thy bright beams rise;
Of endless glory teach us, LORD, to sing.

By Thy mercy still
Spared our place to fill,
O FATHER, be it ours Thy Name to bless;
Sheltered by Thy power,
In each fleeting hour,
Thy children guide to paths of holiness.

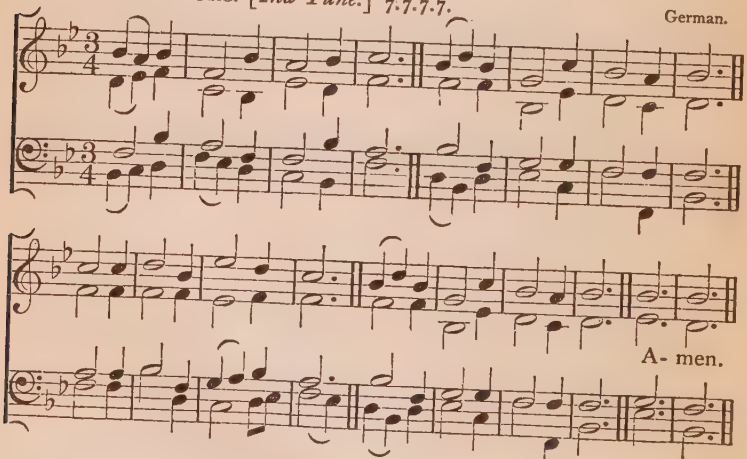
Raised from death-like sleep,
Ever may we keep
Alive within us thoughts of that great day!
Grant the ready mind,
Give us grace to find,
The strait gate unto life—the narrow way.

Onward to the goal
Lead each striving soul,
Upheld by strength Divine Thy grace supplies;
While it still is day,
May we win our way
Towards the mark and our high calling's prize. Amen.

8.—RIVIERA. [*1st Tune.*] 7.7.7.7. E. W. BARBER.



8.—BRANDENBURG. [*2nd Tune.*] 7.7.7.7. German.



"*I will sing of the mercies of the Lord.*

GOD of mercy and of love,
Listen from Thy heaven above,
While to Thee my voice I raise,
In a morning hymn of praise.

It was Thine Almighty Arm
Kept me all night long from harm;
It is only, LORD, by Thee,
That another morn I see.

Morning.

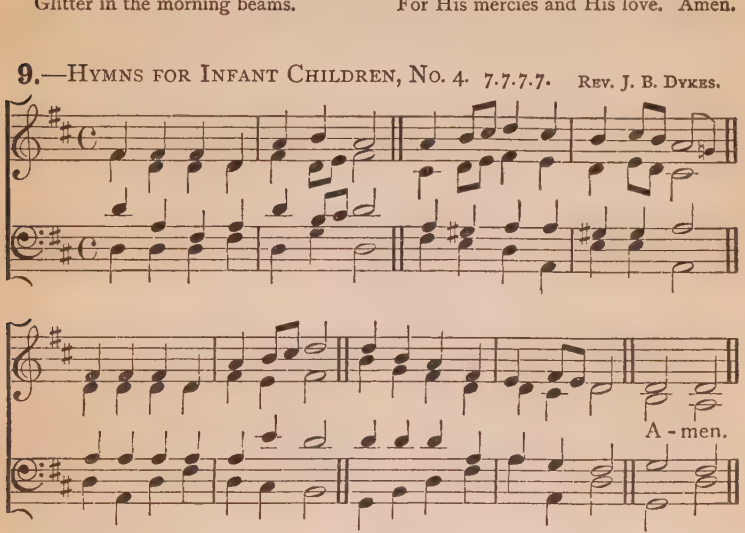
Lo, the happy light of day
Drives the shadows all away!
Lo, it brings again to sight
All things beautiful and bright.

White clouds sailing in the air,
Little flowers so fresh and fair,
Greenest fields and rippling streams,
Glitter in the morning beams.

FATHER, keep me all day long
From all hurtful things and wrong;
Make me an obedient child,
Make me loving, gentle, mild.

Hark! the birds are singing gay;
Let me sing as well as they,
Praise to Him Who reigns above,
For His mercies and His love. Amen.

9.—HYMNS FOR INFANT CHILDREN, No. 4. 7.7.7.7. REV. J. B. DYKES.



"Lead me into the land of uprightness."

JESUS, holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child;
Thou hast sent the glorious light,
Chasing far the silent night.

Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of Thine—
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise,
In the early songs they raise.

Thou, by Whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And Thy HOLY SPIRIT give,
Without Whom I cannot live.

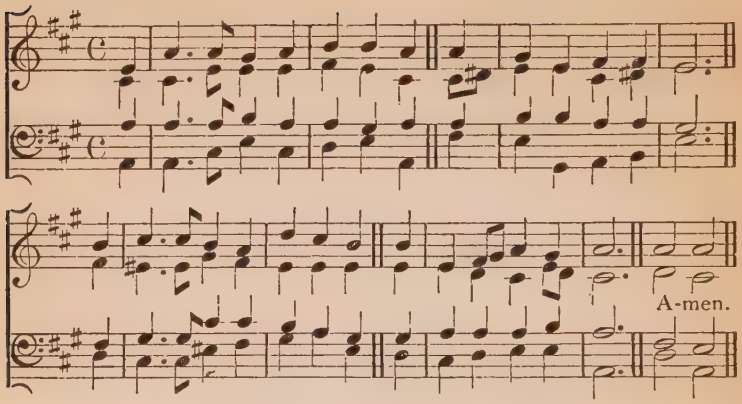
Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

Help me never to forget
That in Thy great book is set
All that children think and say,
For the awful judgment-day.

Let me never say a word
That will make Thee angry, Lord;
Help me so to live in love,
As Thine Angels do above.

Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day;
And when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy Heavenly Home.
Amen.

10.—St. Timothy. C.M. Rev. Sir H. Baker, Bart. *Arr.* Prof. Monk.



"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."
"Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

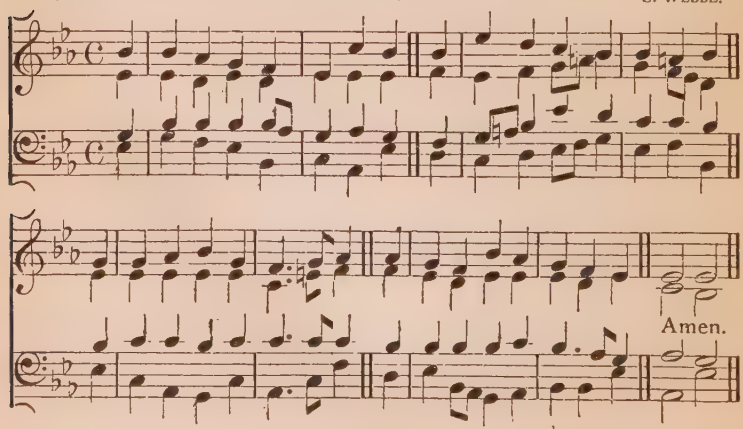
MY Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy Holy Name be blest.

Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou willest I may live,
And what Thou willest be.

Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

My Father, for His sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness. Amen.

11.—Melcombe. L.M. S. Webbe.



Morning.

"His compassions fail not: they are new every morning."

NEW every morning is the love,
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

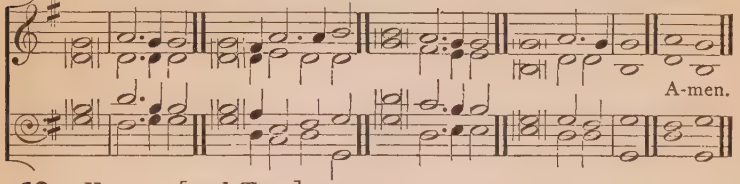
New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of GOD, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
GOD will provide for sacrifice.

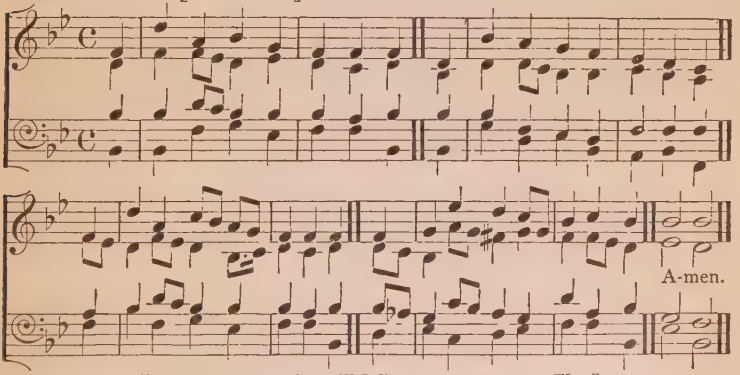
The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer GOD.

Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

12.—JAM LUCIS. [*1st Tune.*] L.M. Ancient Plain-Song.



12.—KILLIN. [*2nd Tune.*] L.M.



"Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee."

NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to GOD on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

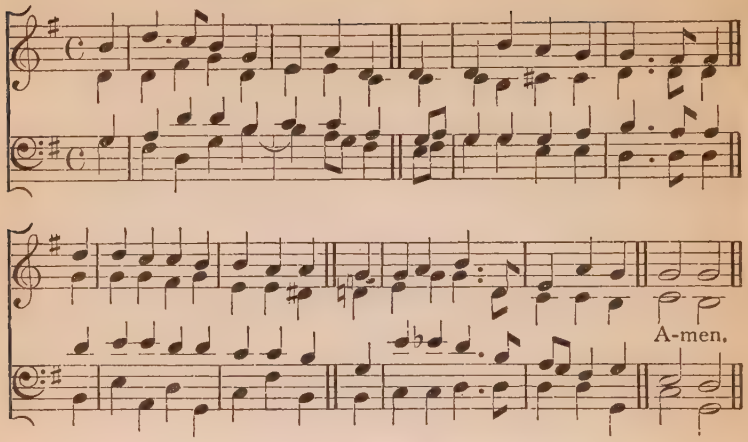
May He restrain our tongues from strife,
And shield from anger's din our life,
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

Oh, may our inmost hearts be pure,
From thoughts of folly kept secure,
And pride of sinful flesh subdued
Through sparing use of daily food.

So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
Our path of trial safely trod,
Shall give the glory to our GOD.

All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

13.—O HELP ME, LORD. L.M. CYRIL BOWDLER.



"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

OH, help me, Lord, this day to be
Thy own dear child, and follow Thee;
And lead me, Saviour, by Thy Hand
Onward toward Thy Holy Land.

When Thou didst leave Thy Throne on high
To dwell with men, for men to die,
All childhood's troubles Thou didst feel,
That Thou our childish wounds might heal.

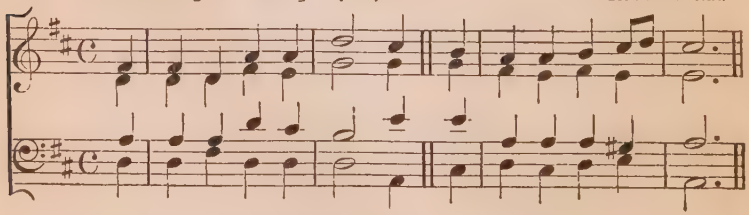
The simple cross which I may bear
Is not too small for Thee to share,
And Thou canst make me kind and true
In everything I say or do.

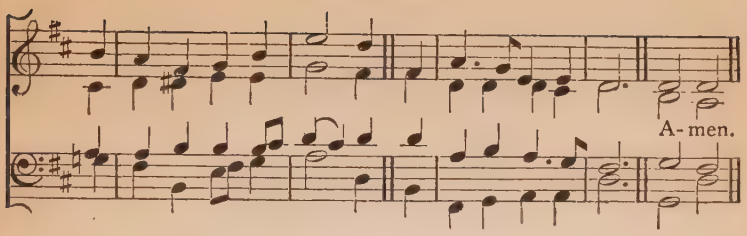
Thus lead and teach me that I may
Grow more like Thee with each new day;
For Thou, in Thy poor cottage home,
Wast tried, and Thou didst overcome.

And help me, more than all, to love
Thy FATHER, Lord, and mine above,
And then, as Thou wouldst have me do,
Honour my earthly parents too.

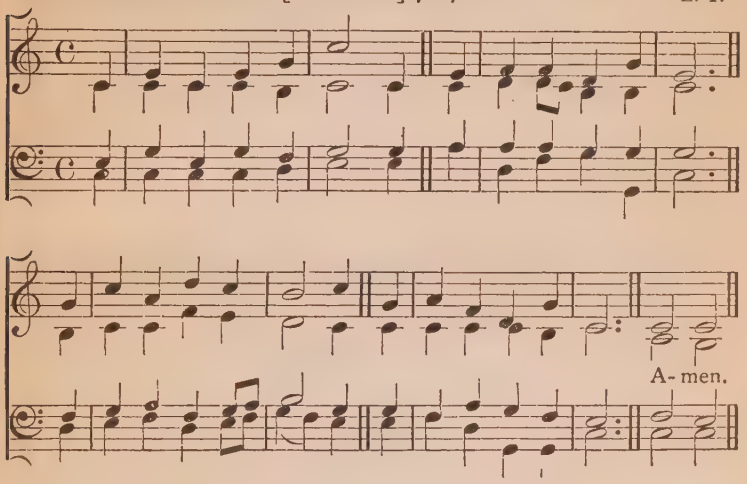
So day by day Thy love shall guide
Thy child still nearer to Thy Side,
Until in heaven I may be
For ever Thine, and dwell with Thee.
Amen.

14.—TATHAM. [1*st Tune.*] 7.6.7.6. ROBERT HOAR.





14.—Morning Light. [*2nd Tune.*] 7.6.7.6. E. T.



"He setteth an end to darkness."

THE darkness now is over,
And all the world is bright;
Praise be to Christ, Who keepeth
His children safe at night!

We cannot tell what gladness
May be our lot to-day,
What sorrow or temptation
May meet us on our way.

But this we know most surely,
That through all good or ill,
God's grace can always help us
To do His holy will.

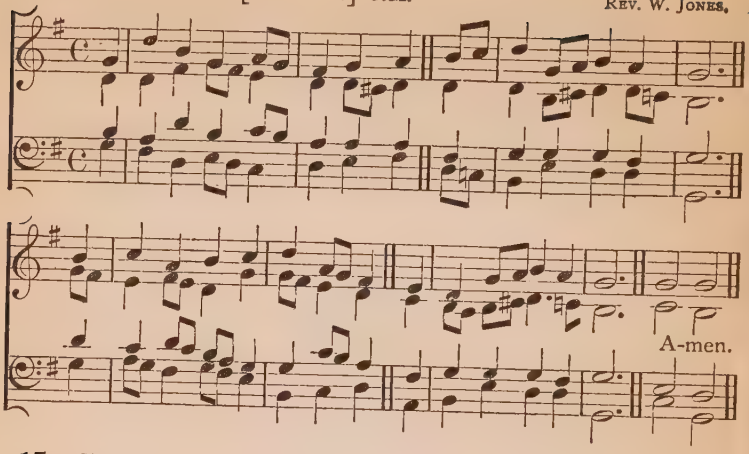
Then, Jesu, let the angels,
Who watched us through the night,
Be all day long beside us,
To guide our steps aright;

And help us to remember,
In thought, and deed, and word,
That we are heirs of heaven,
And children of the Lord.

Then, when the evening cometh,
We'll kneel again to pray,
And thank Thee for the blessings
Bestowed throughout the day. Amen.

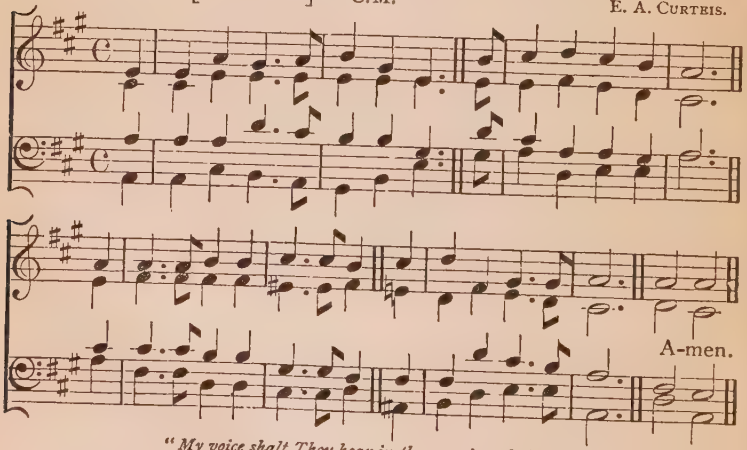
15.—St. Stephen. [*1st Tune.*] C.M.

Rev. W. Jones.



15.—Bertha. [*2nd Tune.*] C.M.

E. A. Curtis.



"My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord.

THE morning, bright with rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

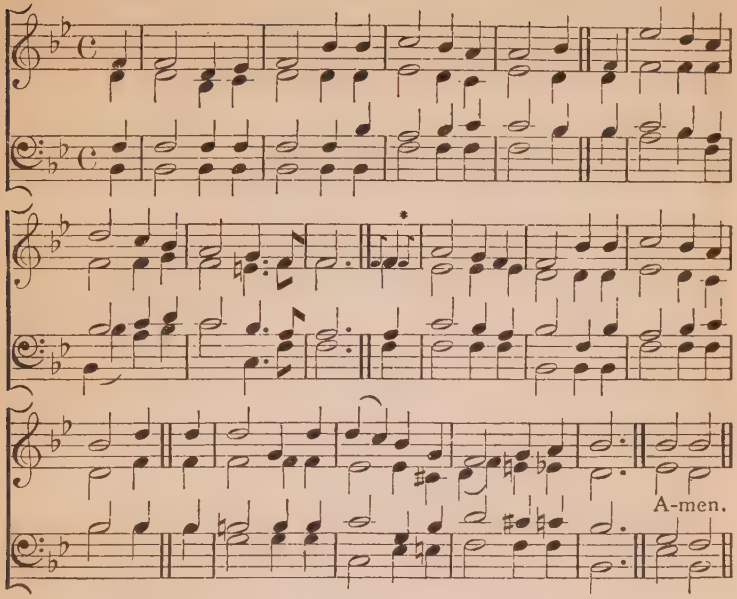
All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesus, near Thy Side.

Oh, make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy Face.

16.—Anastasis.

Irregular.

Rev. E. W. Bullinger.



"He wakeneth morning by morning, He wakeneth mine ear to hear.'

THE morning, the bright and the beautiful morning
Is up, and the sunshine is all on the wing;
With its fresh flush of gladness the landscape adorning,
A gladness which nothing but morning can bring.

The earth is awaking: the sky and the ocean,
The river and forest, the mountain and plain;
The city is stirring its living commotion;
The pulse of the world is reviving again.

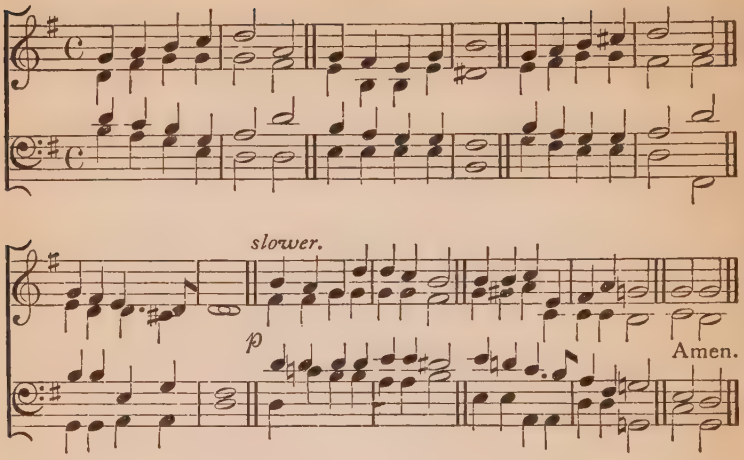
And we too awake, for our heavenly Father,
Who soothed us so gently to sleep on His Breast,
And made the soft stillness of evening to gather
Around us, now calls us again from our rest.

But, ere to our labours and duties returning,
We hasten to give Him the praise that is meet;
In solemn devotion the first hours of morning
Our freest and freshest, we lay at His Feet.

Oh, now let us haste to our heavenly Father,
And ere the fair skies of life's dawning be dim,
Let us come with glad hearts, let us come all together:
The morn of our youth let us hallow to Him. Amen.

* The quavers to be used for the 3rd line of verses 1 and 5.

17.—THERFIELD. 6.5.6.5.7.7. REV. R. F. DALE.



"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

WHEN the morning breaketh,
And the dawn of day,
All creation waketh
With its joyous ray,
JESU, grant that Thou mayst be
Light and life again to me.

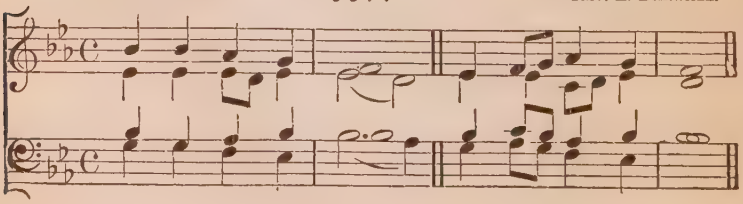
When the day, declining,
Fades in evening light,
And the stars' soft shining
Cheers the gloom of night,
JESU, may Thy child be blest
With Thy gifts of sleep and rest.

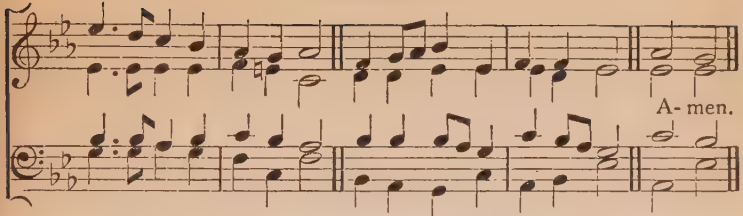
While my life is flowing
Onward through the years,
And Thy Hand bestowing
Joy, entwined with tears,
JESU, guide me by Thy love
To my home prepared above.

When life's shadows lengthen,
And its day dreams cease,
Then my spirit strengthen,
Give to me Thy peace;
JESU, let Thy Presence be
Life for evermore to me. Amen.

EVENING.

18.—DAY IS PAST. 5.5.7.7. REV. L. DARWALL.





"The darkness is no darkness to Thee, but the night is as clear as the day."

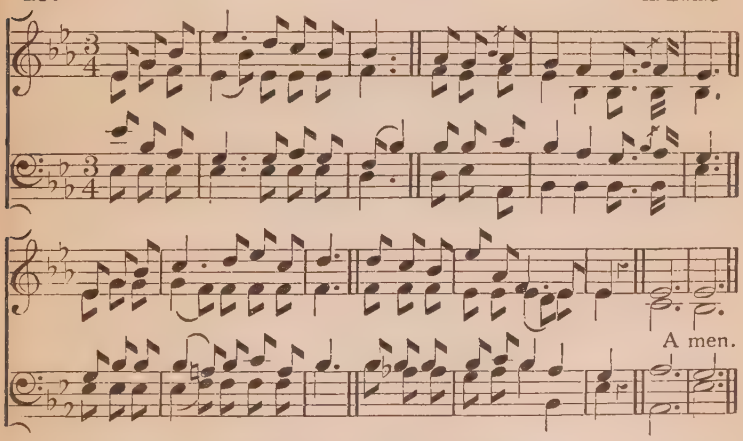
DAY is past and gone,
Darkness hastens on;
Blessed LORD, in mercy keep
Angel-guards around Thy sheep.

Work again is past,
Rest has come at last;
Blessed LORD, forgive, I pray,
All I have done wrong to-day.

Soon, in silence deep,
GOD will give me sleep;
Blessed LORD, be Thou my Light,
In the watches of the night.

When the night is o'er,
And I wake once more,
Blessed LORD, Who lovest me,
Make Thy child to follow Thee.
Amen.

19.—WOOLWICH. L.M. A. EWING



"I will make them to lie down safely."

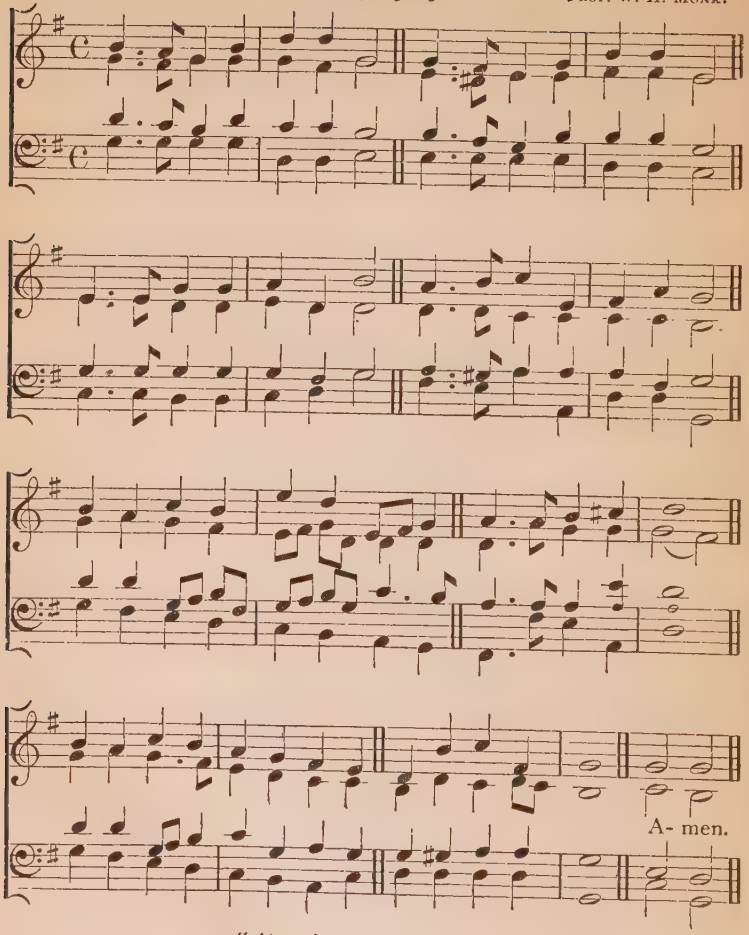
ERE evening shadows round me close,
And ere I seek my night's repose
To Thee, O LORD, I humbly raise
My simple infant hymn of praise.

Oh, give my voice sweet melody
To sing my evening hymn to Thee,
And in my heart pour Thy sweet love,
That it may reach Thine Ear above.

Oh, take this youthful heart of mine
And teach it from Thy Heart Divine
To praise Thy mercy and Thy power,
From morning's dawn to evening's hour.

O'er me, dear LORD, Thy night-watch keep,
And be my safety while I sleep,
And when the rays of morn I see,
My wakening thoughts shall turn to Thee.

20.—SHADOWS. 7.7.7.7.8.5.8.5. PROF. W. H. MONK.



"At evening time it shall be light."

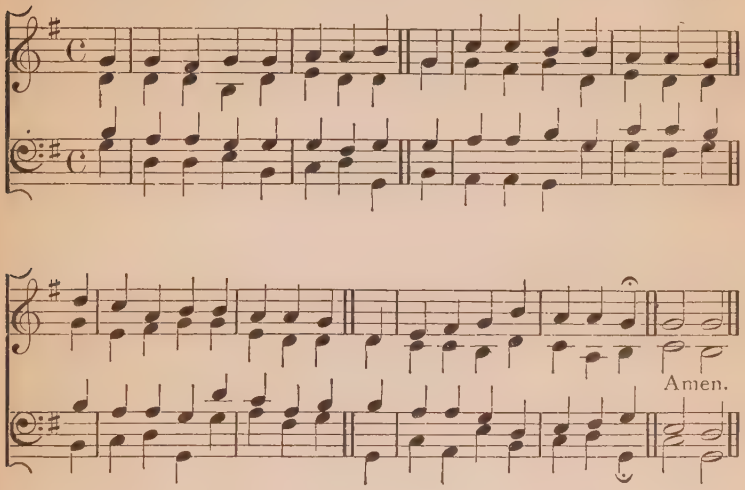
FATHER, while the shadows fall,
With the twilight, over all,
Deign to hear my evening prayer,
Make a little child Thy care.

Take me in Thy holy keeping
Till the morning break;
Guard me through the darkness sleeping,
Bless me when I wake.

Twas Thy Hand that all the day
Scattered joys along my way,
Crowned my life with blessings sweet,
Kept from snares my careless feet.
Take me, &c.

Like Thy patient love to me,
May my love to others be;
All the wrong my hands have done,
Pardon, LORD, thro' CHRIST, Thy SON.
Take me, &c. Amen.

21.—TALLIS'S CANON. L.M. TALLIS.



"He shall defend thee under His wings."

GLORY to Thee, my GOD, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty Wings!

Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear SON,
The ill that I this day have done,
That, with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

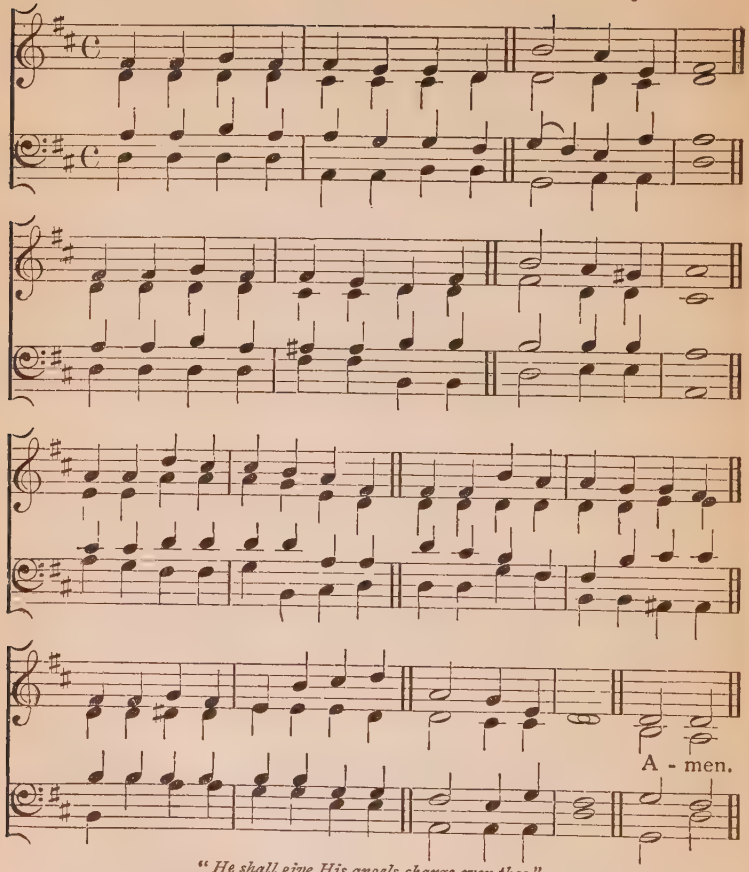
Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my GOD when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
Amen.

22.—Temple. 8.4.8.4.8.8.4. E. J. Hopkins.

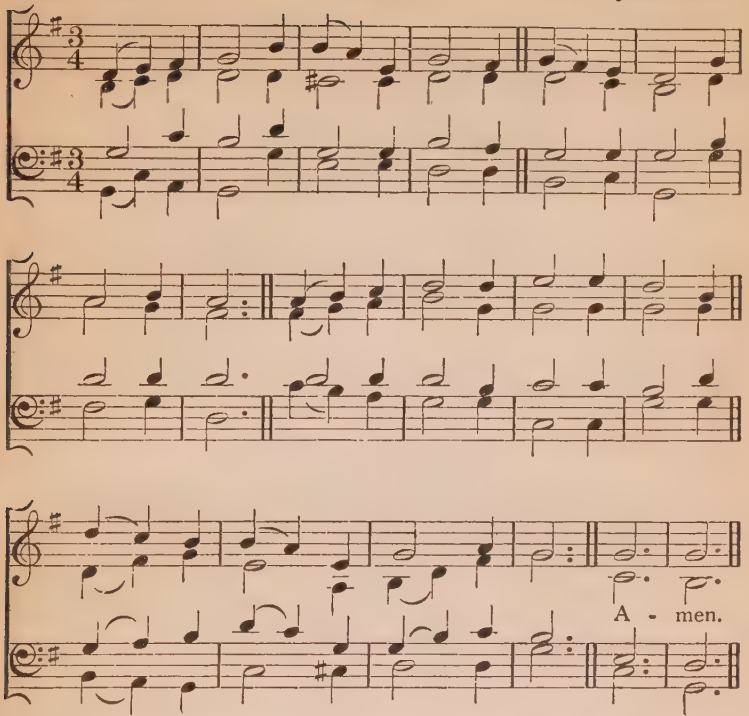


"He shall give His angels charge over thee."

GOD, Who madest earth and Heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou our GOD forsake us,
But to reign in Glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

23.—Sanctuary. 8.7.8.7. Rev. C. J. Dickinson.



"The darkness is no darkness with Thee, but the night is as clear as the day."

HEAR Thy children, gentle Jesus,
While we breathe our evening prayer;
Save us from all harm and danger,
Take us 'neath Thy sheltering care.

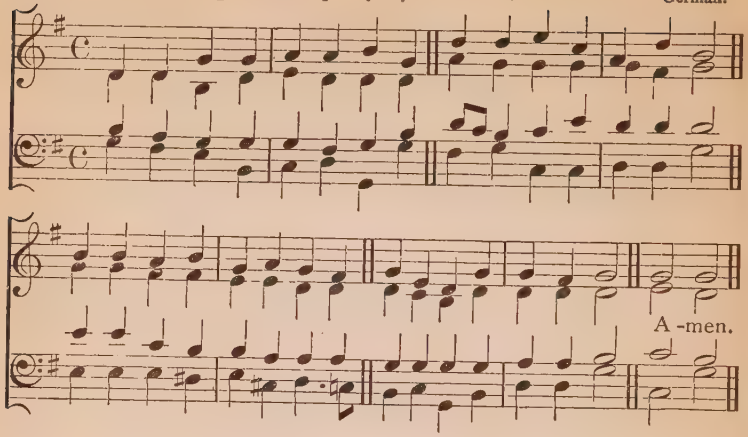
Shield us from the wiles of Satan,
From the perils of this night;
Safely may the guardian Angels
Keep us in their watchful sight.

Gentle Jesus! look in pity
From Thy glorious Throne above;
Though we sleep, Thy Heart is wakeful,
Still for us It beats with love.

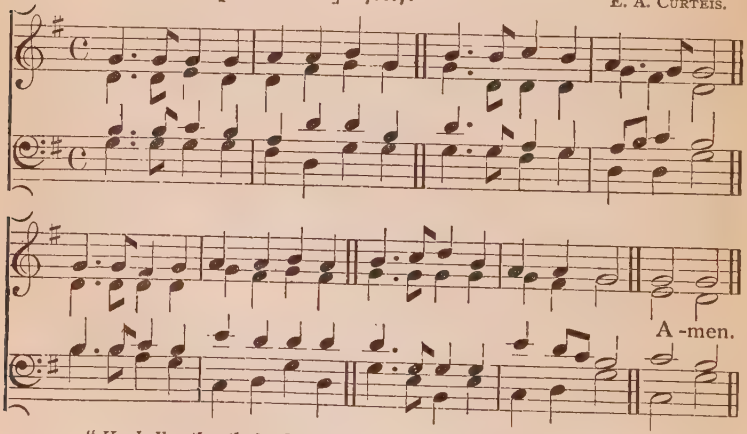
Shades of evening fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom;
When our earthly life is ended,
Lead Thy ransomed children home.

Gentle Jesus! hear Thy children
When they sing their hymns to Thee;
Who, with Father and with Spirit,
Art One God Eternally. Amen.

24.—STUTGARD. [*1st Tune.*] 8.7.8.7. German.



24.—ST. HILDA. [*2nd Tune.*] 8.7.8.7. E. A. CURTEIS.



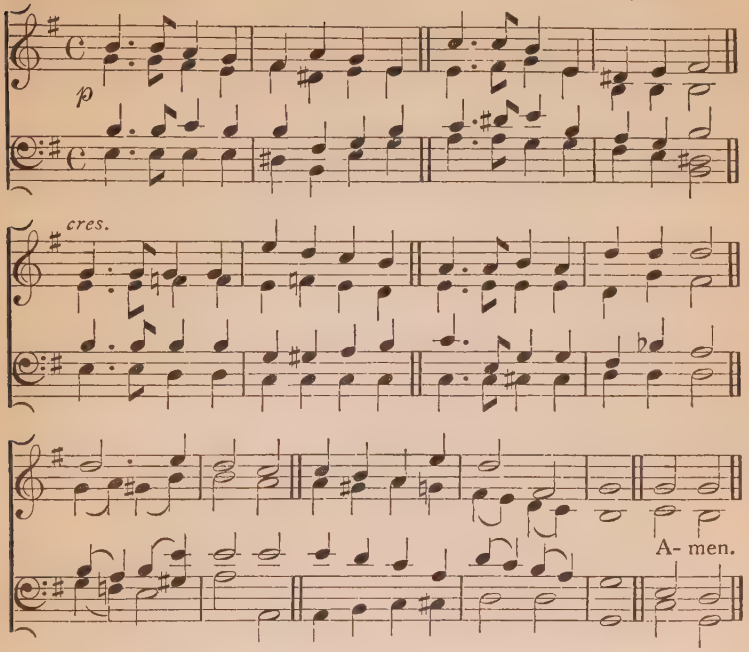
"He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy Hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Grant me, Lord, a place in Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

25.—GOLDSTONE. 8.7.8.7.4.7 W. H. LONGHURST, Mus. Doc.



"Under His wings shalt thou trust."

NOW the solemn shadows darken,
And the daylight slowly dies;
Holy Saviour, Thou wilt hearken
When Thy children's prayers arise:
Blessed JESUS,
Look on us with loving Eyes.

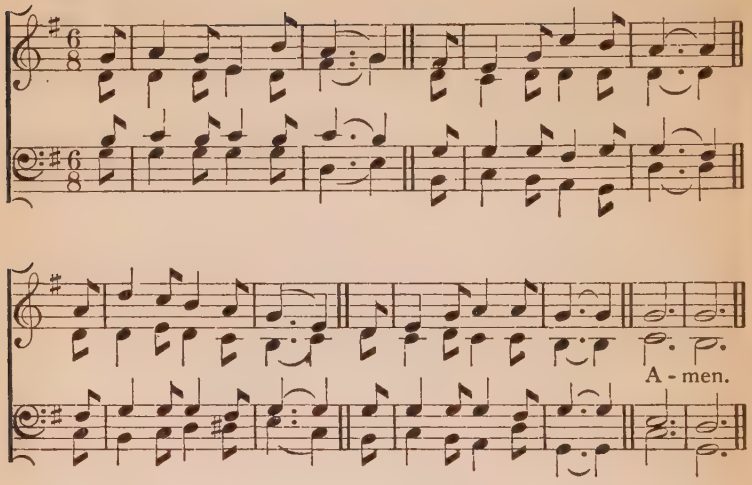
Some are tried with doubts and dangers,
Some have found their hearts grow cold,
Some are aliens now, and strangers
To the faith they loved of old:
Blessed JESUS,
Bring them back into the fold.

Some in conflict sore have striven
With temptation fierce and strong;
Lord, to them let strength be given,
If the battle should be long!
Blessed JESUS,
Change their mourning into song.

By Thy passion in the garden,
By Thine anguish on the tree,
By that precious gift of pardon,
Won for us alone by Thee!
Blessed JESUS,
Set the sin-bound captives free.

When our earthly day is closing,
And the night grows still and deep,
Let us, in Thine Arms reposing,
Feel Thy power to save and keep:
Blessed JESUS,
Give Thine own beloved sleep. Amen.

26.—KELSO. 6.6.6.6. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



" I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest.

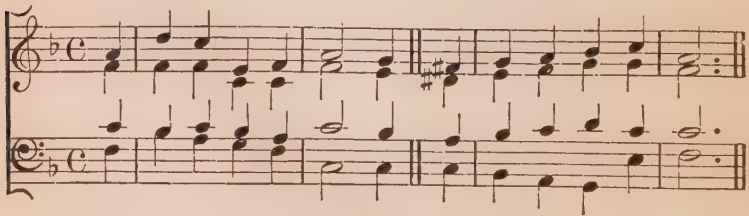
MY FATHER, hear my prayer
Before I go to rest;
It is Thy little child
That cometh to be blest.

Forgive me all my sin,
And let me sleep this night
In safety and in peace
Until the morning light.

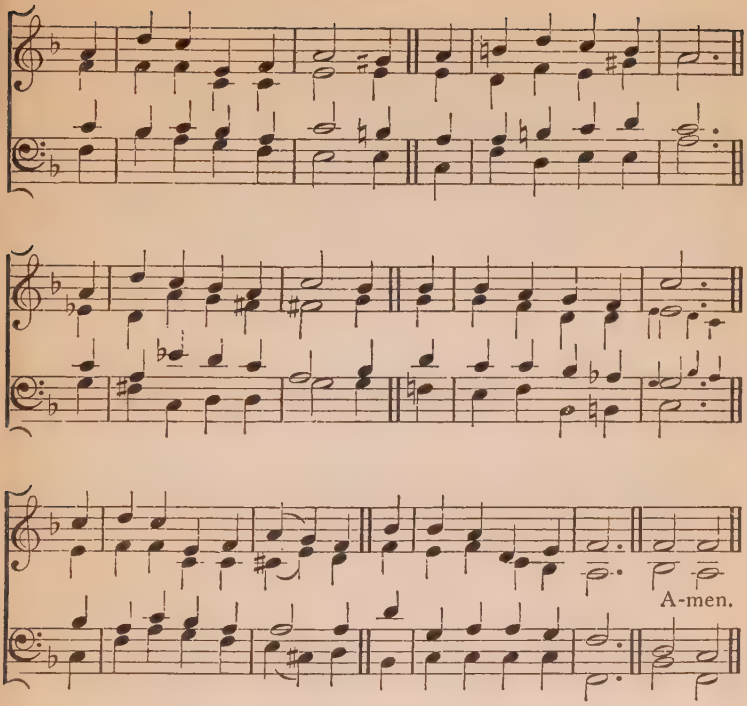
LORD, help me every day
To love Thee more and more,
And try to do Thy will
Much better than before.

Now look upon me, LORD,
Ere I lie down to rest,
It is Thy little child
That cometh to be blest. Amen.

27.—ANGEL TOWER. 7.6.7.6. D. W. H. LONGHURST, Mus. Doc.



Evening.



"Be not far from me."

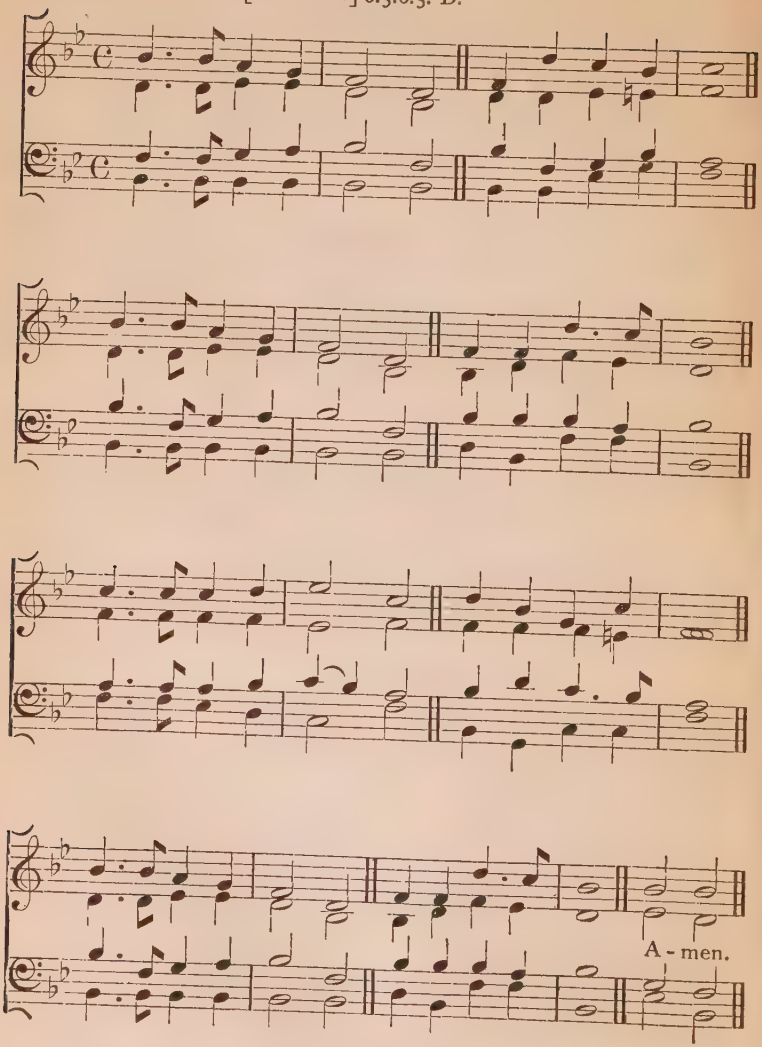
MY Saviour, be Thou near me
When I lie down to sleep,
And safe from every danger
My soul and body keep.
With Thee there is no darkness,
The light it shineth still;
My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I will fear no ill.

My Saviour, be Thou near me
When Satan doth assail,
To strengthen and protect me,
That he may not prevail.
When sorrows come upon me,
And days are dark and sad,
My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I shall still be glad.

My Saviour, be Thou near me
In sickness and in pain,
To teach my spirit patience,
To make my sorrow gain.
When heart and flesh are failing,
Receive my parting breath;
My Saviour, be Thou near me
To comfort me in death.

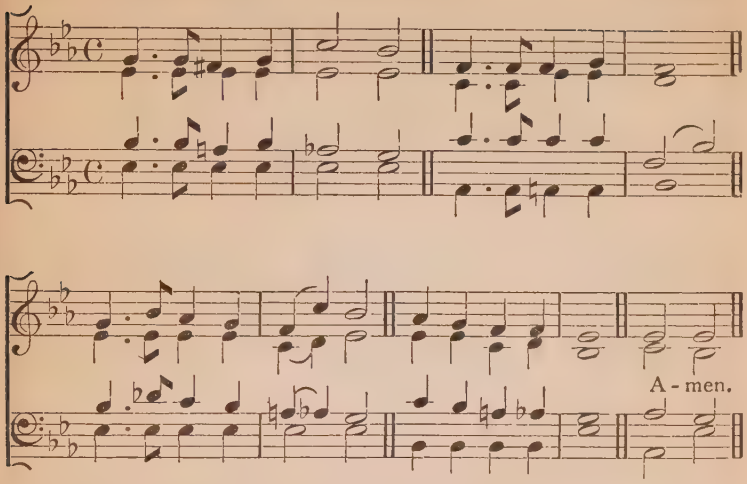
And then, for ever near Thee,
Safe in that happy place
Where angels sing Thy praises,
And saints behold Thy Face;
My joy shall be Thy Presence,
Yes, this my Heaven will be,
My Saviour will be near me
Through all eternity. Amen.

28.—St. Angelo. [*1st Tune.*] 6.5.6.5. D.



28.—Upton Cressett. [*2nd Tune.*] 6.5.6.5.

G. Hinton.



"When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."

NOW the day is over
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose:
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children,
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

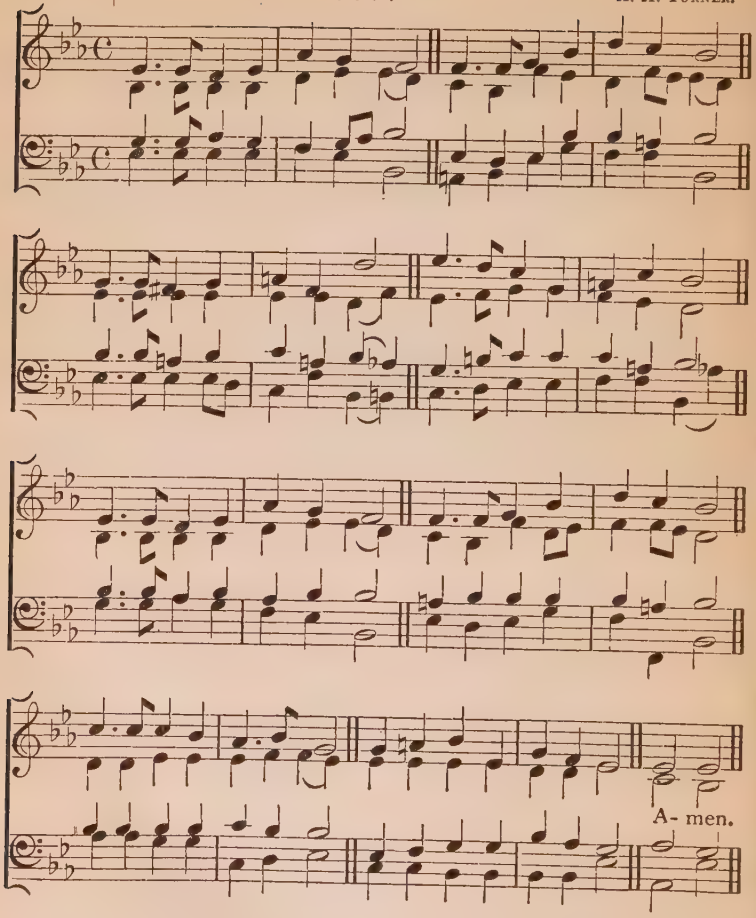
Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy Eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit
Whilst all ages run. Amen

29.—IRENE. 7.7.7.7. D. A. H. TURNER.



"Have mercy upon me, and hearken unto my prayer."

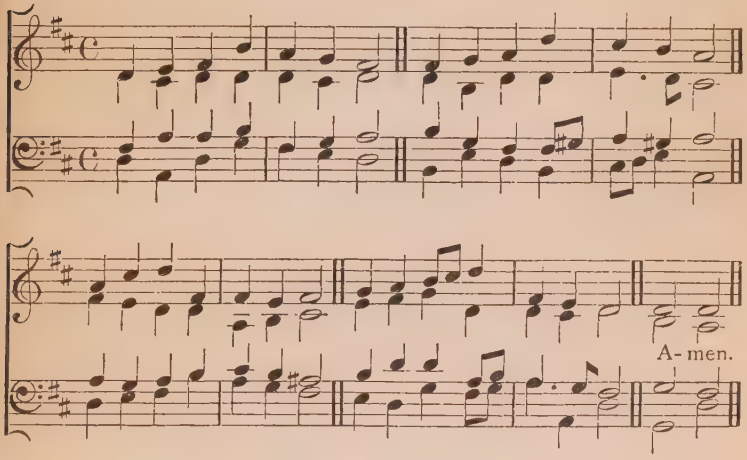
NOW the sun has passed away
With the golden light of day;
Now the shades of silent night
Hide the flowers from our sight;

Now the little stars on high
Twinkle in the mighty sky;
FATHER, merciful and mild,
Listen to Thy little child.

Heavenly FATHER, put away
All things wrong I've done to-day;
Make me gentle, true, and good,
Make me love Thee as I should;
Make me feel by day and night
I am ever in Thy sight:
JESUS was a little child,
Make me, like Him, meek and mild.

Heavenly FATHER, hear my prayer,
Take Thy child into Thy care!
Let Thy Angels, good and bright,
Watch around me through the night;
Keep me now, and, when I die,
Take me to the glorious sky:
FATHER, merciful and mild,
Listen to Thy little child. Amen.

30.—PATMOS. 7·7·7·7. REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.



"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

NOW the daylight goes away,
Saviour, listen while I pray,
Asking Thee to watch and keep,
And to send me quiet sleep.

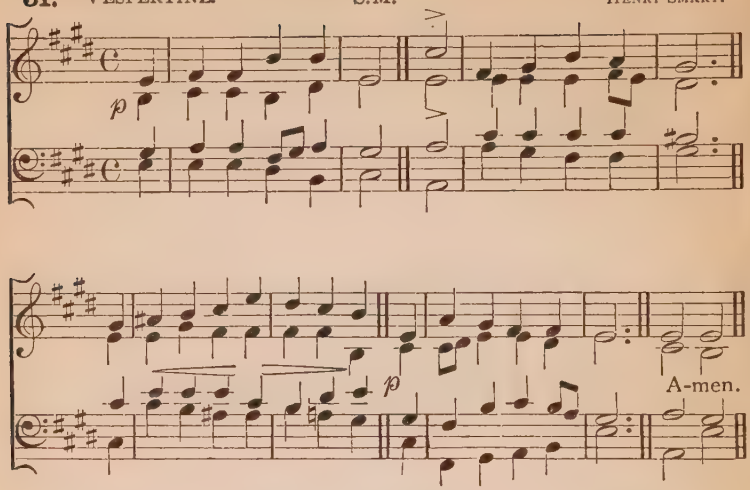
JESUS, Saviour, wash away
All that has been wrong to-day;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee;
Oh, bring me and all I love
To Thy happy home above!

Now my evening praise I give;
Thou didst die that I might live,
All my blessings come from Thee;
Oh, how good Thou art to me!

Thou, my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end;
Let me love Thee more and more,
Always better than before. Amen.

31.—VESPERTINE. S.M. HENRY SMART.



"The sun shall no more go down."

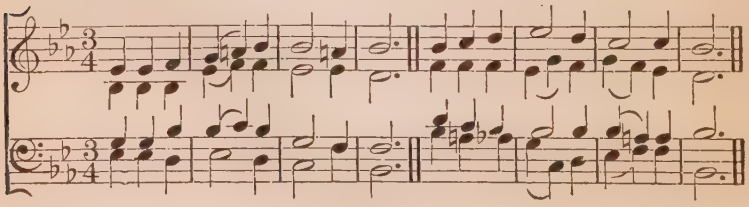
THE day, O LORD, is spent,
Abide with us, and rest;
Our heart's desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.

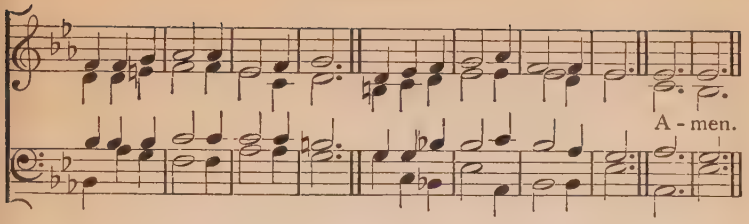
We have not reached that Land,
That happy Land, as yet,
Where holy Angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore!

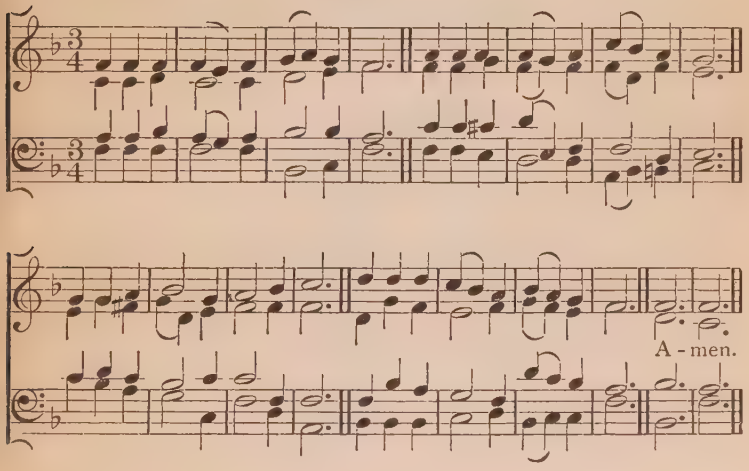
From men below the skies,
And all the Heavenly Host,
To GOD the FATHER praise arise,
The SON and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

32.—ANGELUS. [*1st Tune.*] L.M.





32.—HURSLEY. [*2nd Tune.*] L.M.



"Abide with us."

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's Breast.

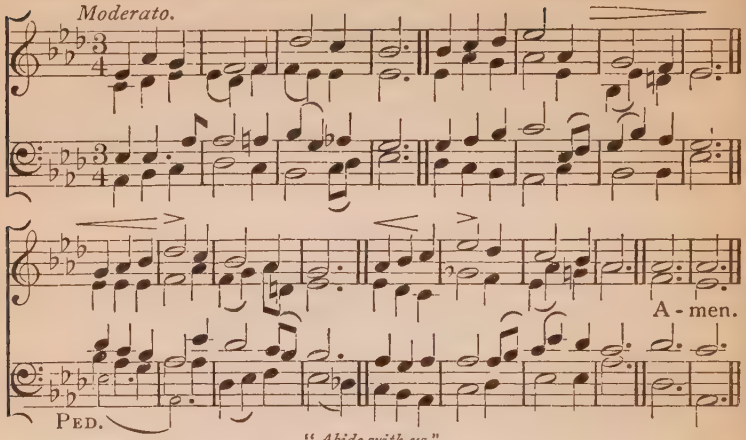
Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the Voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor,
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.
Amen.

32.—ABENDS. [*3rd Tune.*] L.M. SIR HERBERT OAKELEY.



"Abide with us."

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's Breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the Voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

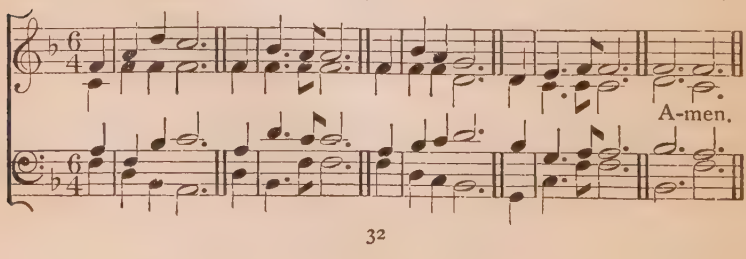
Watch by the sick, enrich the poor,
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

Amen.

[Attention is directed to the change of metre at "My wearied," "Abide with," "With blessings," "We lose," when Iambic instead of Trochaic rhythm requires corresponding modification in the music.]

33.—FRESHWATER. 4.4.8. T. B.



Evening.

" The shadows of evening are stretched out."

THE day is done,
O God the Son
Look down upon Thy little one.

O Light of light
Keep me this night,
And shed round me Thy Presence bright.

I need not fear
If Thou art near,
Thou art my Saviour, kind and dear.

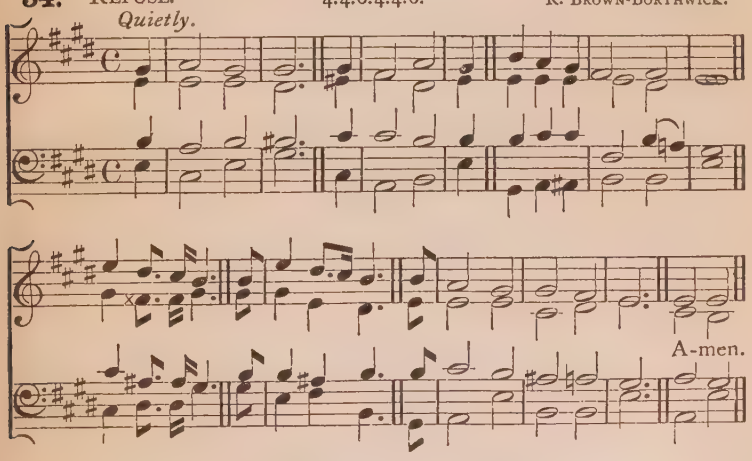
Thy gentle Eye
Is ever nigh,
It watches me when none is by.

Thy loving Ear
Is ever near
Thy little children's prayers to hear.

So happily
And peacefully
I lay me down to rest in Thee.

To Father, Son,
And Spirit, One
In Heaven and earth, all praise be done. Amen.

34.—Repose. 4.4.6.4.4.6. R. Brown-Borthwick.



" The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

THE daylight fades,
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head;
Father above,
I praise that love
Which nightly guards my bed.

While Thou art near
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour;
Blest Jesus, still
From every ill
Defend me with Thy power!

Pardon my sin,
And enter in
To sanctify my heart;
Spirit Divine,
Oh, make me Thine,
And ne'er from me depart! Amen.

35.—Chenies. 7.6.7.6. D. Rev. T. R. Matthews.

"Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer."

THE hours of day are over,
The evening calls us home;
Once more to Thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come;
For all Thy countless blessings
We praise Thy holy Name,
And own Thy love unchanging,
Through days and years the same.

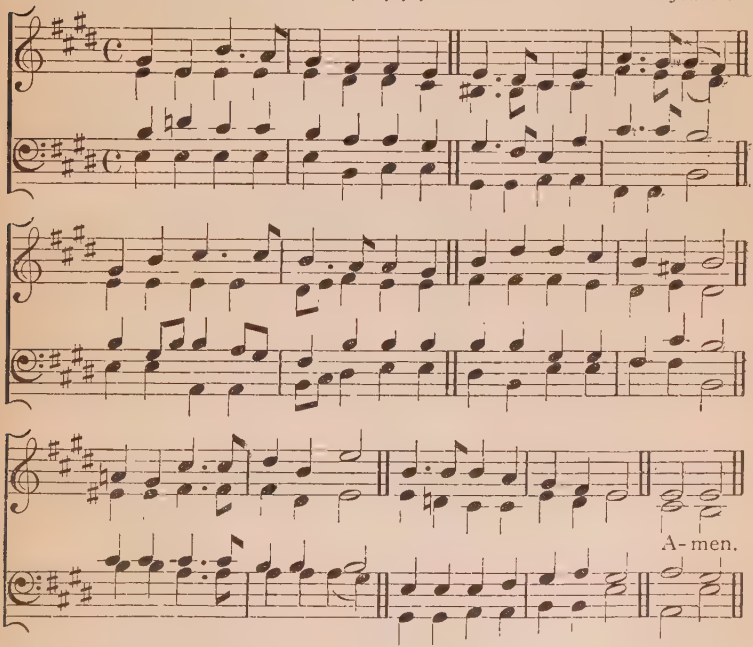
For life, and health, and shelter,
From harm throughout the day,
The kindness of our teachers,
The gladness of our play;
For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
To Thee our thanks we render,
Who these, and all things, sends.

But these, O LORD, can show us
Thy goodness but in part;
Thy love would lead us onward
To know Thee as Thou art;
Thy SON came down from Heaven
To take away our sin,
Thy SPIRIT dwells among us
To make us clean within.

For this, O LORD, we bless Thee,
For this we thank Thee most—
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost;
The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The home prepared by JESUS
For us beyond the sky.

LORD, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past;
With all our dear ones round us
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come! Amen.

36.—STONELEIGH. 8.7.8.7.7.7. C. S. JEKYLL.



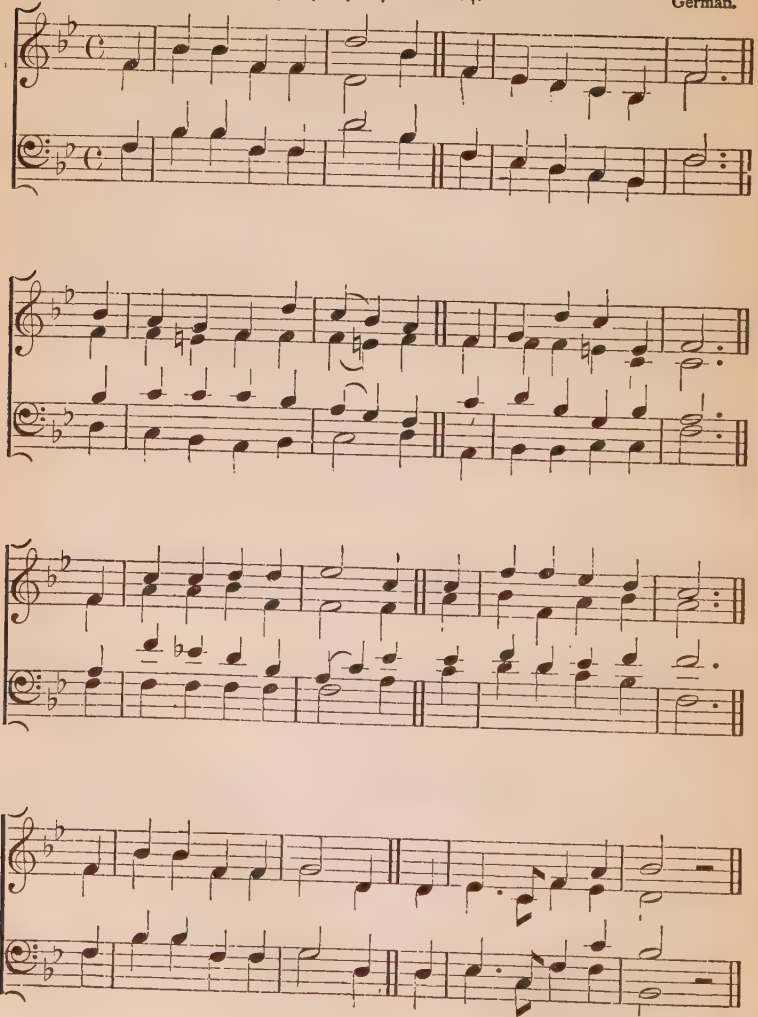
"I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest."

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest;
JESUS, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

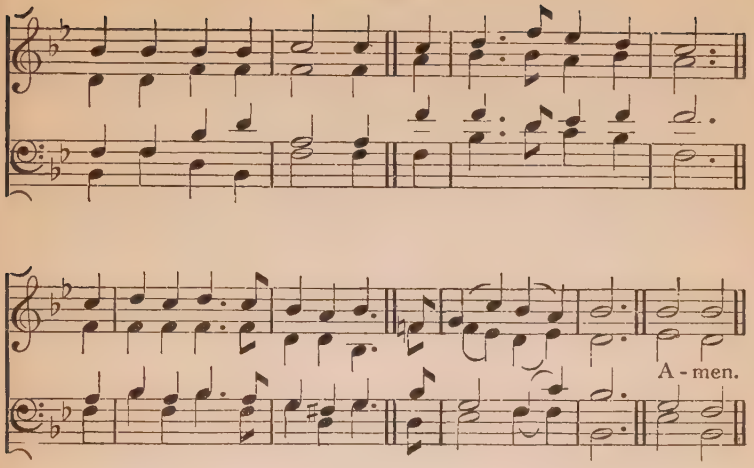
Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine Arms may we repose,
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heaven at last.
Amen.

SUNDAY.

37.—Wir Pflugen. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.6.8.4. German.



Sunday.



"O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise."

AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near:
The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.

After each verse.

Glory be to JESUS,
Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!

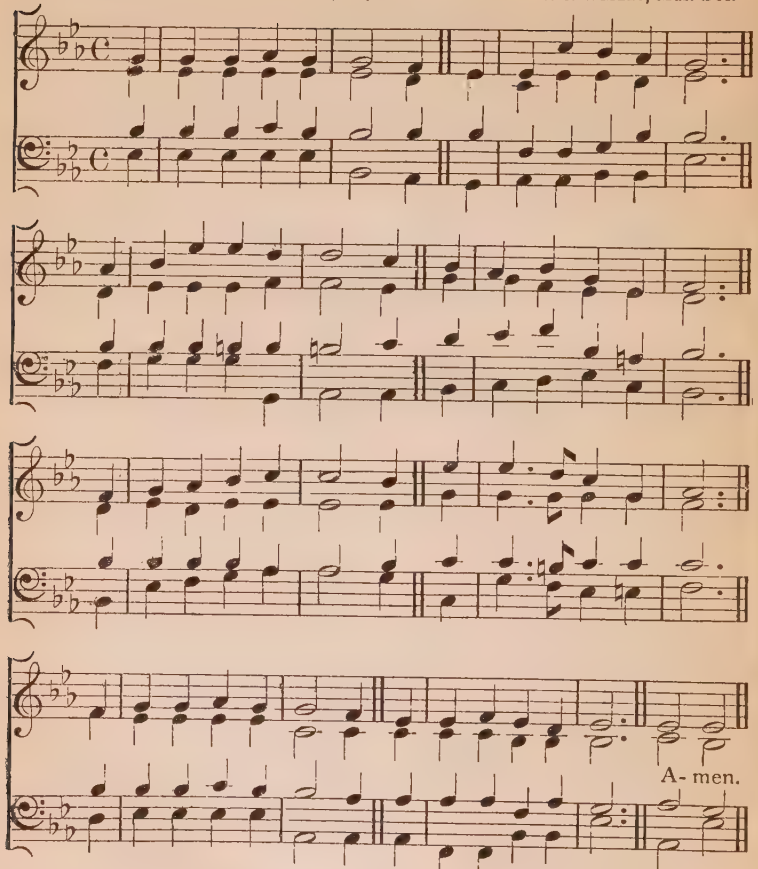
Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy Grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place:
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.
Glory be, &c.

The shining choir of angels
That rest not day nor night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of JESUS
In pastures fair above,
These all adore and praise Him
Whom we, too, praise and love
Glory be, &c

The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray:
Across the northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same "pure offering,"
And sings the same sweet psalms.
Glory be, &c.

Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His Name!
Still louder and still further
His mighty deeds proclaim!
Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord, and King;
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing—
Glory be, &c. Amen

38.—AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.



"This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it."

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great GOD Triune.

On thee, at the creation,
The light had first its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
CHRIST rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious,
A triple light was given.

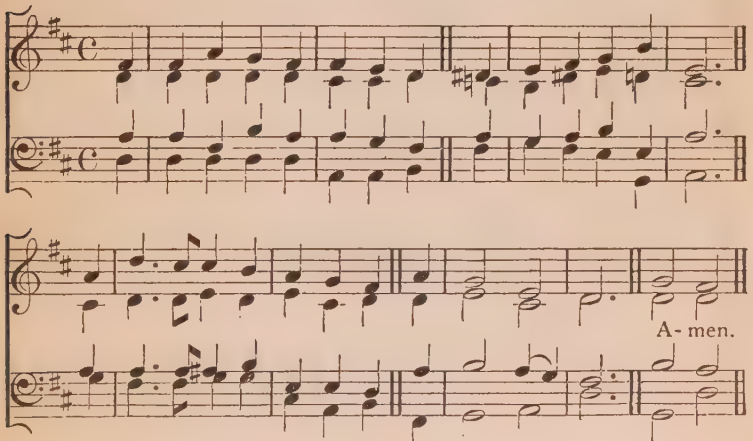
Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand:
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view the promised land.

Thou art a holy ladder
Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven, our home:
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly Manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this, our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining,
To spirits of the blest.
To HOLY GHOST be praises,
To FATHER and to SON;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest THREE in ONE.
Amen.

39.—WREFORD. 8.6.8.4. E. S. CARTER.



"Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house: they will be alway praising Thee."

HAIL! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O GOD, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

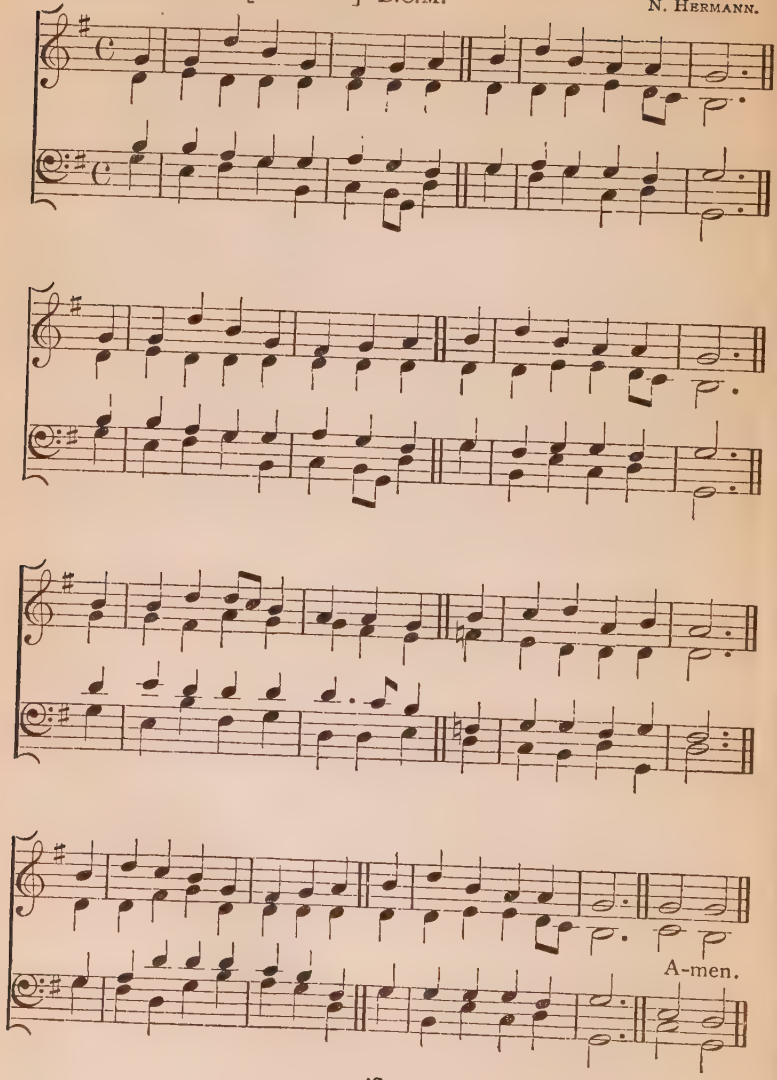
No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O GOD, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

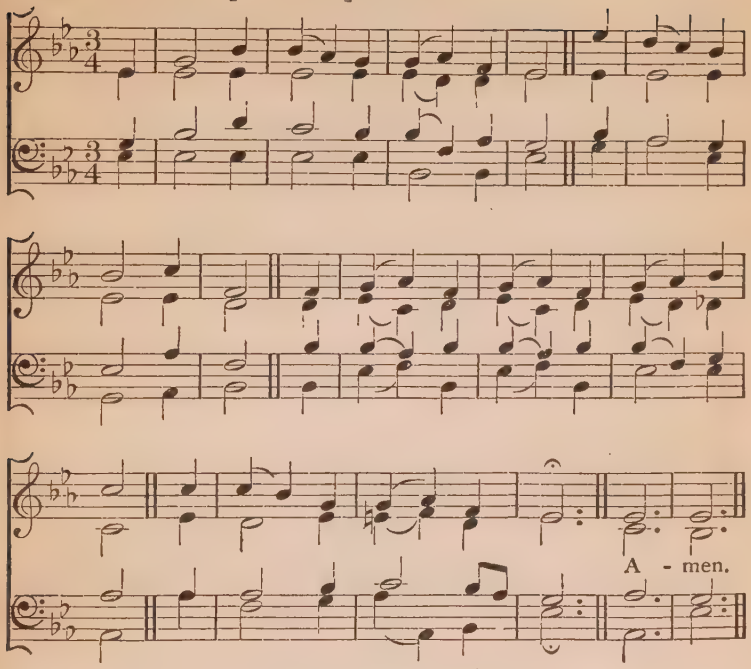
Accept, O GOD, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given;
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven. Amen.

40.—HERMANN. [*1st Tune.*] D.C.M.

N. HERMANN.



40.—LANGFORD. [*2nd Tune.*] C.M.



"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

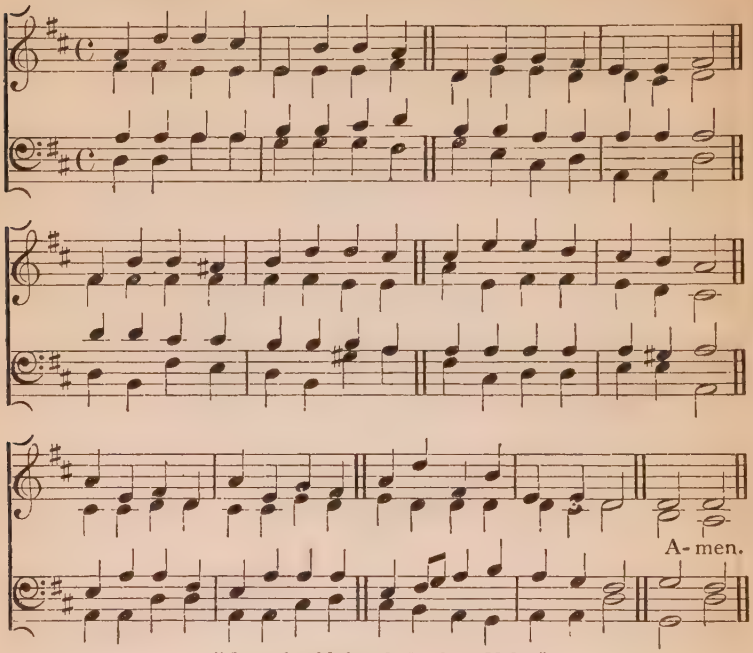
BLEST day of GOD, how calm, how bright,
A day of joy and praise;
The labourers' rest, the saints' delight:
The first and best of days.

This day the Lord, our Saviour, rose
Victorious from the dead:
And as a conquerer, His foes
In glorious triumph led.

This day believers doth enrich;
May grace rest on them all:
It is their Pentecost, on which,
The HOLY GHOST doth fall.

As the first fruits an earnest prove
Of all the sheaves behind,
So they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week shall find. Amen.

41.—BRAYLESFORD. 8.7.8.7.8.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

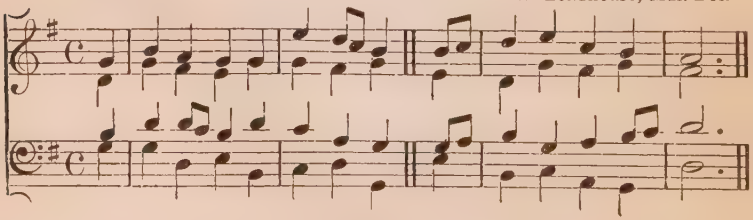


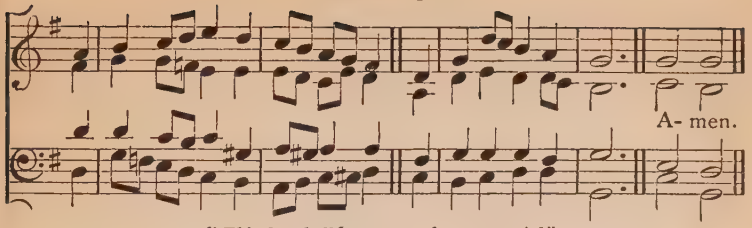
"Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

COME, and let us hail the dawning
Of our Saviour's rising day;
Let us hail the happy morning
When His people first could say,
"He is risen, He is risen:"
Let us sing as well as they.

Come, and let us seek the blessing
Which He gives His saints to-day;
Peace to all their sins confessing,
Grace to help them to obey;
He is waiting, He is waiting,
Now to hear us: Let us pray. Amen.

42.—ST. PAUL'S, CANTERBURY. C.M. W. H. LONGHURST, Mus. Doc.





"This day shall be unto you for a memorial."

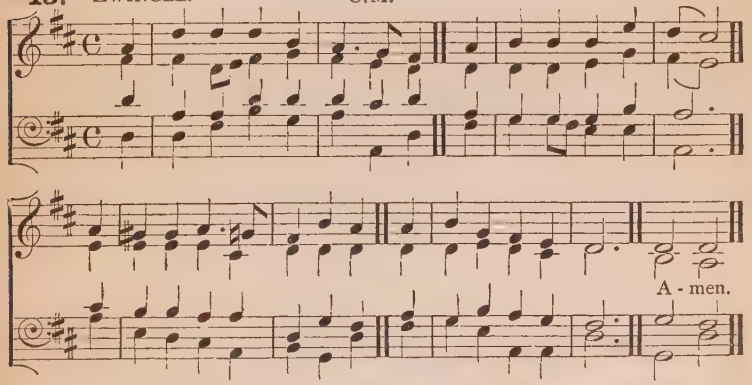
THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the Throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell:
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's Holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from Thy Throne.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heaven in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise. Amen.

43.—ZWINGLE. C.M.



"Ye are all the children of light."

THIS is the day the light was made,
That glorious gift of Heaven;
This is the day the Lord arose,
The best of all the seven.

This is the day the darkness fled,
And death to life gave way;
To light and life for evermore
GOD calls His saints to-day.

Then wake, ye children of the light,
And hearken to His Voice;
With early songs of praise draw nigh,
And in His courts rejoice.

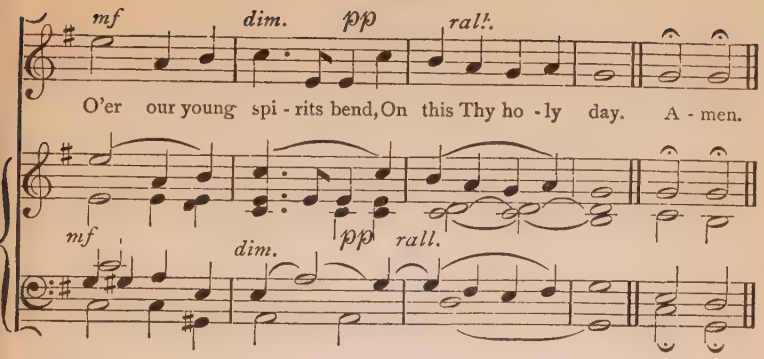
Let sin, and sloth, and faithless fear,
From every heart be driven;
Spend we this day as they that hope
To gain the joys of Heaven.

Praise to the FATHER and the SON,
And equal praise be Thine,
Blest SPIRIT, Who our hearts dost fill
With light and life Divine. Amen.

44.—BEECHCROFT. 6.6.6.6. D. T. GERMAN REED.

VOICES.
ORGAN.
Je - sus, we love to meet On this Thy ho - ly day;
We wor - ship round Thy seat On this Thy ho - ly day.
Thou ten - der, Heavenly Friend, To Thee our prayers as - cend,

Sunday.



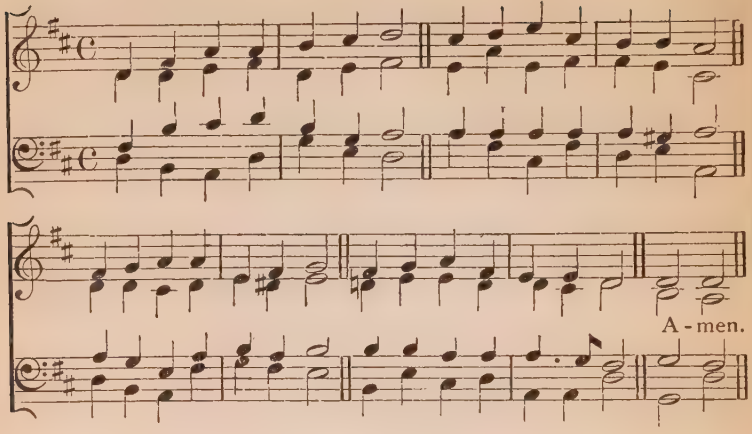
"I ord, I have loved the habitation of Thy House."

JESUS, we love to meet
On this Thy holy day;
We worship round Thy seat
On this Thy holy day.
Thou tender, Heavenly Friend,
To Thee our prayers ascend,
O'er our young spirits bend,
On this Thy holy day.

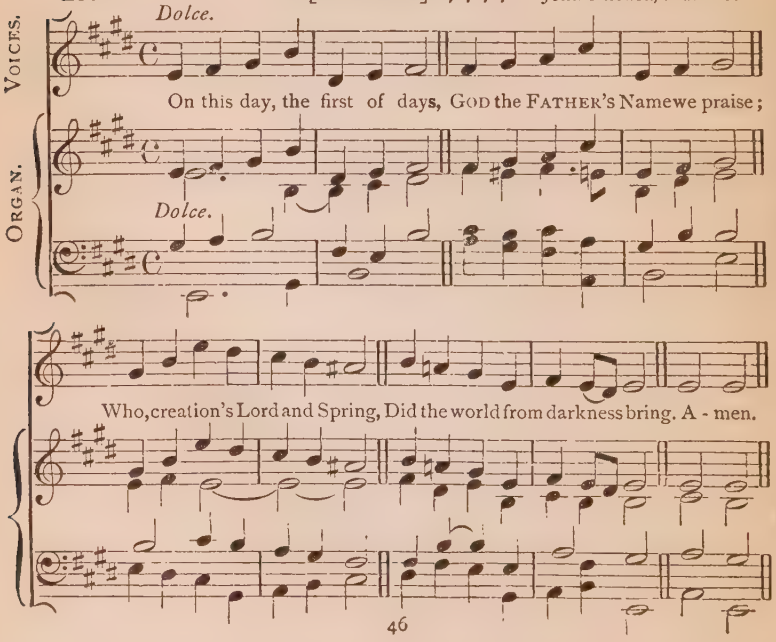
We dare not trifle now,
On this Thy holy day;
In silent awe we bow,
On this Thy holy day.
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought,
On this Thy holy day.

We listen to Thy Word,
On this Thy holy day;
Bless all that we have heard
On this Thy holy day.
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart,
On this Thy holy day. Amen.

45.—LUBECK. [*1st Tune.*] 7.7.7.7. German.



45.—"ON THIS DAY." [*2nd Tune*]. 7.7.7.7. JOHN NAYLOR, Mus. Doc.


VOICES.
ORGAN.
Dolce.
On this day, the first of days, GOD the FATHER'S Name we praise;
Dolce.
Who, creation's Lord and Spring, Did the world from darkness bring. A - men.

Sunday.

"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.....And the evening and the morning were the first day."

ON this day, the first of days,
GOD the FATHER'S Name we praise;
Who, creation's Lord and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

On this day the Eternal SON
Over death His triumph won;
On this day the SPIRIT came
With His gifts of living flame.

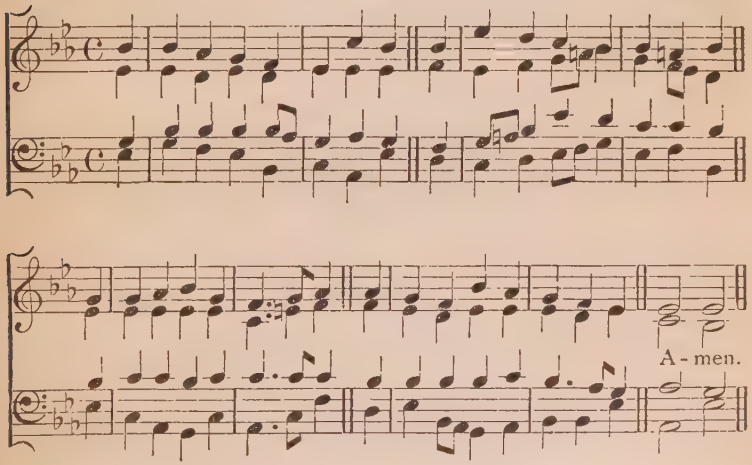
Oh, that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
GOD, the Source of life and light!

FATHER, Who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love Divine,
Let my every thought be Thine.

Thou Who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet SPIRIT, in my heart;
Best of gifts, Thyself bestow,
Make me burn Thy love to know.

GOD, the blessèd THREE in ONE,
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give Thyself to me,
May I give myself to Thee. Amen.

46.—MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



"The Lord's day."

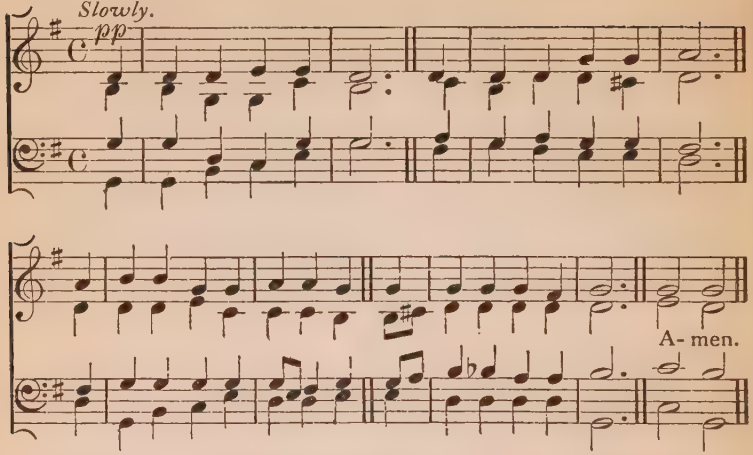
THIS day, at Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was poured:
O LORD, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light Divine.

This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again:
O JESUS, may we raisèd be
From death of sin, to life in Thee.

This day the HOLY SPIRIT came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame;
O SPIRIT, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray!

Oh, day of light, and life, and grace!
From earthly toils, sweet resting-place!
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
Give we again to GOD above. Amen.

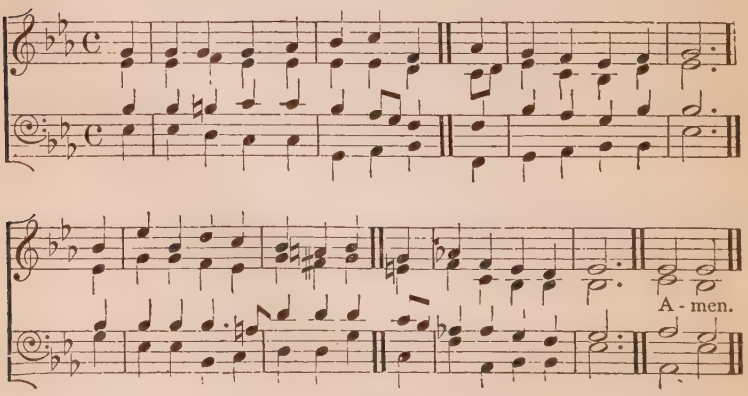
47.—Vesper Hymn. S.M.



To be sung after the Benediction—all kneeling; or, at the close of Evening Service.

LORD, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears. Amen.

48.—Eventide. C.M. Henry Smart.



"The Lord be with you."

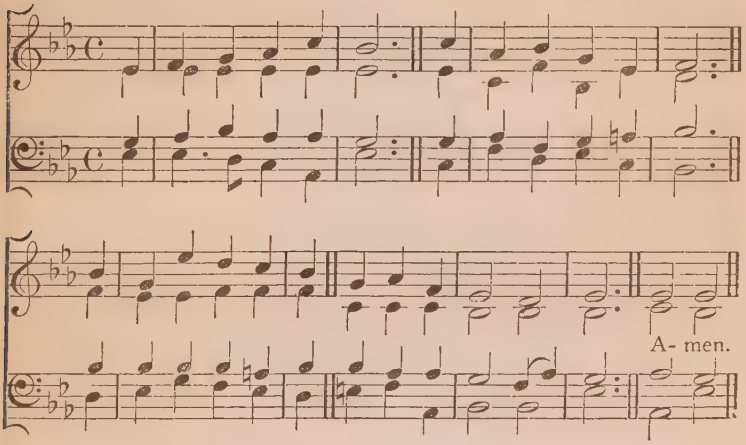
THE LORD be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.

The LORD be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with GOD.

The LORD be with us till the night
Enfold our day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep. Amen.

49.—MOSELEY. 6.6.6.6. HENRY SMART.



"Turn again then unto thy rest, O my soul."

AND now this holy day
Is drawing to its end,
Once more, to Thee, O LORD,
Our thanks and prayers we send.

We thank Thee for this rest
From earthly care and strife;
We thank Thee for this help
To higher, holier life.

We thank Thee for Thy house;
It is Thy palace gate,
Where Thou, upon Thy Throne
Of mercy, still dost wait.

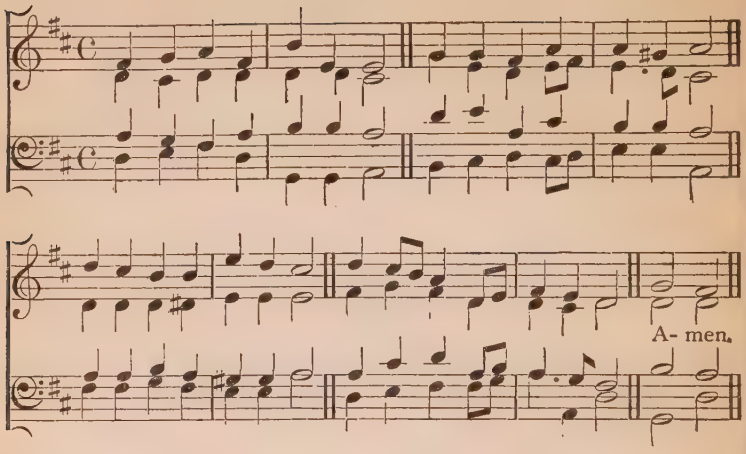
We thank Thee for Thy Word,
Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
Oh, may its holy fruits
Within our hearts abound!

Yet ere we go to rest,
FATHER, to Thee we pray,
Forgive the sins which stain
E'en this Thy holy day.

Through JESUS let the past
Be blotted from Thy sight;
And let us all now sleep
At peace with Thee this night.

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be,
From all in earth and Heaven,
Through all eternity. Amen.

50.—SARATT. 7.7.7.7. REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.



"On the seventh day He rested and was refreshed."

ERE another Sunday close,
Ere again we seek repose,
LORD, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy Feet we bow the knee.

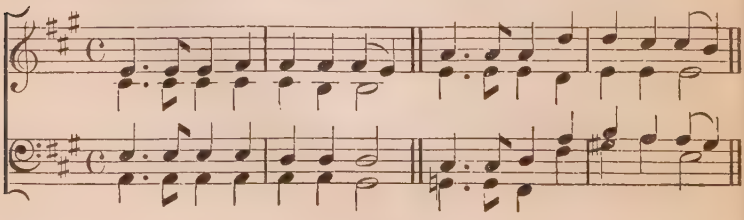
For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of Heaven.

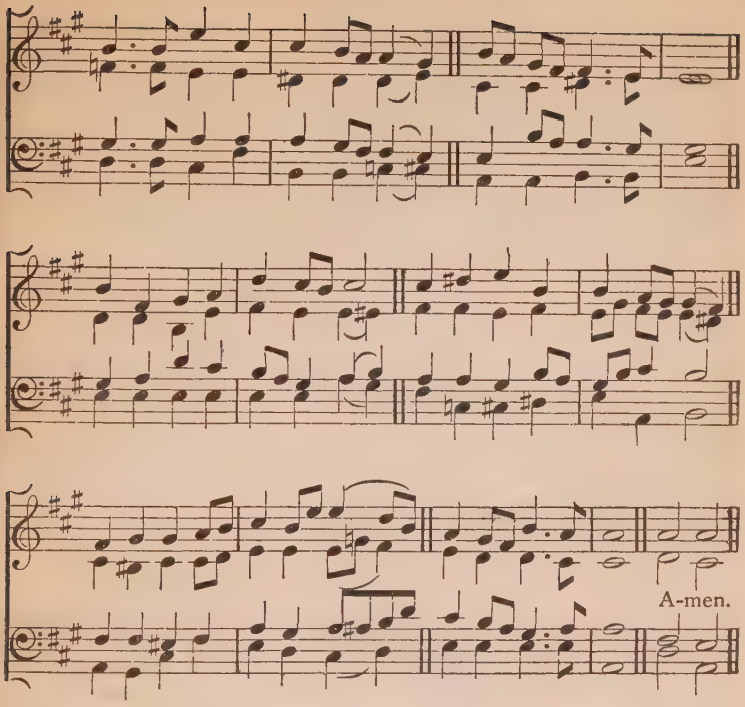
Cold our services have been,
Prayers and praises stained with sin;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.

Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead:
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our rest above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.
Amen.

51.—ST. MEINRAD. 7.7.7.5. D. REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD.





"*In the unity of the Spirit.*"

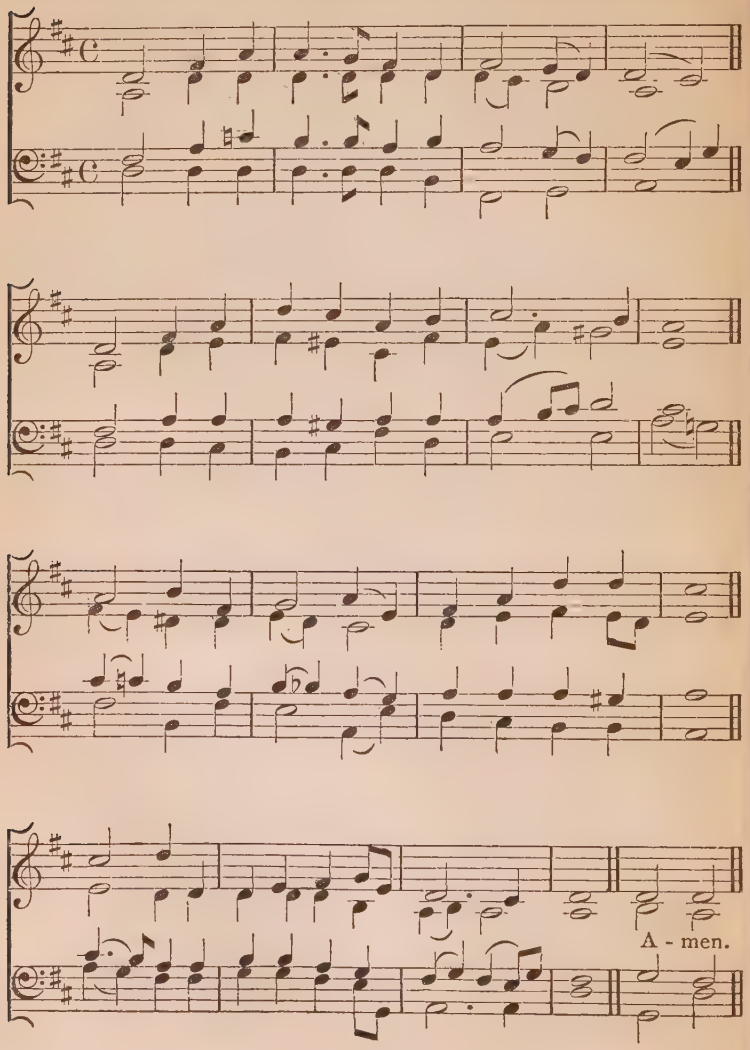
GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Now our hallowed task is done,
And our prayer is prayed;
Listen as to Thee we raise
This our thankful hymn of praise,
Ere the sun's declining rays
Deepen into shade.

One, O LORD, we meet to-day,
One in heart and voice to pray,
Soon to bend our peaceful way,
Homeward with the sun;
May the bonds of living love
Bind us closer as we move
Onward to our home above,
When our day is done.

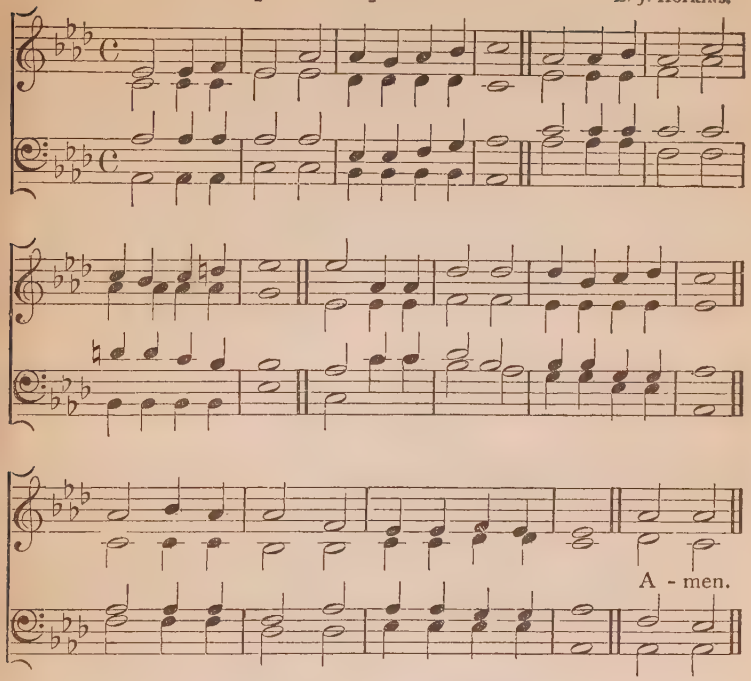
One we meet to pray and sing
Praises to our heavenly King;
LORD, in this and everything,
Make us one in Thee,
One in heart and one in mind,
One in fellowship combined,
Seeking good in all to find,
Good in all to see.

One from rise to set of sun,
One our working-day, and one,
When our day of work is done,
In our home above;
One with all we love the most,
Praising with the Angel Host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
ONE in Heavenly Love. Amen.

52.—Pax Dei. [*1st Tune.*] 10.10.10.10. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



52.—Benediction. [*2nd Tune.*] 10.10.10.10. E. J. Hopkins.



"*The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace.*"

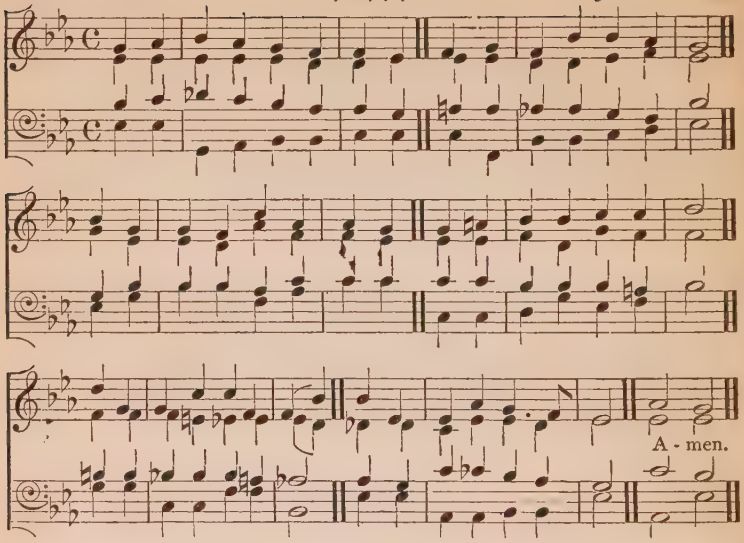
SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy Word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy Voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.
Amen.

53.—ILKLEY. 8.7.8.7.7.7. J. W. ELLIOTT.



"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your Spirit."

SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall;
Let Thy HOLY GHOST, descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all.
Set Thy seal on every heart,
JESUS! bless us ere we part.

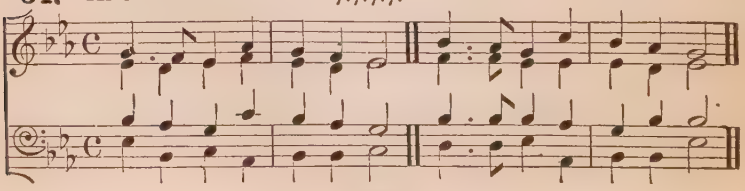
Bless the Gospel-message, spoken
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each longing soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day.
Set Thy seal on every heart,
JESUS! bless us ere we part.

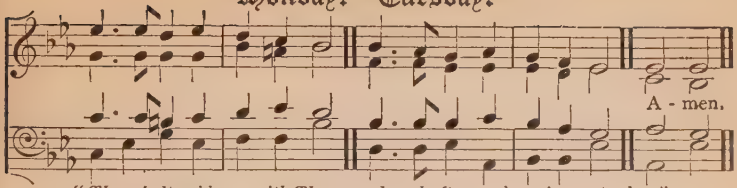
Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace Divine;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
JESUS! bless us ere we part.

Pardon Thou each deed unholy,
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught:
Set Thy seal on every heart,
JESUS! bless us ere we part.

MONDAY.

54.—ANCIENT LITANY. 7.7.7.7.





"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

YESTERDAY, with worship blest,
Passed our day of hallowed rest;
LORD, to-day we meet once more,
Grace and mercy to implore.

Not one day alone shall be
Given, O GOD of love, to Thee;
Work and rest alike are Thine;
Brighten all with love Divine,

Through the passing of the week,
FATHER, we Thy presence seek;
Midst this world's deceitful maze
Keep us, LORD, in all our ways.

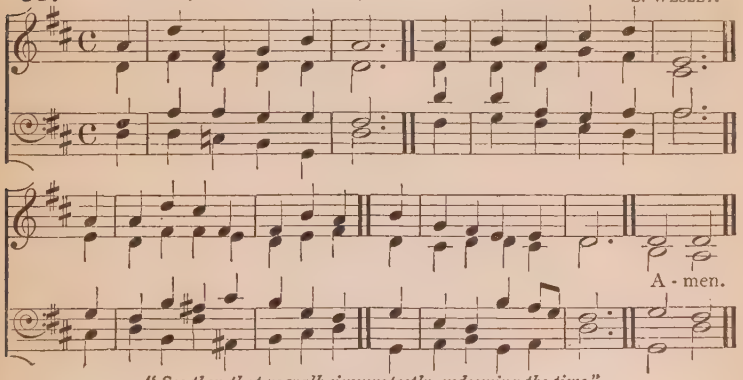
Oh, what snares our path beset!
Oh, what cares our spirits fret!
Let no earthly thing, we pray,
Draw our souls from Thee away.

Thou hast set our daily task,
Grace and strength from Thee we ask;
Thou our joys and griefs dost send,
To Thy Will our spirits bend.

Still in duty's lowly round
Be our patient footsteps found;
With Thy counsel guide us here,
Till in glory we appear. Amen.

TUESDAY.

55.—BETHLEHEM. S.M. S. WESLEY.



"See then that ye walk circumspectly, redeeming the time."

ANOTHER day begun,
LORD, grant us grace that we,
Before the setting of the sun,
Redeem the time for Thee.

Another day of toil,
To Thee we yield our powers;
Keep Thou our souls from guilty soil,
Through all the passing hours.

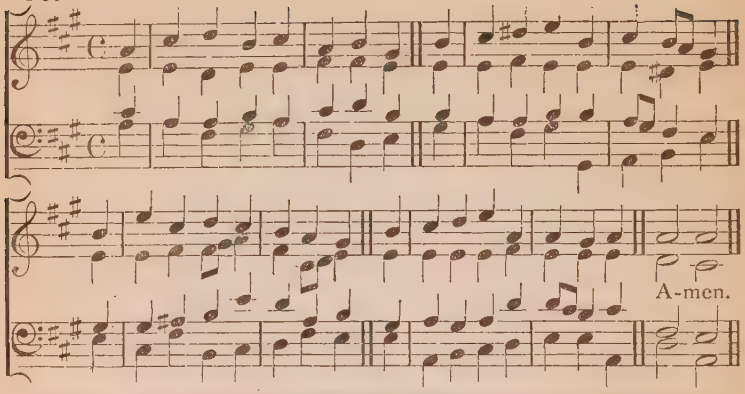
Another day of fear;
For watchful is our foe,
And sin is strong, and death is near,
And short our time below.

Another day of hope;
For Thou art with us still,
And Thine Almighty strength can cope
With all who seek our ill.

Another day of grace
To help us on our way;
One step towards the resting-place,
The eternal Sabbath-day. Amen.

WEDNESDAY.

56.—ALFRETON. L.M.



"When two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them."

THOU in Whose Name the two or three
Are met to-day to meet with Thee ;
Fulfil to us Thy own sure Word,
And be Thou here Thyself, O LORD.

To-day our week, but now begun,
Already half its course hath run ;
To Thee are known its toils and cares,
To Thee its trials and its snares.

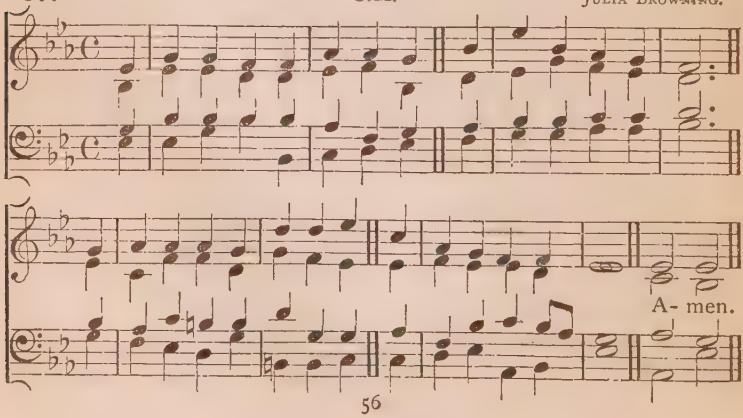
Thou, by Whose grace alone we live,
Our oft-repeated sins forgive ;
Be Thou our counsel, strength, and stay,
Through all the perils of our way.

Give thankful hearts Thy gifts to share,
Give steadfast wills Thy Cross to bear ;
And when life's working days are past,
Give rest with all Thy saints at last.

Amen.

THURSDAY.

57.—CARASS. C.M. JULIA BROWNING.

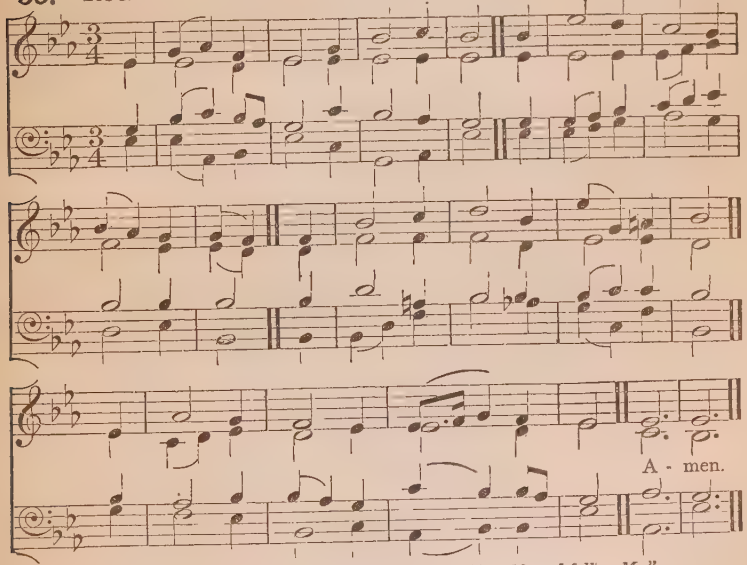


"He was received up into heaven."

ASCENDED Lord, accept our praise,
As, with adoring eye,
From this dim earth we lift our gaze,
To Thy bright home on high.
We may not stay our lingering feet
Upon the sacred hill,
Nor with blest dreams and visions sweet
Stand gazing upwards still.
For Thou, Lord, shalt once more appear,
And we would seek Thy grace,
To tread our lowly pathway here,
Until we see Thy Face.
And week by week we ask this day
Fresh gleams of heavenly light,
To cheer us on our toilsome way,
And brighten all our night.
Then praise to Thee ascended Lord,
O FATHER, praise to Thee!
And Thou, O SPIRIT, be adored,
One GOD in TRINITY. Amen.

FRIDAY.

58.—ROCKINGHAM. L.M. DR. MILLER.

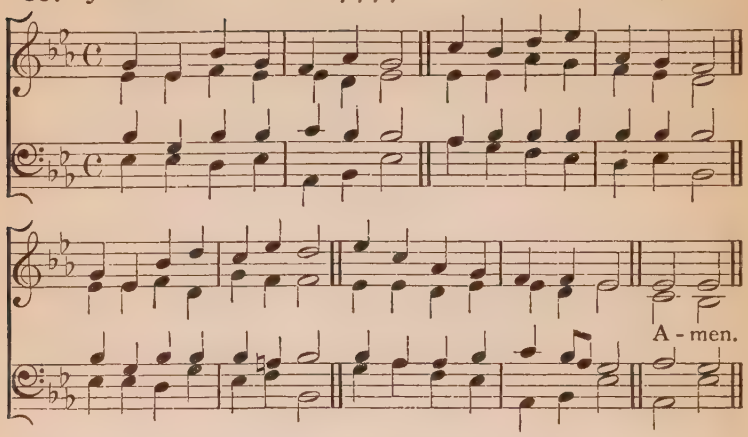


"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and follow Me."

O JESU, crucified for man!
O Lamb, all glorious on Thy Throne!
Teach Thou our wondering love to scan
The mystery of Thy love unknown.
We pray Thee grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be;
And gladly, for Thine own dear sake,
In paths of pain to follow Thee.
As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
Oh, may we bear Thy marks below,
In conquered sin and chastened life!
And week by week, this day we ask,
That holy memories of Thy Cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.
Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear,
Till at Thy Feet we lay it down;
Win through Thy Blood our pardon there,
And through the Cross attain the crown.
Amen.

SATURDAY.

59.—JERSEY. 7.7.7.7. DR. BOYCE.



" God did rest the seventh day from all His works."

SABBATH of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest!

Resting from His work, the LORD
Spake to-day the hallowing word;
Resting from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay.

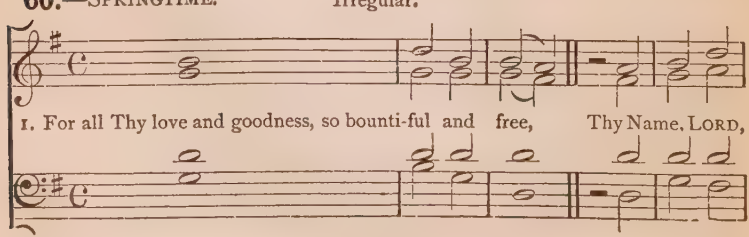
Till that tomb she might draw near,
Till the morrow should appear,
All the seventh day between,
Rested mournful Magdalene.

So with Thee till life shall end,
Lord, our vigil we would spend;
So in patient watch remain
Until Thou appear again.

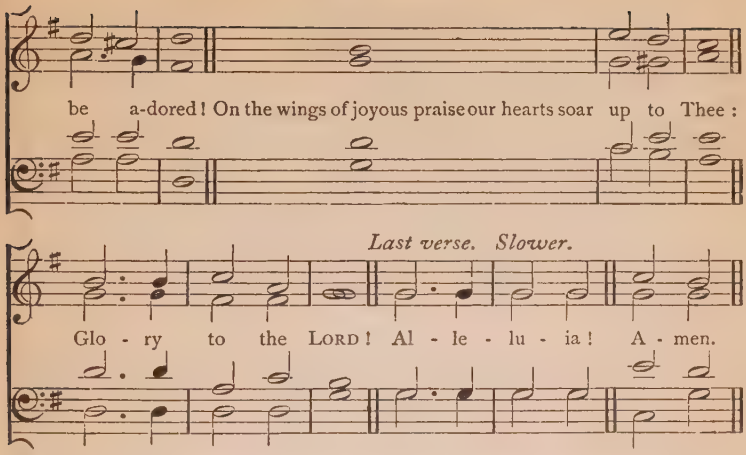
Then, Thy new creation done;
Then, Thy endless rest begun;
Saved from danger, freed from sin,
We with Thee shall enter in. Amen.

SPRING.

60.—SPRINGTIME. Irregular.



Spring.



"The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come."

FOR all Thy love and goodness, so bounti- | ful and free,
Thy Name, LORD, be adored!
On the wings of joyous praise our hearts soar | up to Thee:
Glory to the LORD!

The spring-time breaks all round about, waking from | winter's night:
Thy Name, LORD, be adored!
The sunshine, like GOD's love, pours down in floods of | golden light:
Glory to the LORD!

A voice of joy is in all the earth, a voice is in | all the air:
Thy Name, LORD, be adored!
All nature singeth aloud to GOD; there is gladness | everywhere:
Glory to the LORD!

The flowers are strewn in field and copse, on the hill and | on the plain:
Thy Name, LORD, be adored!
The soft air stirs in the tender leaves that clothe the | trees again:
Glory to the LORD!

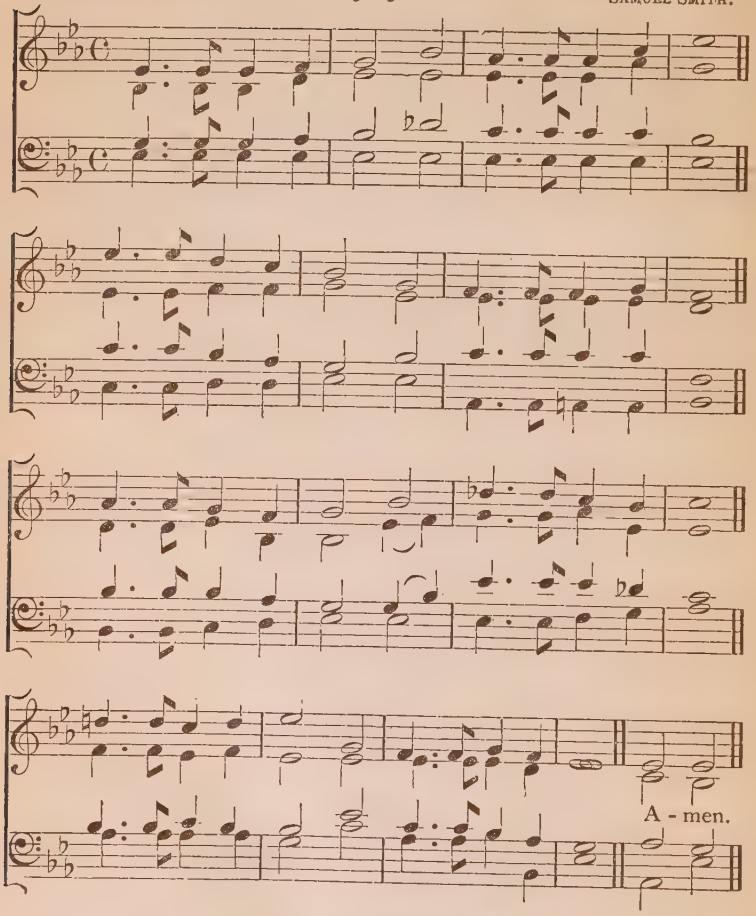
The works of Thy Hands are very fair, and for all Thy | bounteous love
Thy Name, LORD, be adored!
But what, if this world is so fair, is the better | land above?
Glory to the LORD!

Oh, to awake from death's short sleep, like the flowers from their | wintry grave!
Thy Name, LORD, be adored!
And to rise all glorious in the day when CHRIST shall | come to save!
Glory to the LORD!

Oh, to dwell in that happy land, where the heart cannot | choose but sing!
Thy Name, LORD, be adored!
And where the life of the blessed ones is a beautiful | endless spring!
Glory to the LORD! Alleluia. Amen.

SUMMER.

61.—RUTH. 6.5.6.5. D. SAMUEL SMITH.



"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.

Everything rejoices
In earth's mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

GOD's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

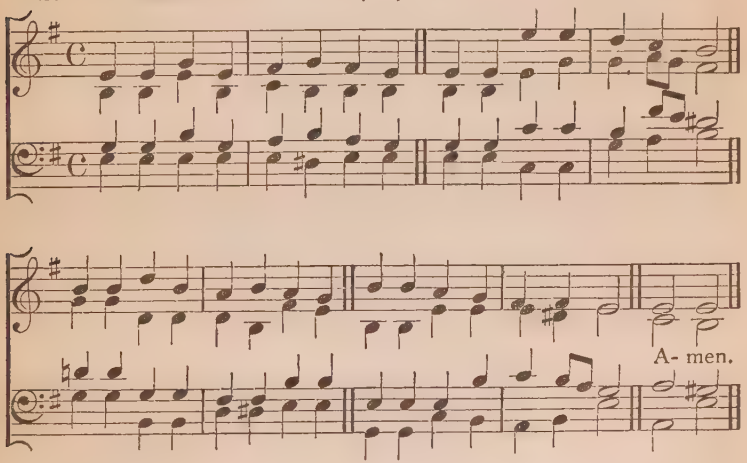
LORD, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.

And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
FATHER, be Thou nigh.

We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light,
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

AUTUMN.

62.—ST. SAMPSON'S. 8.7.8.7. REV. HENRY SIDEBOTHAM.



"See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise."

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
With a sad and solemn sound:

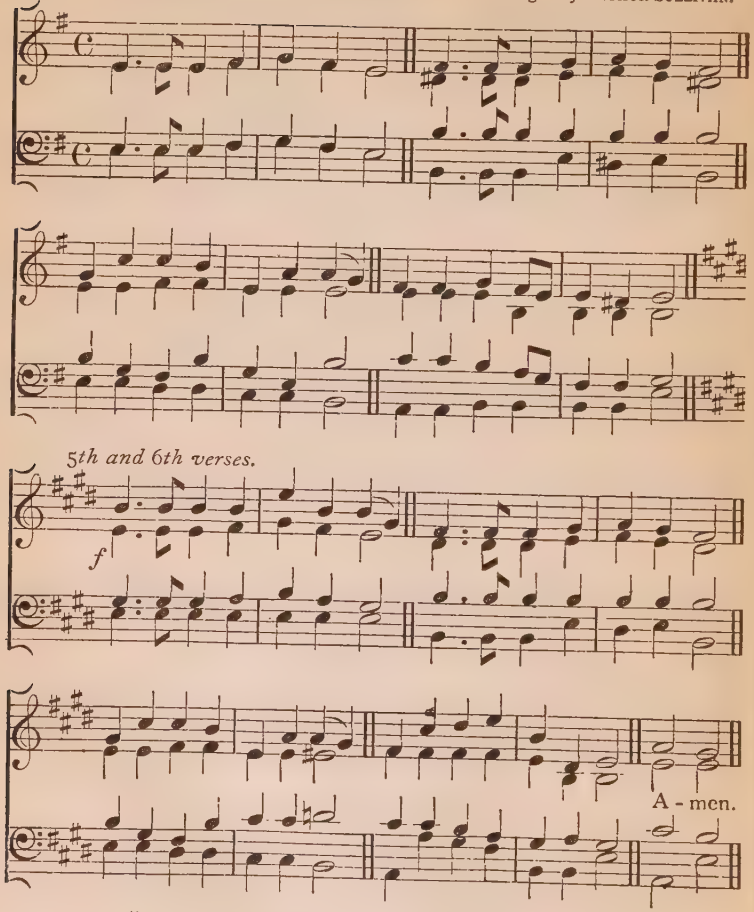
"Sons of Adam, once in Eden—
Where, like us, he blighted fell—
Hear the lesson we are reading,
Mark the awful truth we tell!

"Ye, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead."

On the tree of Life Eternal
Oh, let all our hopes be laid;
This alone for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.
Amen.

WINTER.

63.—CLARENCE. 7·7·7·7. Arranged by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."

WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.

Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

Sunny days are passed and gone :
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

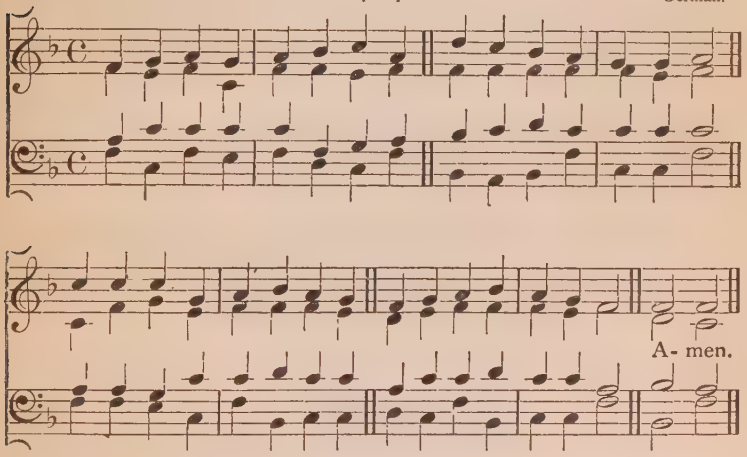
Life is waning ; life is brief ;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh :
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all Nature, rising, break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

So, LORD, after slumber blest
Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading Spring. Amen.

ADVENT.

64.—TURNAU. 8.7.8.7. German.



" The desire of all nations shall come."

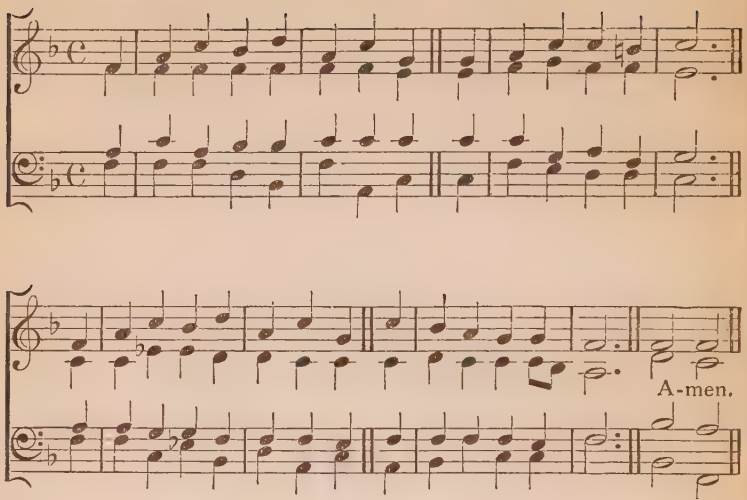
COME, Thou long-expected JESUS,
Born to set Thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art,
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

By Thine own Eternal SPIRIT
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious Throne.
Amen.

65.—York. C.M.



"He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives."

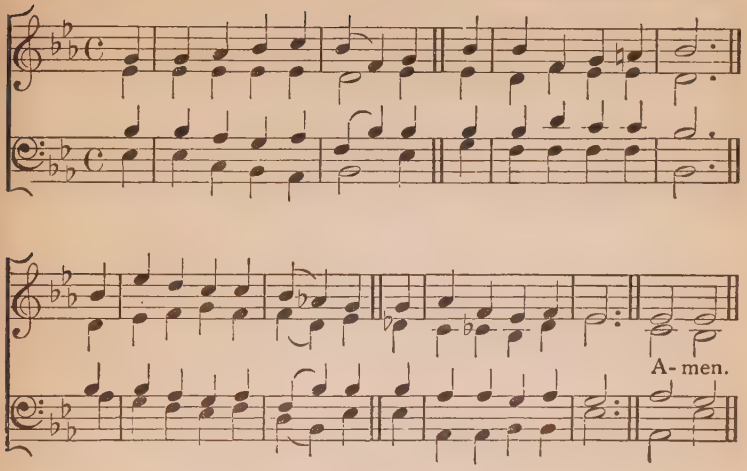
HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name. Amen.

66.—AUTUMN. 7.6.7.6. FREDERICK ILIFFE, Mus. Doc.



"Hosanna to the Son of David."

HOSANNA! they were crying
When JESUS lived below,
Those little Jewish children
Who loved the Saviour so.

Hosanna, now through Advent,
With loving hearts we sing,
For JESUS CHRIST is coming
To be His children's King.

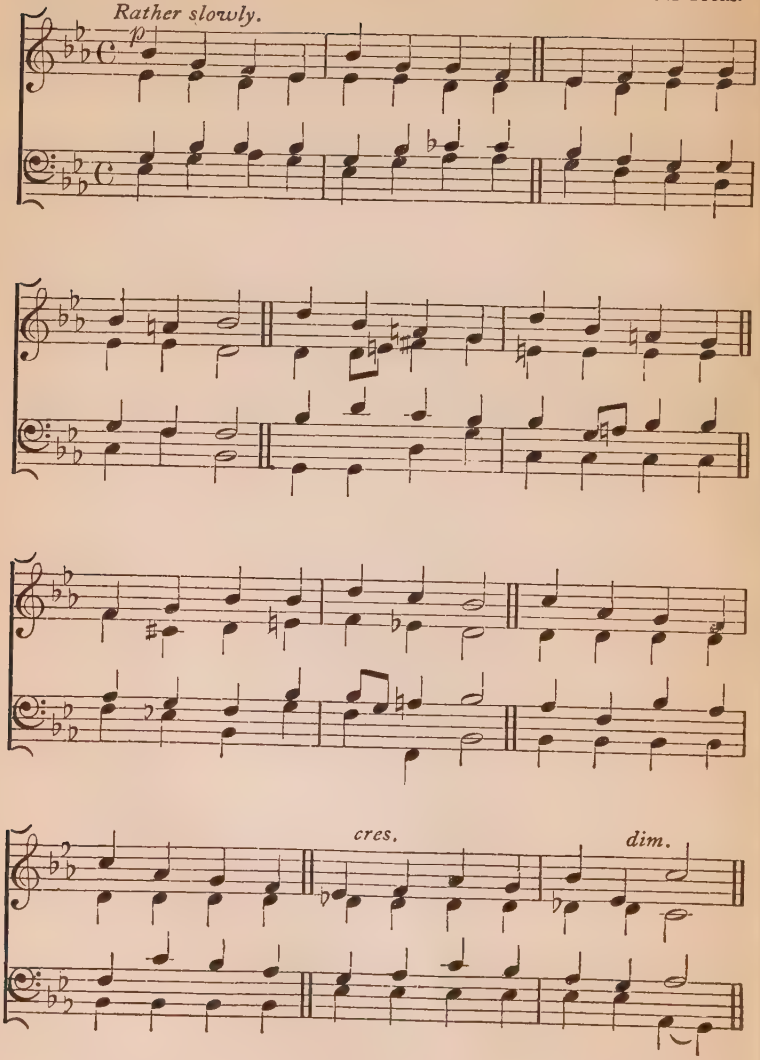
Hosanna! blessed JESU;
Come, in our hearts to dwell,
And let our lives and voices
Thy praise and glory tell.

For we who sing Hosanna,
Must like our Saviour be,
In gentleness and meekness,
In love and purity.

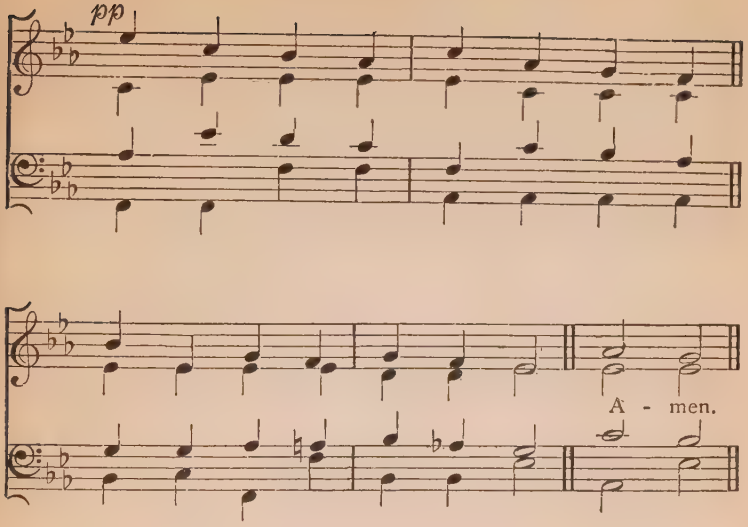
Hosanna, let this welcome
Ring out from every heart;
Draw nigh to us, O JESU,
And never more depart.

So when we see Thee coming
With angels in the sky;
Hosanna! loud Hosanna!
Shall be Thy children's cry. Amen.

67.—ADVENT. 8.7.8.7. D. BERTHOLD TOURS.



Advent.



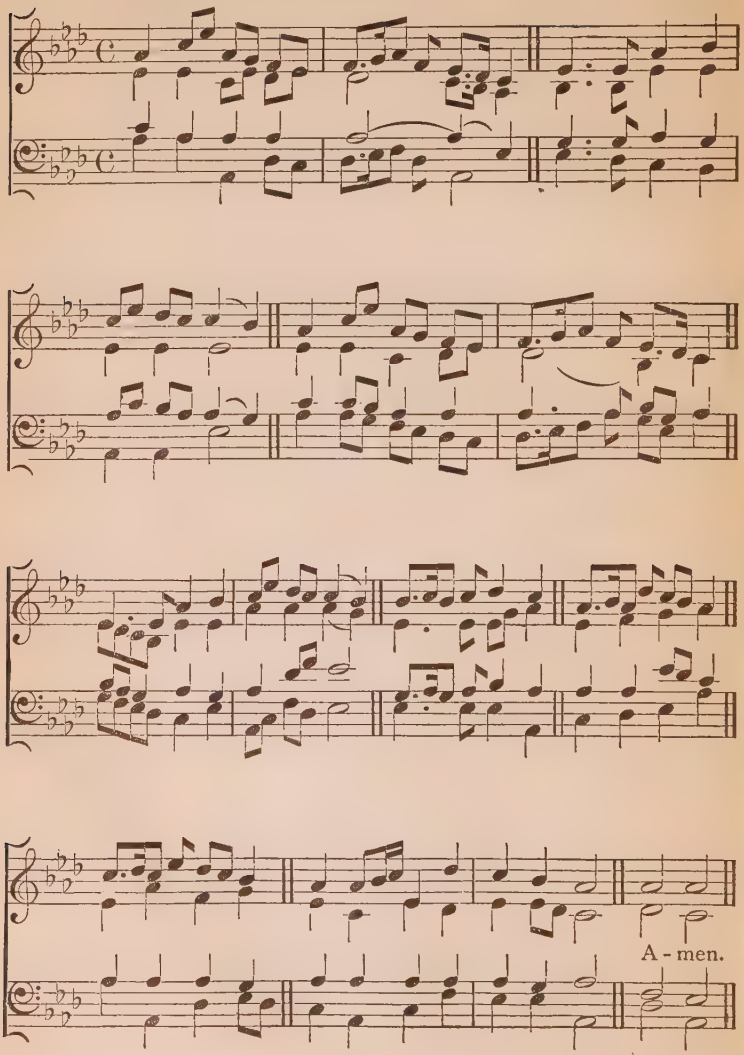
" The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout."

LITTLE children, Advent bids you
Meet your Lord upon His way ;
Watch ! for now the night is waning,
Soon will dawn the endless day.
Little children, JESUS bids you
Daily pray, Thy Kingdom come ;
Watch ! and wait for His appearing
Till He come to take you home.

Little children, He anoints you
With His SPIRIT from above ;
See then that your lamps be burning
With the fire of faith and love.
Little children, when we think not
We shall hear the awful cry,
" Go ye forth to meet the Bridegroom ;
Haste, for JESUS draweth nigh ! "

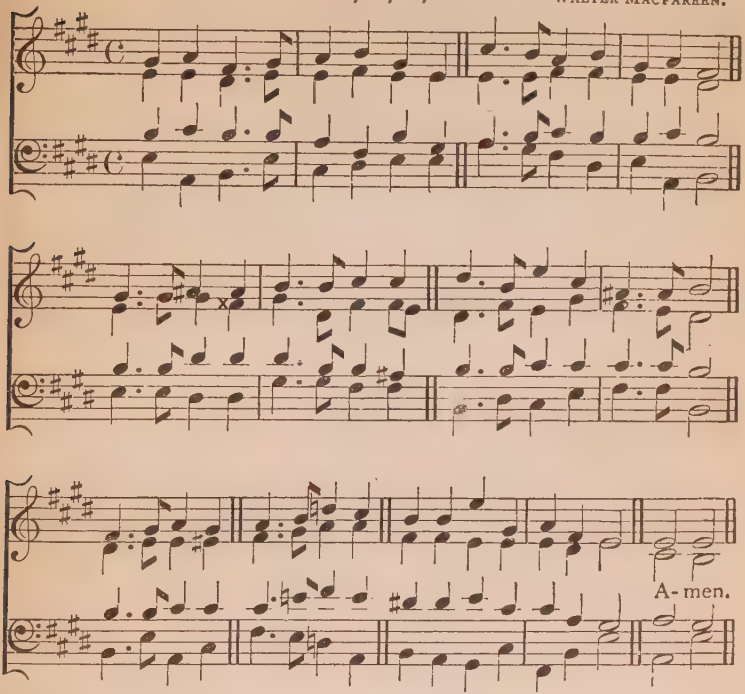
Little children, they shall meet Him,
Faithful children of the light ;
They whose lamps are trimmed and burning,
And their garments pure and white.
Oh, how blest to fall before Him !
Oh, how blest His praise to sing !
Love Him, serve Him, and adore Him,
In the city of our King ! Amen.

68.—HELMSLEY. [*1st Tune.*] 8.7.8.7.8.7. THOMAS OLIVERS (?).



68.—Anglican Hymn Book, No. 38. [*2nd Tune.*]

8.7.8.7.8.7. WALTER MACFARREN.



"Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him."

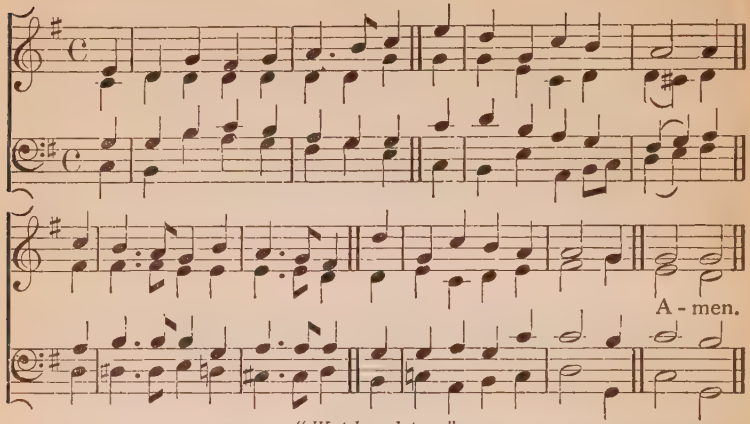
LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
CHRIST appears on earth again.

Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH see.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear,
All His Saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of GOD appear!

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal Throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the Kingdom for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.
Amen

69.—MOUNTNESSING. 8.7.8.7. ARTHUR H. BROWN.



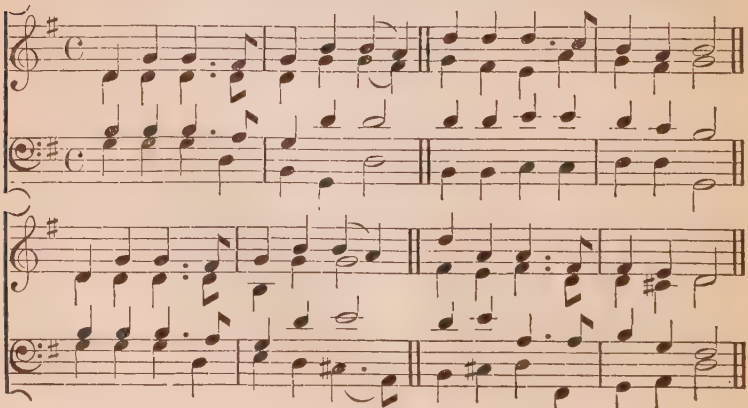
"Watch and pray."

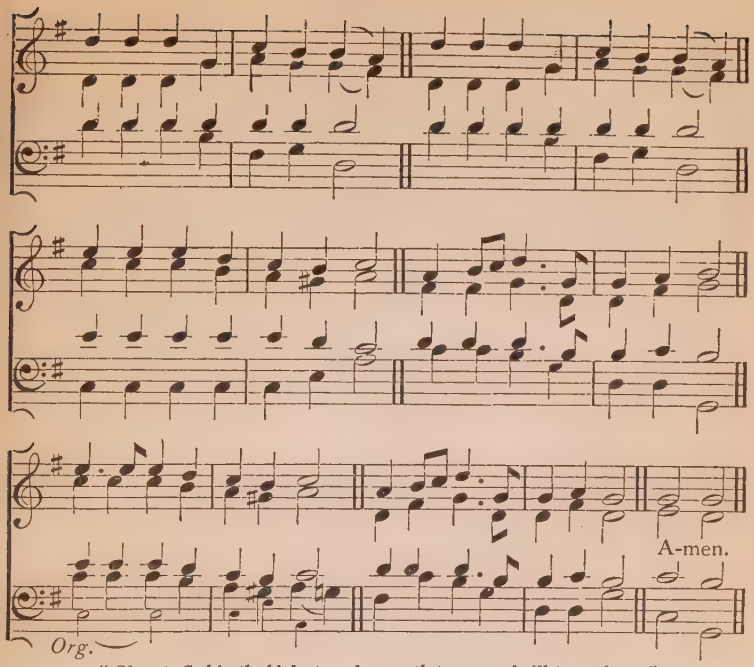
WATCH now, ye Christians, watch and pray,
For so your Saviour pleaded;
Be watchful, Christians, while 'tis day,
For now your watch is needed.
With truth your loins be girt around,
Your lamps for ever burning,
That watching ye may still be found,
Your Lord on earth returning.

For thus on souls that watch shall fall
No sound from Heaven more cheering
Than the archangel's trumpet-call,
At CHRIST'S last great appearing.
Watch then, ye Christians, watch and pray;
Hear how your Saviour pleaded;
Be watchful, Christians, while ye may;
In Heaven no watch is needed.
Amen.

CHRISTMAS.

70.—MENDELSSOHN. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. MENDELSSOHN.





"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

HARK! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
GOD and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim
"CHRIST is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

CHRIST, by highest Heaven adored,
CHRIST, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
JESUS, our EMMANUEL.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His Wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King. Amen.

71.—ST. RAPHAEL. 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. HOPKINS.

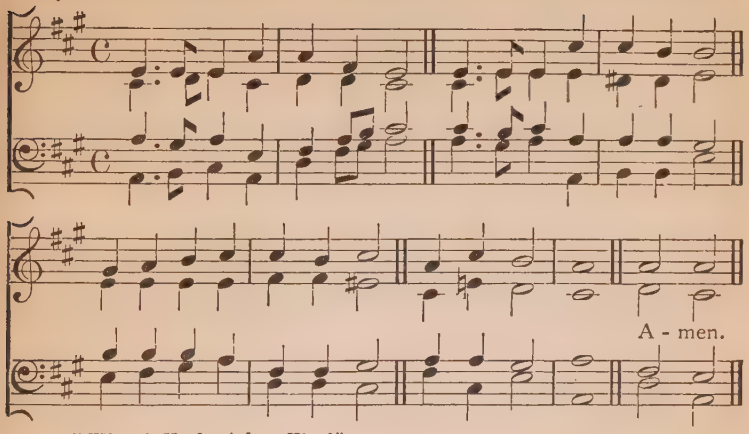
"O come let us worship and bow down."

ANGELS, from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim MESSIAH'S birth!
Come and worship—
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King!

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
GOD with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the heavenly light.
Come and worship—
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King!

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear;
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.
Come and worship—
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King! Amen.

72, 73.—St. Eanswyth. 7·7·7·4. J. W. Sidebotham.



"Where is He that is born King?"

BLESSED night, when Bethlehem's plain
Echoed with the joyful strain,
"Peace has come to earth again.'
Alleluia.

Blessèd hills, that heard the song
Of the glorious angel throng
Swelling all your slopes along
Alleluia!

Happy shepherds, on whose ear,
Fell the tidings glad and clear,
"God to man is drawing near."
Alleluia!

Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,
Hidden from the great and wise,
Entering earth in lowly guise—
Alleluia!

Entering by the narrow door,
Laid upon this rocky floor,
Placed in yonder manger poor.
Alleluia!

We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our song we sing;
Our best offering to Thee bring,
Alleluia!

Mighty King of Righteousness,
King of Glory, King of Peace,
Never shall Thy kingdom cease!
Alleluia! Amen.

"Alleluia!"

HARK, what music fills the sky!
Glory be to God on high,
Angels sing, and Hosts reply,
Alleluia!

To the sons of men is given
God's dear Son, best gift of heaven,
Pledge of grace, and sin forgiven,
Alleluia!

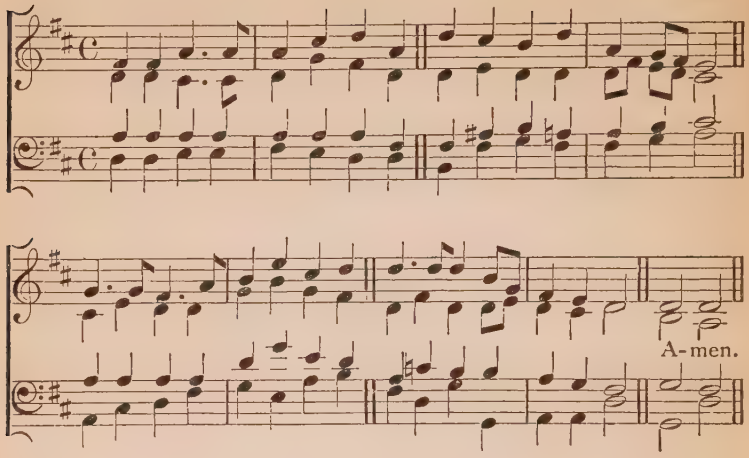
Righteousness and peace embrace,
For the Prince of Peace doth place
His Right Hand on Adam's race,
Alleluia!

Would ye see the wondrous sign,
In a manger, Child Divine,
Lies the Heir of David's line,
Alleluia!

Thee we own as Lord and King,
And as tribute meet we bring
Songs which Angels cannot sing,
Alleluia!

Him we praise, Himself who gave
To the manger and the grave
All to ransom and to save.
Alleluia! Amen.

74.—MONKTON COMBE. 8.7.8.7. REV. E. W. BULLINGER.



"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy."

LITTLE children, wake and listen,
Songs are breaking o'er the earth;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hear the news of JESUS' birth.

Long ago, to lonely meadows,
Angels brought the message down,
Still each year, thro' midnight shadows,
It is heard in every town.

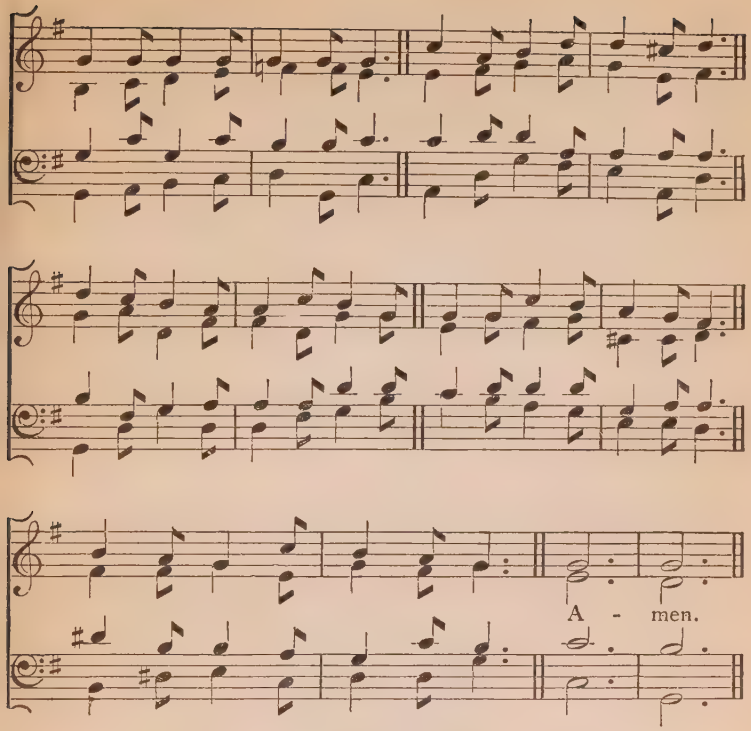
What is this that they are telling,
Singing in the quiet street,
While their voices high are swelling,
What sweet words do they repeat?

Words to bring us greater gladness,
Though our hearts from care are free,
Words to chase away our sadness,
Cheerless though our heart may be.

CHRIST has left His Throne of glory,
And a lowly cradle found:
Well might angels tell the story,
Well may we their words resound.

Little children, wake and listen,
Songs are ringing through the earth,
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth!
Amen.

75.—MAYLAND. 7.7.7.7.8.7.7. MATTHEW COOKE.



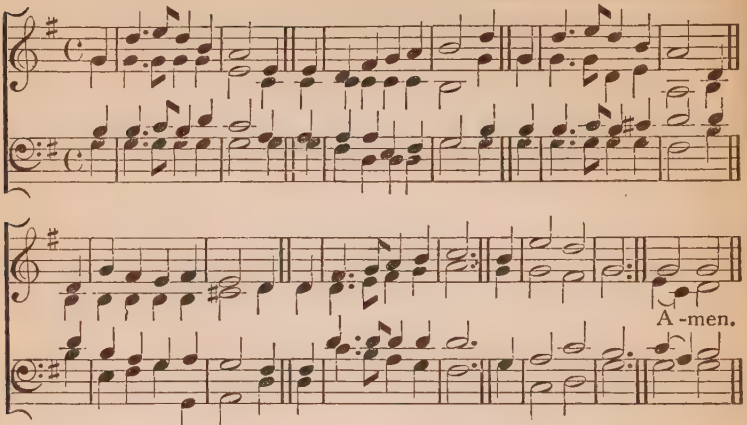
"This is that Bread which came down from Heaven."

'NEATH the stars that shone so bright
Shepherds watched their flocks by night;
Suddenly, in glorious guise,
Came an angel from the skies,
Stood beside them, did not chide them,
Told the tidings glad and free,
"CHRIST Incarnate deigns to be."

Born this day of David's line,
Now behold the Babe Divine;
Rude the raiment that enfolds Him,
Rough the manger-bed that holds Him;
LORD all holy, laid so lowly,
Who from highest realm of heaven
Stoops that man may be forgiven.

May we all with heart and voice
Still in Bethlehem rejoice,
Thither by the bright star led
To the House of Living Bread;
Chant the story of His glory
Till His Majesty we see
At His last Epiphany. Amen.

76.—BARTON. 7.7.7.7.6.4. REV. R. F. DALE, M.A., Mus. Bac., Oxon.



"There was no room for them in the inn."

"NO room" within the dwelling
For Him whose love excelling
Towards those who never sought Him,
To earth from heaven brought Him,
Who counted not the cost
To seek the lost.

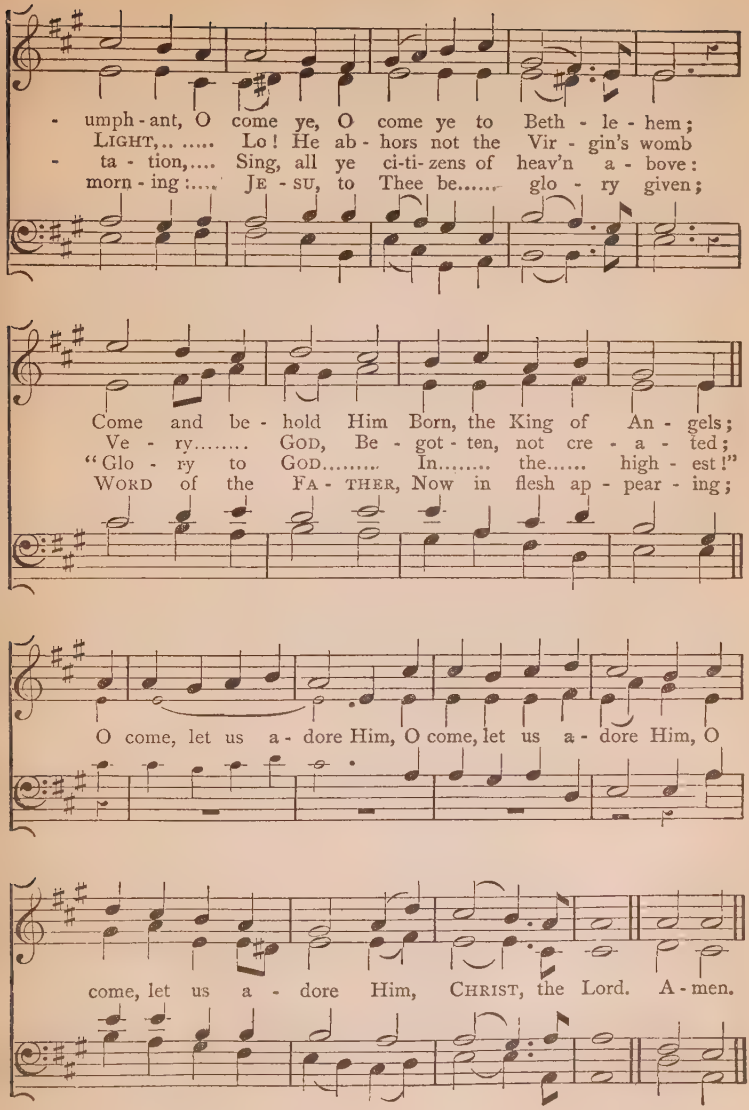
"No room;" so to the manger
They bore the kingly stranger;
But angel hosts attended,
And angel voices blended,
Whilst on His mother's breast
He lay at rest.

"No room." O Babe so tender
To Thee our hearts we render,
Not meet for Thy possessing,
Yet make them by Thy blessing
A home wherein to dwell,
EMMANUEL! Amen.

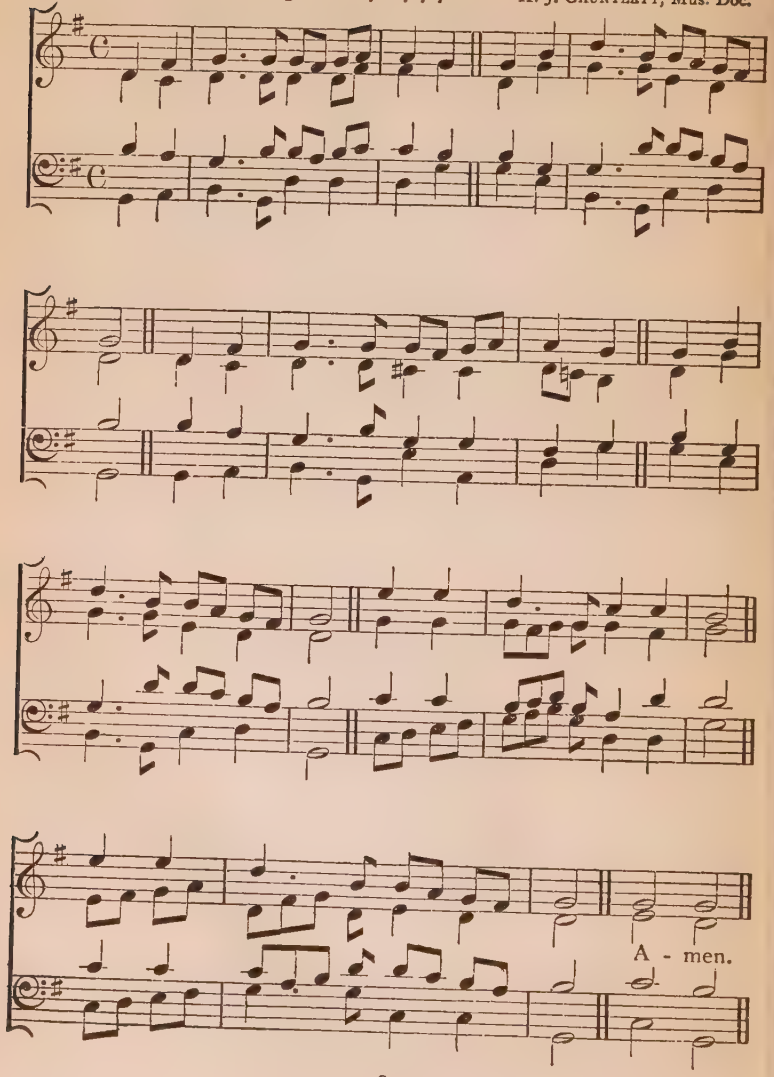
77.—ADESTE FIDELES. Irregular.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

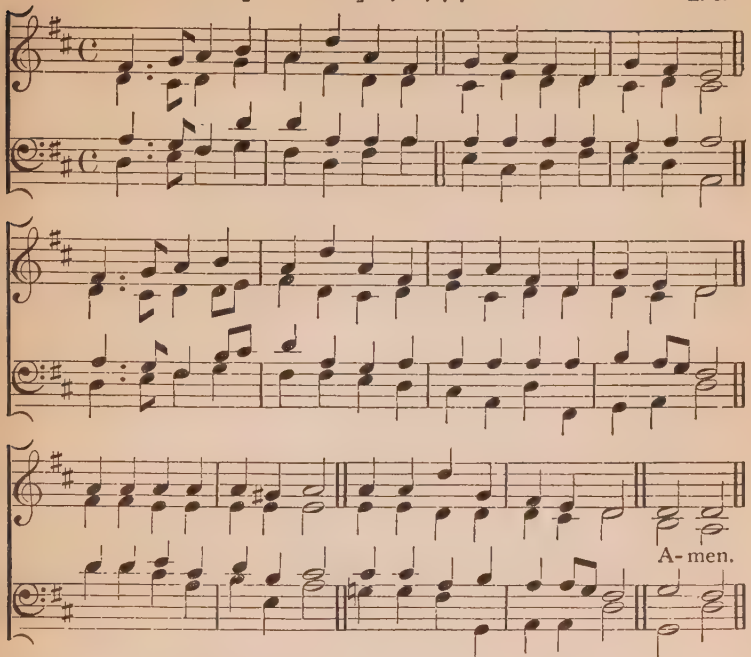
1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri -
2. GOD of..... GOD,..... LIGHT... of.....
3. Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul -
4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py


- umph - ant, O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;
LIGHT,.. ..... Lo! He ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb
- ta - tion,.... Sing, all ye ci-ti-zens of heav'n a - bove:
morn - ing:.... JE - SU, to Thee be..... glo - ry given;
Come and be - hold Him Born, the King of An - gels;
Ve - ry..... GOD, Be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;
"Glo - ry to GOD..... In..... the..... high - est!"
WORD of the FA - THER, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;
O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O
come, let us a - dore Him, CHRIST, the Lord. A - men.

78.—IRBY. [*1st Tune.*] 8.7.8.7.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.



78.—L'Hyvreuse. [*2nd Tune.*] 8.7.8.7.7.7. E. T.



"He came to Nazareth, and was subject unto His parents."

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

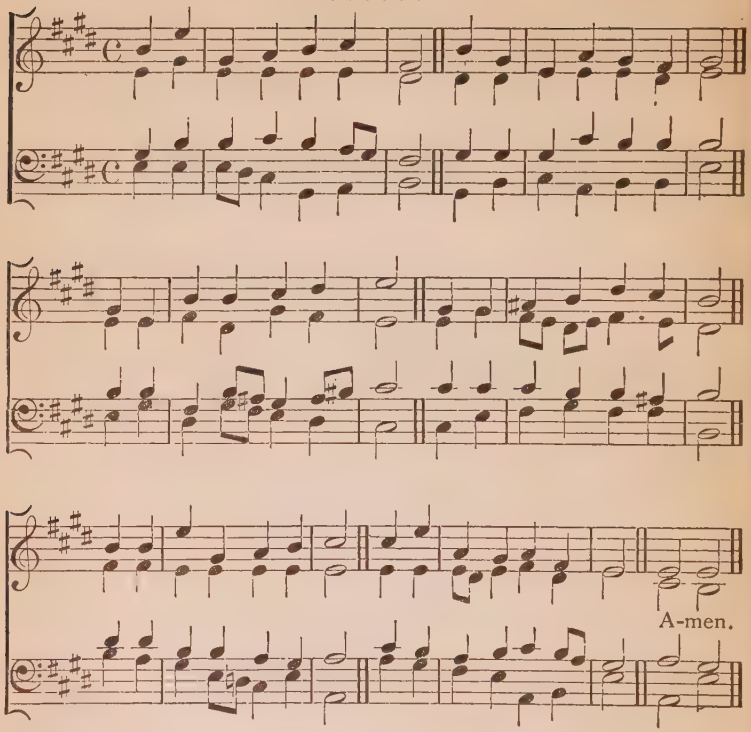
And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him: but in Heaven,
Set at God's Right Hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

79.—Incarnation. 7·7·7·7·7·7. Henry Smart.



"Emmanuel, God with us."

SING, oh, sing, this blessèd morn,
Unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,
God Himself comes down from Heaven.
Sing, oh, sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

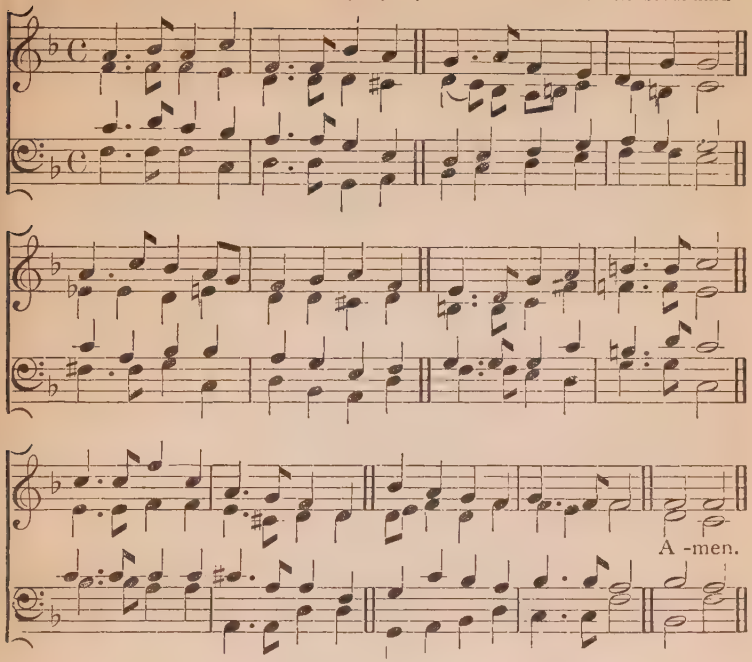
God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, oh, sing, &c.

God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, oh, sing, &c.

God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, oh, sing, &c.

Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, oh, sing, &c.

80.—CRONDALL. 8.7.8.7.8.7. E. A. SYDENHAM.



"Their sound is gone out into all lands."

WHILE the shepherds kept their vigil,
And the world in darkness lay,
Came the holy Advent-angel,
Shone the sudden glory-ray;
Then, ten thousand times ten thousand,
Radiant heralds of the day.

Thus they sang the first sweet carol,
"Glory be to GOD on high,
And on earth be peace and blessing
To the nations far and nigh!"
So our GOD made good His promise,
And the old prophetic cry.

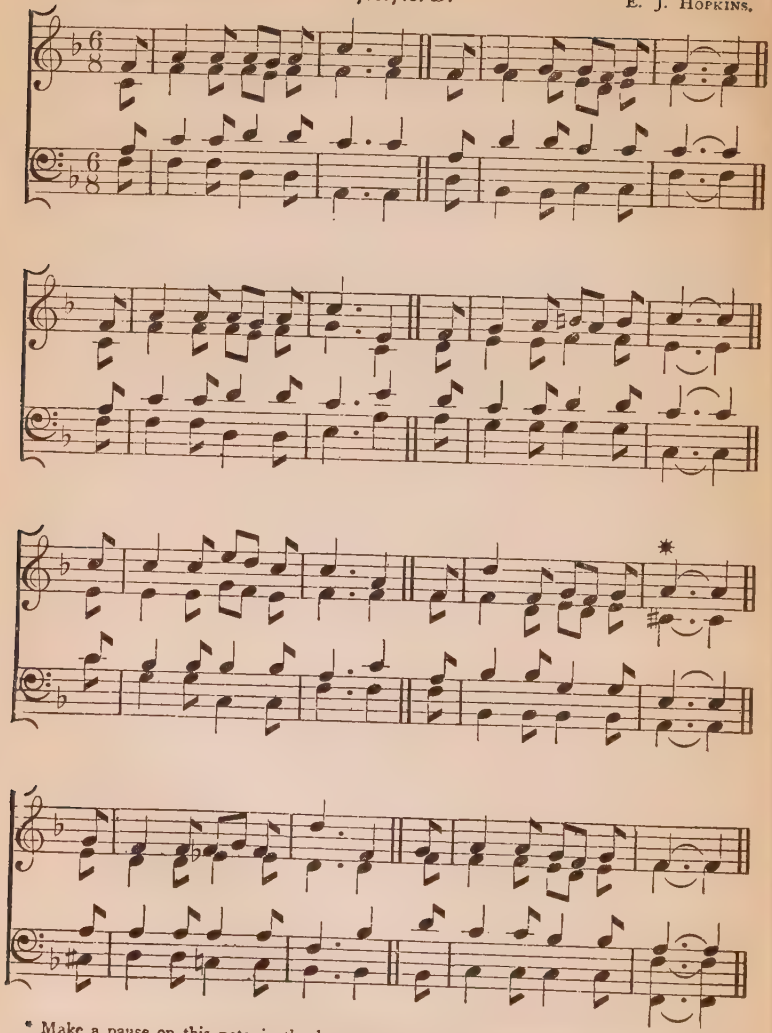
Fuller, farther, o'er the wide world,
Year by year that music swells;
Year by year to some new people
Christmas-tide the story tells,
With the chanting of the children,
And the pealing of the bells.

Louder over hill and valley
Let the towers and steeples ring!
In the hamlet and the city
Sweeter carols let us sing—
Louder peals of holy pleasure,
Sweeter carols to our King!

Hear Thy children, blessèd JESUS,
Once for us on earth a Child;
Keep us in Thy great compassion
Holy, harmless, undefiled;
Blest through Thee by GOD the SPIRIT,
To the FATHER reconciled.

Still we wait for Thine appearing,
O Thou bright and Morning Star!
Still we look to hear the rolling
Of Thy great triumphal car;
We, who sing Thy first glad Advent,
Know Thy second is not far. Amen.

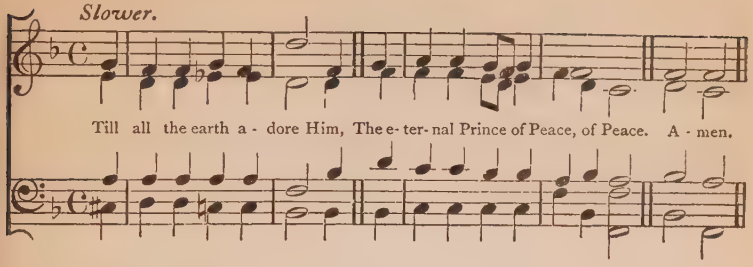
81.—CHRISTMAS MORN. 7.6.7.6. D. E. J. HOPKINS.



* Make a pause on this note in the last verse, and sing the remainder of the verse to the following slightly altered version of the close of the tune.

Last two lines of last verse.

Slower.



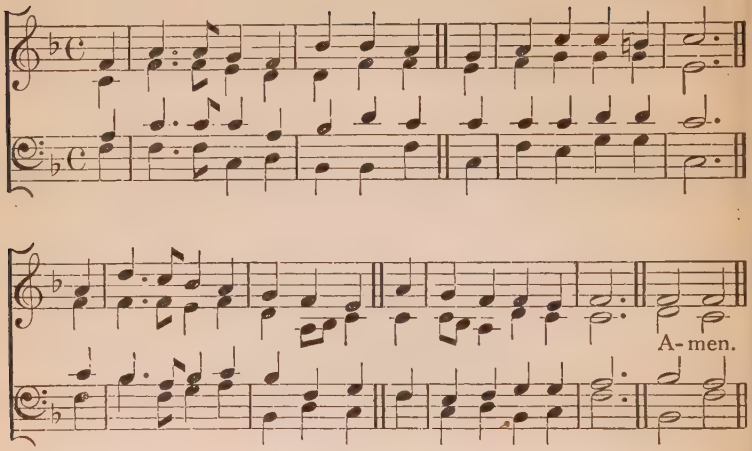
" Rightousness and peace have kissed each other."

THE joyful morn is breaking,
The brightest morn of earth,
Through all creation waking
The joy of JESUS' birth.
His star above is glistening,
Where JESUS cradled lies,
And all the earth is listening
The carol of the skies.

High strains of praise are swelling
From angel hosts on high,
And one soft voice is telling
Glad tidings from the sky ;
Tidings of free salvation,
Of peace on earth below ;
Through every land and nation
The blessed word shall go !

His children's songs shall name Him
In many a tongue to-day ;
His Church shall yet proclaim Him
To people far away ;
Till idols fall before Him,
Till strife and wrong shall cease,
Till all the earth adore Him,
The eternal Prince of Peace ! Amen.

82.—WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. ESTE'S Psalter.



"Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the LORD came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is CHRIST the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

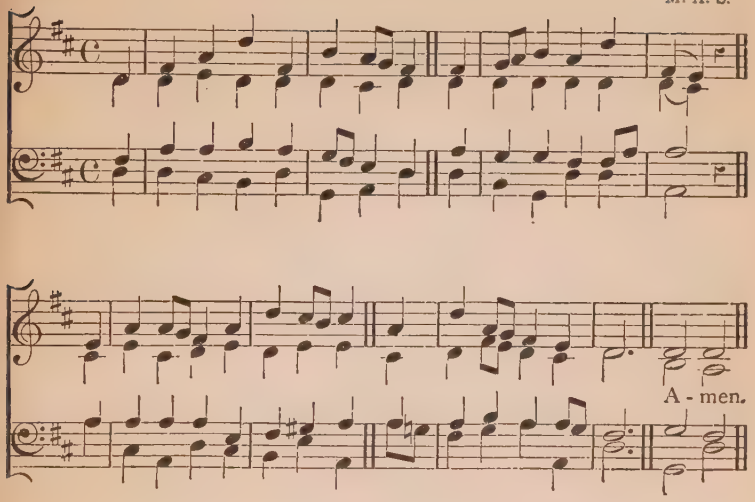
"The Heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising GOD, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to GOD on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth, from Heaven to men,
Begin and never cease." Amen.

ST. STEPHEN.

83.—BURGATE. C.M. M. A. S.



"*He fell asleep.*"

HE scarcely felt the cruel stones
That hurled him to the grave ;
He only saw the wondrous light,
Where JESUS stands to save !

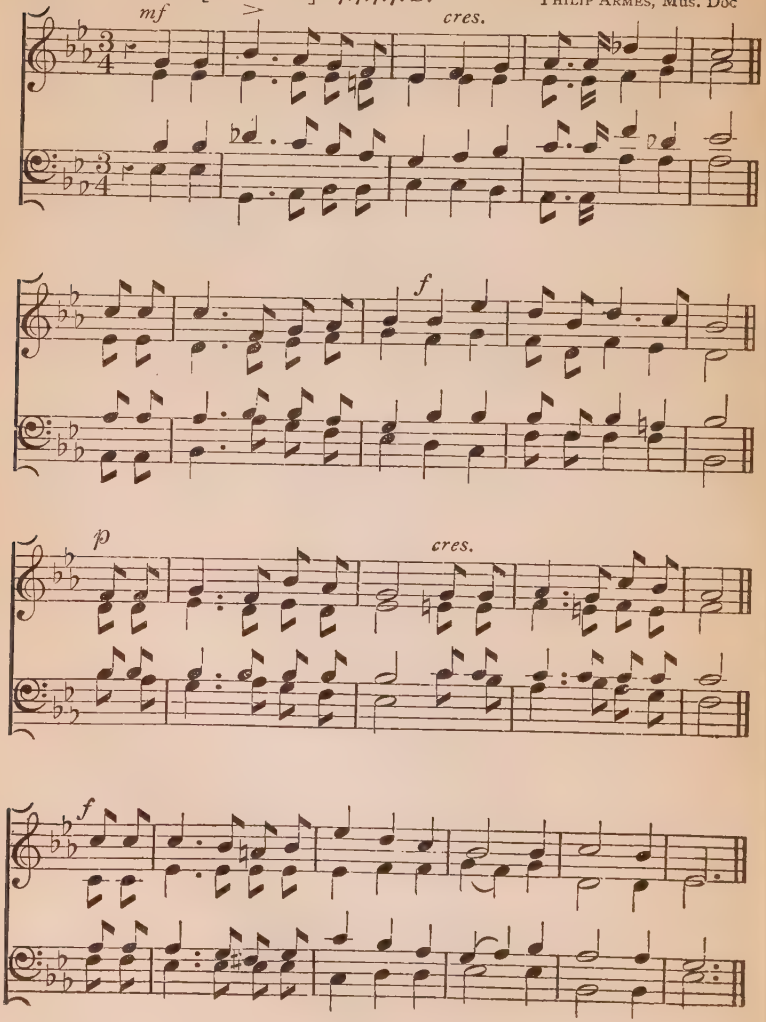
He did not hear the angry cries
Of those who sought his life,
The voice of JESUS in his ears
Spoke peace above the strife !

A heavenly smile shone o'er his face,
A rapture calm and deep ;
A few last words of faith and love,
And then he fell asleep.

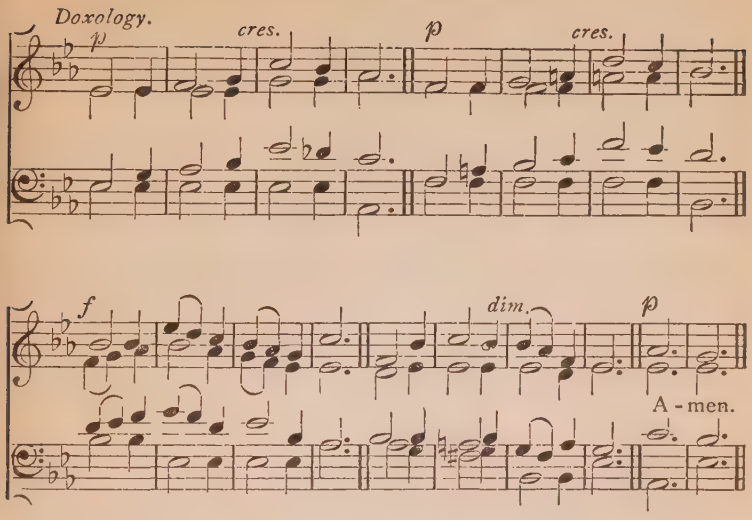
Like him, may we look up to Thee
In all our sufferings here,
That we may feel Thy saving grace,
And know that Thou art near ! Amen.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

84.—ARBELA. [*1st Tune.*] 7.7.7.7. D. PHILIP ARMES, Mus. Doc



St. John the Evangelist.



"*God is Love.*"

IN the blackness of the cloud,
When the thunder waxeth loud;
In the swelling of the sea,
When the wave roars horribly;
In the seed that first must die,
Ere the plant shall rise on high;
In the opening of the flower,
We are taught that GOD is Power.

In the wandering stars that go
By a path we little know,
And their Maker's voice obey,
Travelling on their heavenly way;
In the sun that knows his time,
To his highest point to climb;
In the moon and starry skies,
We are taught that GOD is Wise.

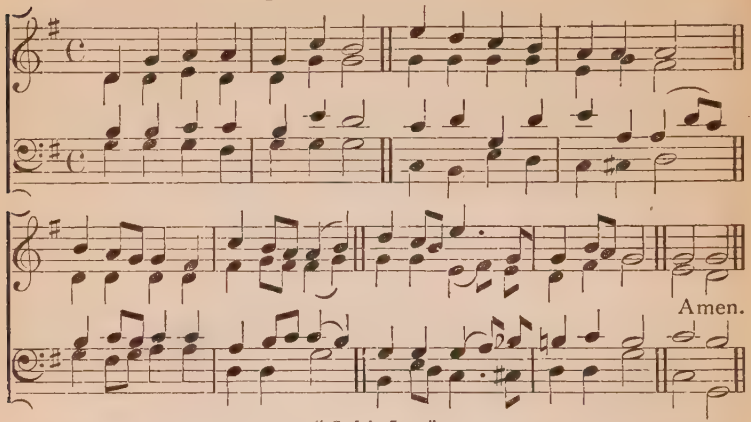
When we mark how GOD's Right Arm
Keeps His people free from harm;
And when all things else have failed,
How His promise hath prevailed;
How, when every hope seems gone,
Still He leads His chosen on;
Up to hoary hairs from youth,
We are taught that GOD is Truth.

When we turn our thoughts aside
To this holy Christmas-tide,
How He came for man below,
GOD of GOD, to suffer woe;
Oh, how thankfully we say,
With the blessed Saint to-day,
He that dwells in heaven above,
Dwelt on earth, for "GOD is Love."

Doxology.

Him by Whom mankind was made,
Him that was for man betrayed,
Him by Whom we live anew,
Praise we ever as is due. Amen.

84.—GARRETT IN G. [*2nd Tune.*] 7.7.7.7. G. M. GARRETT, Mus. Doc.



"God is Love."

IN the blackness of the cloud,
When the thunder waxeth loud;
In the swelling of the sea,
When the wave roars horribly;
In the seed that first must die,
Ere the plant shall rise on high;
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To this holy Christmas-tide,
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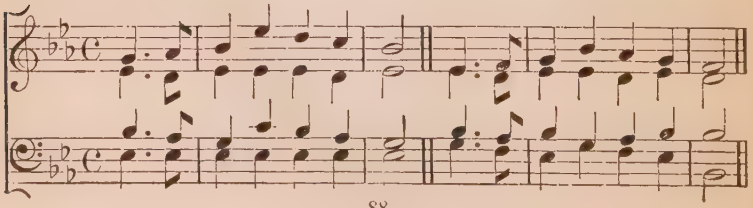
GOD of GOD, to suffer woe;
Oh, how thankfully we say,
With the blessed Saint to-day,
He that dwells in heaven above,
Dwelt on earth, for "GOD is Love.'

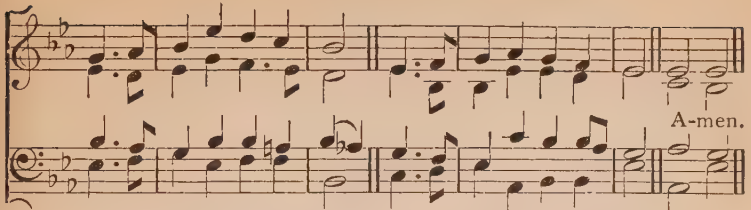
Doxology.

Him by Whom mankind was made,
Him that was for man betrayed,
Him by Whom we live anew,
Praise we ever as is due. Amen.

INNOCENTS' DAY.

85.—INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7.





"These were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God and to the Lamb."

LORD, to Thee glad songs of praise
For Thine innocents we raise,
Firstlings of Thy martyr band,
Slain by Herod's cruel hand.

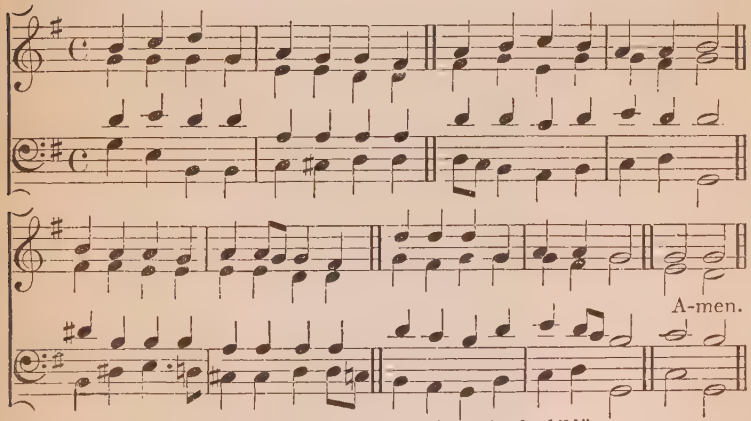
First to follow Thee, the Lamb,
Triumphing with crown and palm,
Death shall never touch them more,
Pain and grief for them are o'er.

Infant martyrs round Thy Throne,
Thou dost keep them for Thine own;
Thy blest Steps they follow still,
Praise Thy Name, and work Thy Will.

With their anthems, Lord, we sing,
"Glory to the new-born King,
Glory to the FATHER, SON,
HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE." Amen.

CIRCUMCISION.

86.—TRANBY. 8.7.8.7. REV. S. M. BARKWORTH.



"On the eighth day they came to circumcise the child."

CHRISTIAN children must be holy,
Serving GOD from day to day;
Never is the time too early
For a Christian to obey.

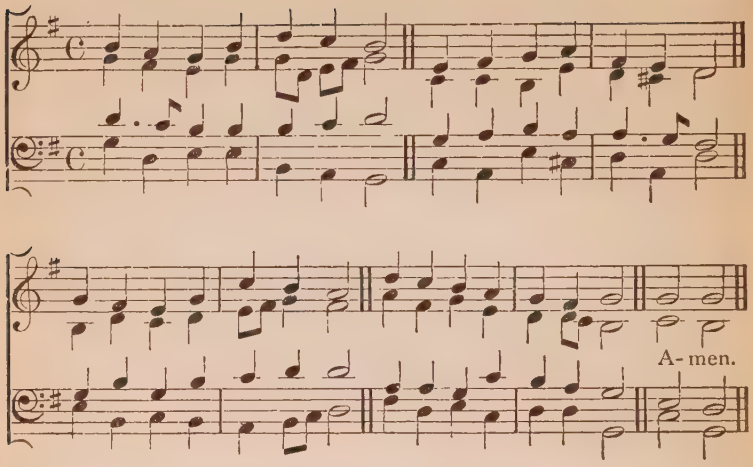
JESUS taught us in His childhood,
Only eight short days He saw
Ere He suffered circumcision,
And obeyed His FATHER'S law.

He who is our great Example
Let no moment run to loss;
Not one precious hour He wasted
From the cradle to the Cross.

Soon He sorrowed, soon He suffered;
We must meek and gentle be,
Little pain and childish trial
Ever bearing patiently.

Soon He showed a SON'S obedience;
We must early learn to do,
Not our own will, but our FATHER'S,
And be found obedient too. Amen.

87.—VIENNA. 7.7.7.7. German.



God hath given Him a Name which is above every name."

JESUS! Name of wondrous love,
Name all other names above,
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

JESUS! Name decreed of old,
To the maiden-mother told,
In her lowly cottage cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

JESUS! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"JESUS shall His people save."

JESUS! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

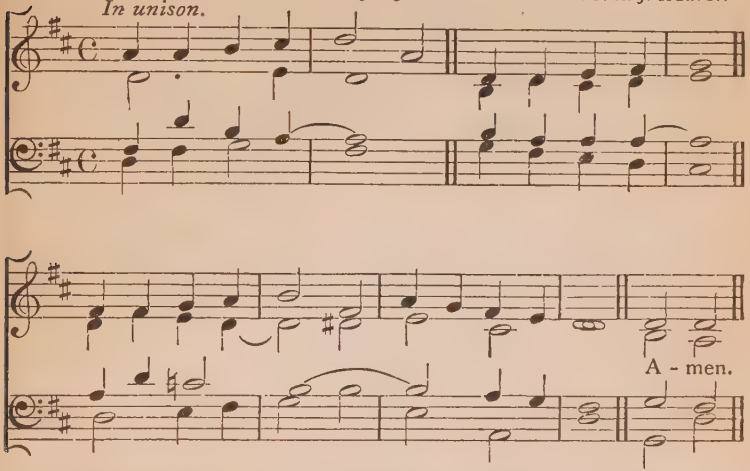
JESUS! Only Name that's given
Under all the mighty Heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of GOD above;
Pleading only this we flee
Helpless, O our GOD, to Thee. Amen.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

88.—Upton Pyne. 6.5.6.5. Rev. F. A. J. Hervey.

In unison.



"Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered."

NOW a new year opens,
Now we newly turn
To the holy Saviour,
Lessons fresh to learn.

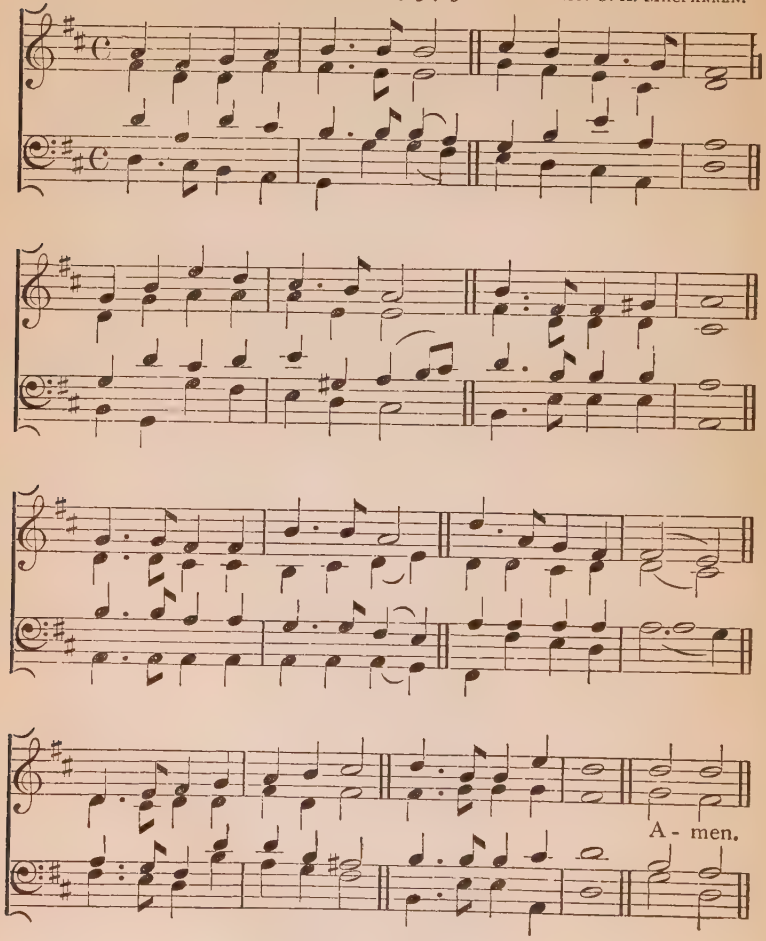
This the holy lesson
On the year's first day,
Jesus by obedience
Teaches to obey.

Of Thy Cross thus early
Tokens Thou dost give;
By Thy wounds Thou healest,
By Thy death we live.

Not to suffer only,
Jesus, didst Thou come,
But to leave us way-marks
Pointing to our home.

In Thy Blessèd Footsteps
Ever may we tread,
Safe when keeping near Thee,
By Thy Spirit led. Amen.

89.—FATHER, LET ME DEDICATE. 7.5.7.5. D. PROF. G. A. MACFARREN.



"I will glorify Thy Name."

FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be:

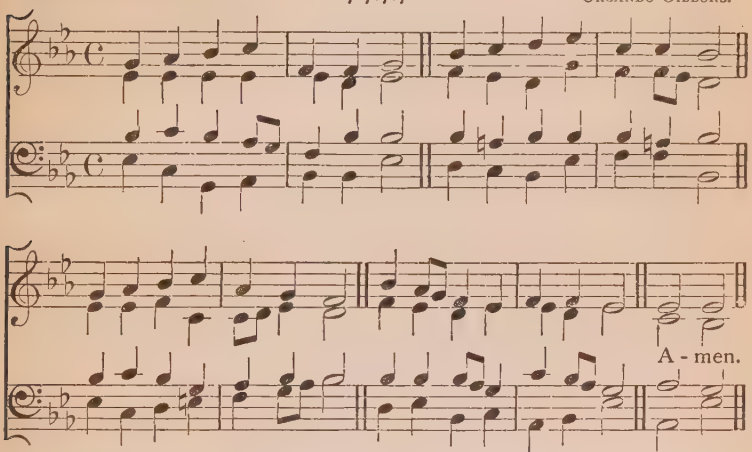
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
"Glorify Thy Name."

Can a child presume to choose
  Where or how to live?
Can a FATHER's love refuse
  All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
  Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
  "Glorify Thy Name."

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
  Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
  Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
  Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
  "Glorify Thy Name."

If Thou callest to the cross,
  And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
  Shrouding heart and home,
Let me think how Thy dear SON
  To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
  "Glorify Thy Name." Amen.

90.—CANTERBURY. 7·7·7·7. ORLANDO GIBBONS.



"Thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

FOR Thy mercy, and Thy grace,
  Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
JESU, our Redeemer, hear,

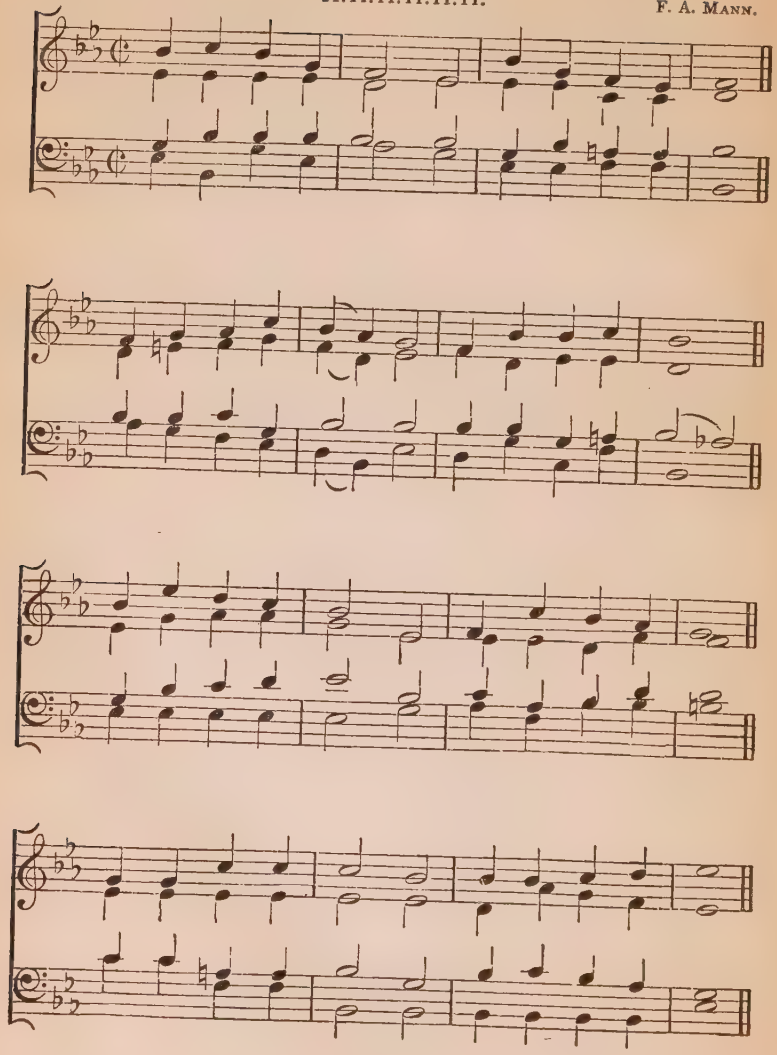
In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O GOD
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

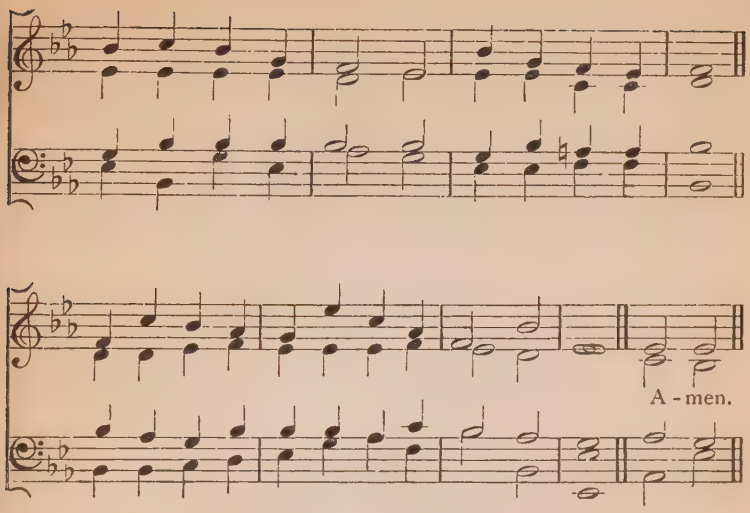
Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, oh, help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings. Amen.

91.—New Year. 11.11.11.11.11.11. F. A. Mann.



New Year's Day.



"Certainly I will be with Thee."

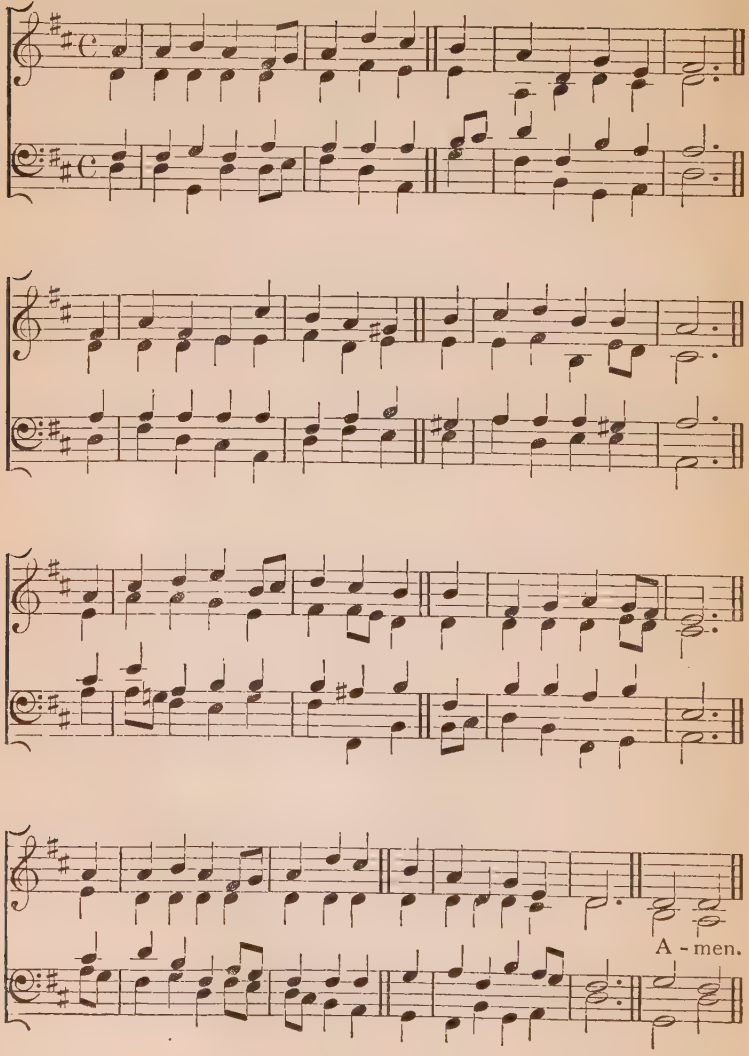
STANDING at the portal of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us, hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence by our FATHER'S Voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful, making us rejoice.
Onward then, and fear not, children of the day!
For His Word shall never, never pass away!

I, the LORD, am with thee, be thou not afraid,
I will help and strengthen, be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee with My own Right Hand,
Thou art called and chosen in My sight to stand.
Onward then, &c.

For the year before us, oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble perfect strength be found.
Onward then, &c.

He will never fail us, He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant He will never break.
Resting on His promise, what have we to fear?
GOD is all-sufficient for the coming year.
Onward then, &c. Amen.

92.—NORTHUMBERLAND. D.C.M. HENRY SMART.



New Year's Day.

"Let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and the helmet of salvation."

THE old year's long campaign is o'er,
Behold a new begun;
Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won.
Not yet the end, not yet repose;
We hear our Captain say,
"Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day."

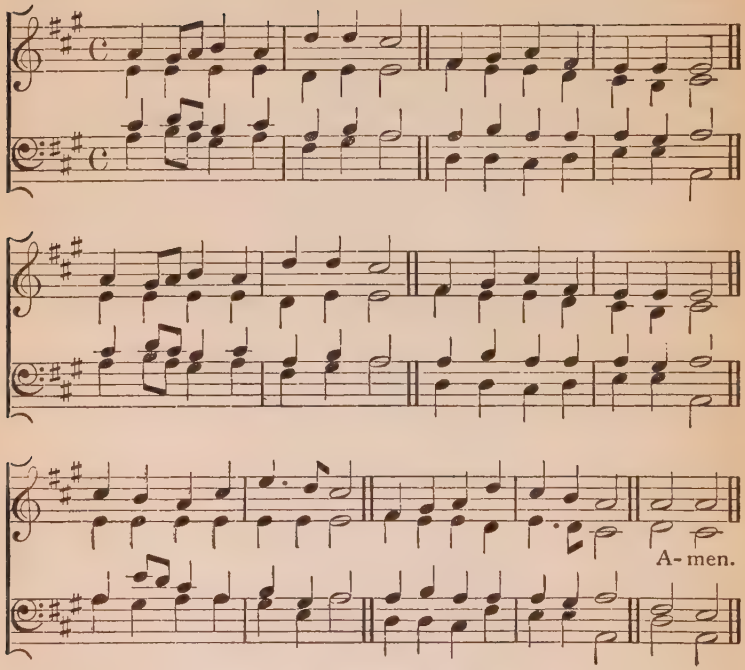
"Go forth, firm faith on every heart,
Bright hope on every helm;
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm.
Go in the SPIRIT and the might
Of Him Who led the way;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day."

So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly;
We love the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die.
We slumber not, that charge in view,
"Toil on while toil ye may,
Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day."

LORD GOD, our Glory, THREE in ONE,
Thine own sustain, defend;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end.
Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
And infinite, sweet triumph crown
The children of the day. Amen.

EPIPHANY.

93.—Dix. 7.7.7.7.7.7. German



"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

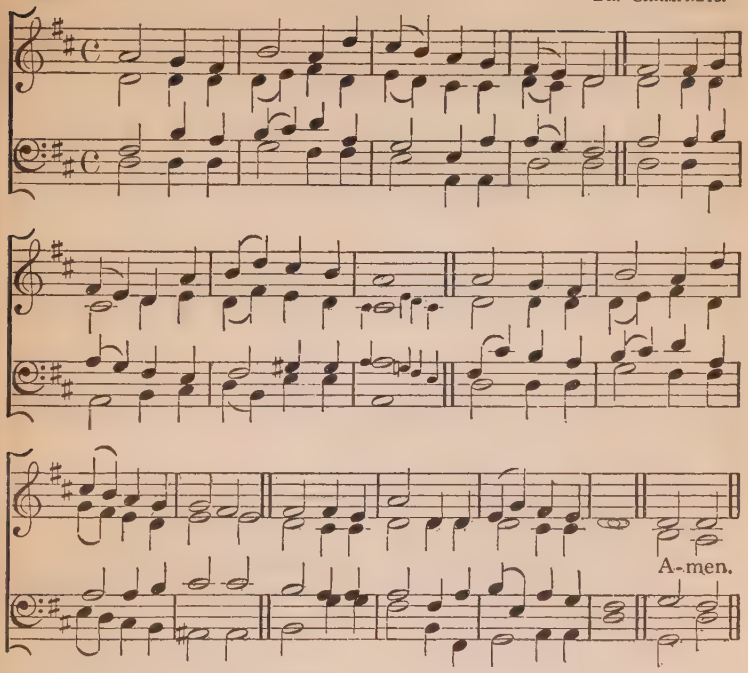
As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee, Whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare,
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
CHRIST, to Thee, our heavenly King.

Holy JESUS, every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown;
Thou its Sun, which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing,
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

94.—The Three Kings. 11.10.11.10. Dr. Champneys.



"There shall come a star out of Jacob."

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East! the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

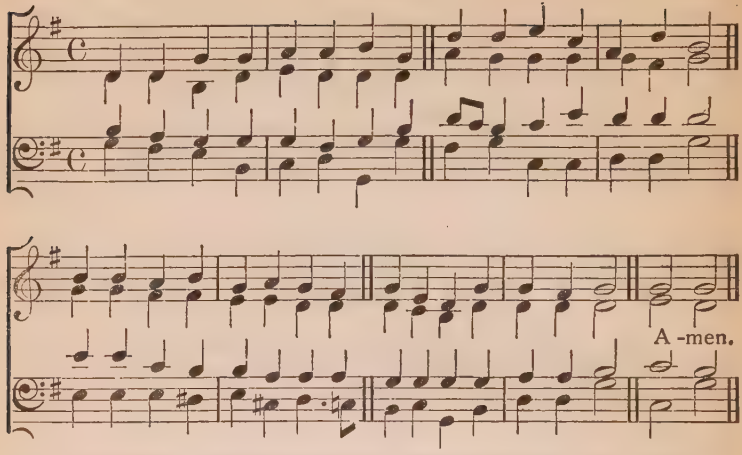
Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East! the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

95.—STUTGARD. 8.7.8.7. German.



"And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule My people Israel."

EARTH has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:
Out of thee the Lord from Heaven
Came to rule His Israel.

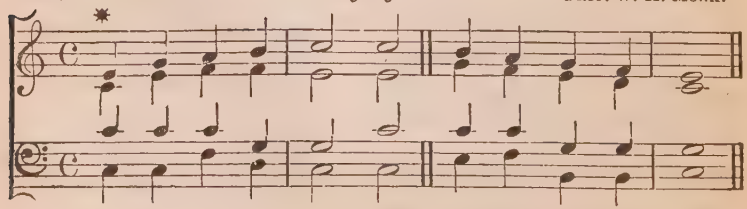
Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its GOD announcing,
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

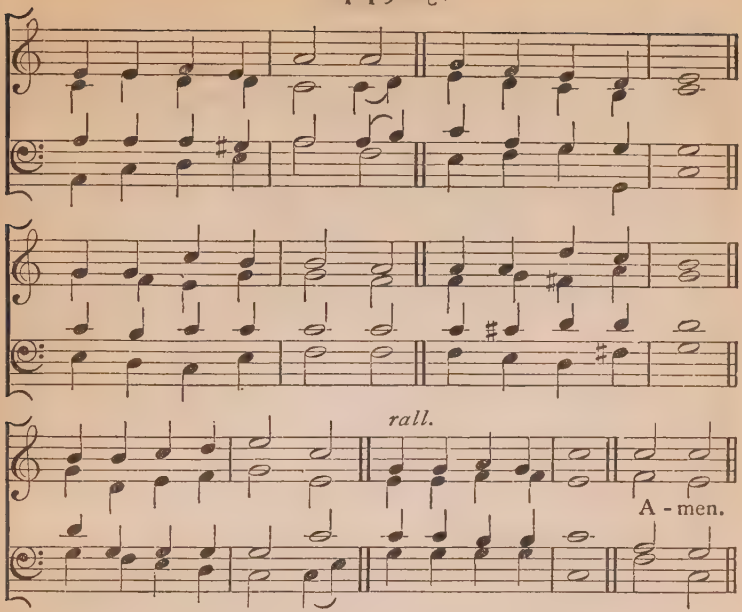
Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their GOD disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

JESU, Whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with GOD the FATHER
And the SPIRIT, glory be. Amen.

96.—COLYTON. 6.5.6.5. D. PROF. W. H. MONK.



* The two upper parts can be sung as a DUET, without Tenor and Bass.



"There came wise men from the East to Jerusalem."

FROM the eastern mountains,
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way;
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.

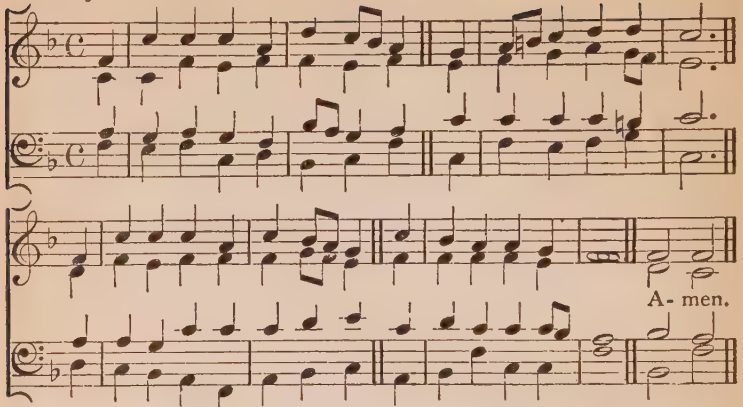
Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

Gather in the outcasts,
All who go astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who wander far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light.
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy kindly star.

Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
JESU, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains,
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come. Amen.

97.—JOACHIMSTHAL. C.M. German.



"Be Thou also my guide, and lead me for Thy Name's sake."

O THOU Who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where JESUS lay.

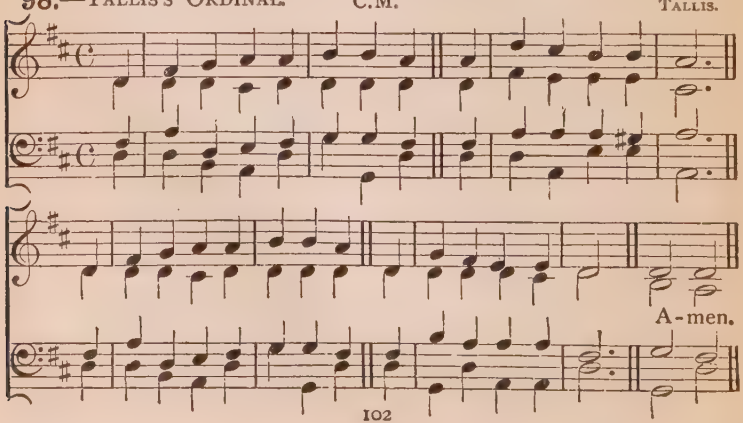
Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy SPIRIT when they need
Will show them how to go.

As yet we know Thee but in part,
But still we trust Thy Word,
That blessèd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

O Saviour, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter as Thou art.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By men on earth be honour done,
And by the heavenly host. Amen.

98.—TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C.M. TALLIS.



"And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

THE heavenly Child in stature grows,
And, growing, learns to die;
And still His early training shows
His coming agony.

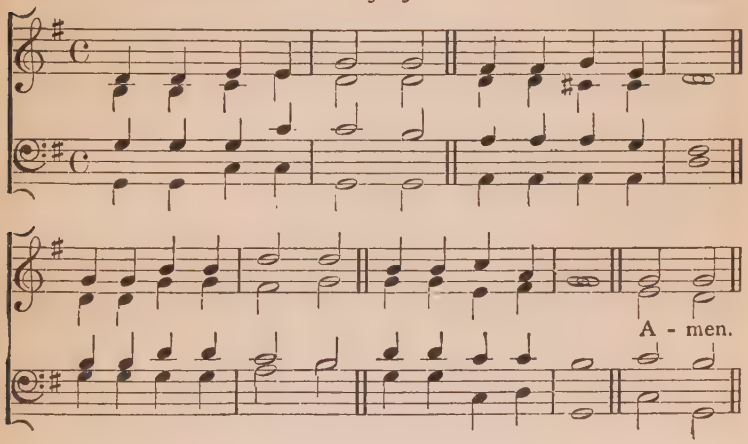
The SON of GOD His glory hides
With parents mean and poor;
And He Who made the heavens abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

Those mighty Hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
The Maker of the stars on high
A humble trade pursues.

He Whom the choirs of angels praise,
Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys,
In deep humility.

For this Thy lowliness revealed,
JESU, we Thee adore;
And praise to GOD the FATHER yield
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

99.—NORTH COATES. 6.5.6.5. REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.



"We are come to worship Him."

WAKEN, Christian children,
Up! and let us sing
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.

Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said to children,
"Let them come to Me."

In a manger lowly
Sleeps the Heavenly Child,
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, mother mild.

Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star outshineth,
Watching silently.

Fear not then to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense,
Fitting for a King.

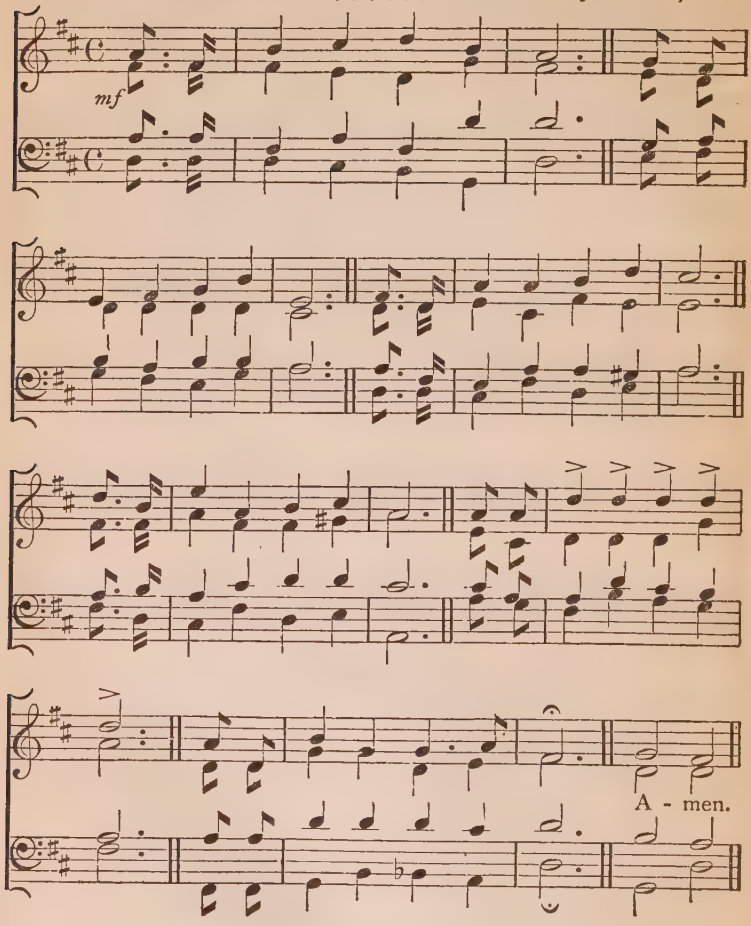
Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts He loveth
Childlike purity.

Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
CHRIST the King of Glory,
Manifest to-day. Amen.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

100.—St. Katharine. 7.7.7.7.7.7. Rev. J. Hampton, M.A.



"Behold, I make all things new."

OH, how fair that morning broke
When in Eden man awoke!
Beast and bird and insect bright
Revelled in the gladsome light;
Angel voices sang above,
God looked down in joy and love.

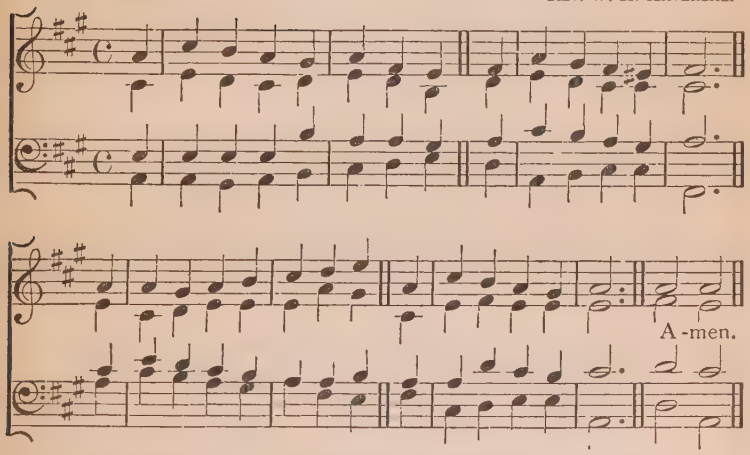
Ah! the dreary change, when sin
Softly, subtly entered in!
War and pestilence and dearth
Spoil and sadden GOD's fair earth;
Human sorrow fills the air,
Death is reigning everywhere.

Yet rejoice! for GOD on high
Hath not left His world to die;
GOD's dear SON with dying breath
Conquered sin and woe and death;
Wait in hope and patience too,
CHRIST is making all things new!

LORD, renew my heart within;
So may I, too, conquer sin,
Fight the fight, and run the race,
Work in my appointed place,
Waiting for the glad new birth
Of Thy perfect heaven and earth. Amen.

LENT.

101.—EDEN. C.M. REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.



"And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights He was afterwards an hungered."

AND didst Thou hunger then, O Lord,
And thirst for such as we?
And in the lonely wilderness
Did none Thine anguish see?

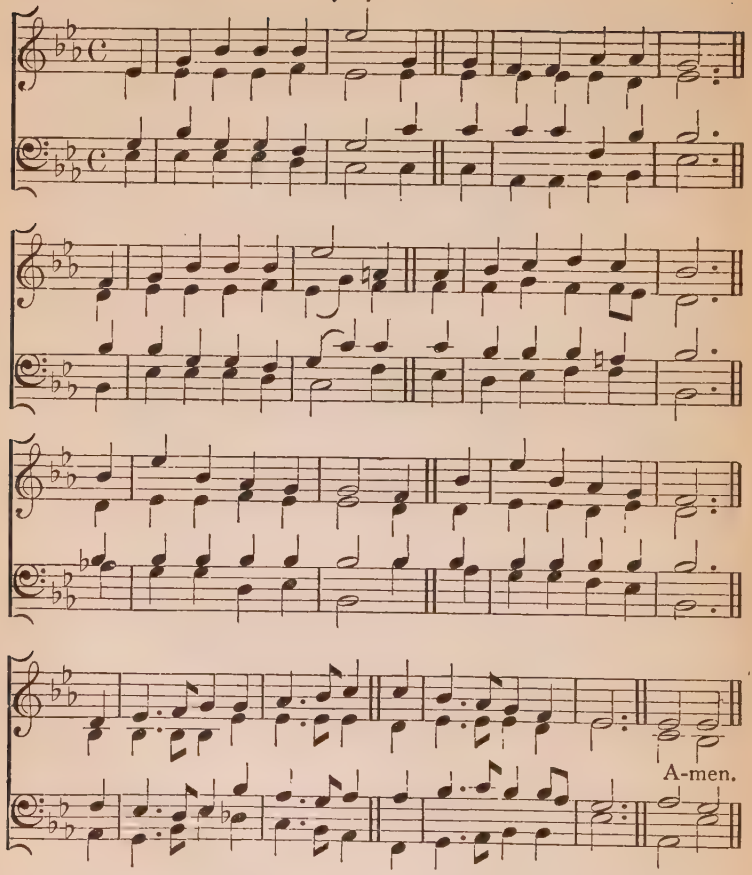
Ah! who can tell the sufferings
Of those long forty days?
We kneel in silence to adore,
We may not dare to gaze.

We only know the strife was great,
The conflict fierce and sore,
And few the words that JESUS spake,
For us to ponder o'er.

For love of us He would not heed
The tempter at His side;
"Man shall not live by bread alone,"
The Holy One replied.

"Man shall not live by bread alone;"
Then grant us grace, dear Lord,
That we through this life's wilderness
May feed upon Thy word. Amen.

102.—LAUSANNE. 7.6.7.6. D.



"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

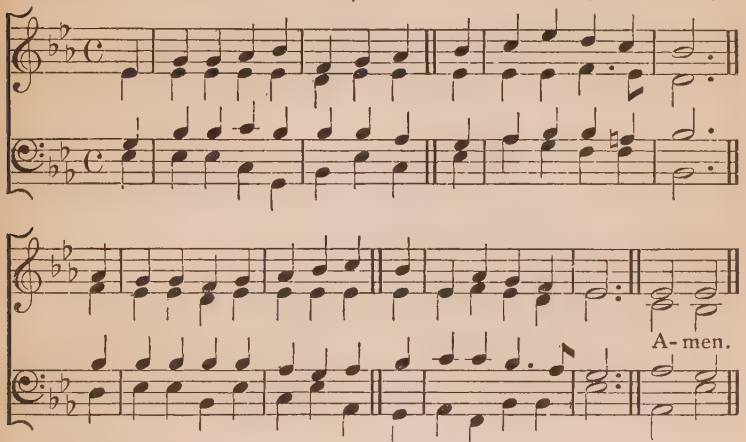
HIGH o'er the glittering temple,
Above its radiant walls,
Where in the far, far distance
The silver trumpet calls,
There, in the light and glory,
The Saviour stands and waits,
While eager crowds adoring,
Press through the opening gates.

But he, the prince of darkness,
Why is he lingering there?
What are those words of evil
That quiver through the air?
"Cast Thyself down," he whispers,
"What danger canst Thou see?
Doth He not give His Angels
Their charge concerning Thee?"

Oh, voice of the deceiver!
The written words are sweet;
But calm and stern the answer
Those lips Divine repeat;
And thus the power of Satan
Beneath His feet He trod;
"Is it not also written,
'Thou shalt not tempt thy GOD?'"

O Friend of little children!
Hear Thou the prayer we raise—
Deliver us from evil,
Keep us in all our ways;
And if within Thy Temple
The voice of sin is heard,
Oh, let us listen only,
Sweet Saviour, for Thy Word! Amen.

103.—SALTFLEET. C.M. REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.



"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

HOW beautiful the hills of GOD
Around the city stand!
Upheld through all the eternal years
By His Almighty Hand.

Where may we find the hill, dear Lord,
Thy Sacred Feet did press?
Was there a mount "exceeding high"
In that vast wilderness?

We know that in a lightning glance
The world before Thee lay,
The kingdoms of the earth shone forth
In all their bright array.

The dazzling vision moved Thee not;
Thy tender Heart flowed o'er
As the long wail of misery
Rose up from every shore.

The tears of all the helpless ones
Thou couldst not bear to see;

"All power is Thine," the tempter said,
"If Thou wilt worship me.

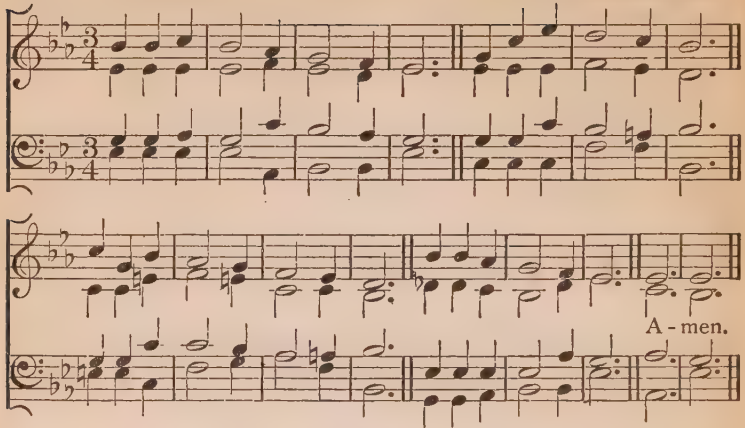
"All will I give without the cross,
Without the bitter pain—
A world restored, a kingdom bought;
Begin at once Thy reign."

Then as still nearer to the Lord
The prince of evil came,
The mighty sentence hurled him back—
"Depart, I know thy name."

O JESU! by Thy victory,
By all Thy pangs unknown,
Help us in this our trial-hour
To worship GOD alone!

And when the world seems bright and fair,
May we, on bended knee,
First give our hearts to own Thy love,
And then love all in Thee. Amen.

104.—St. Gildas. C.M. Bishop of Lichfield.



"I acknowledge my faults, and my sin is ever before me."

LORD, Who hast made me Thy dear child,
And loved me tenderly,
Oh, hear me when I come to own
My many faults to Thee!

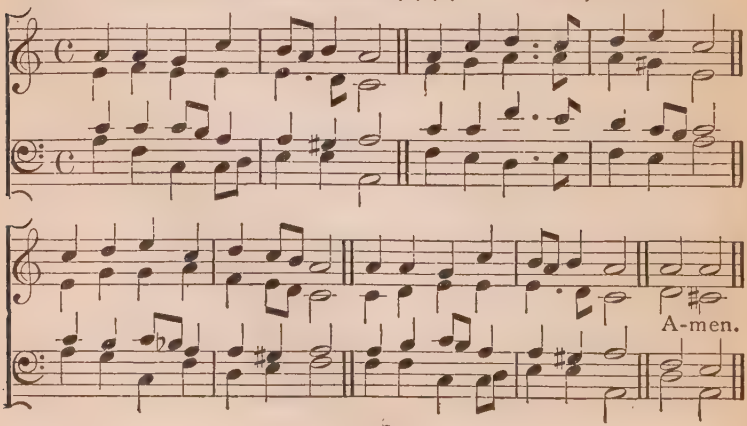
How often I have thought that I
A better child would be,
More gentle, loving, kind, and true,
And pleasing unto Thee.

And yet I have not conquered sin,
Nor striven as I should;
I have not always looked to Thee
When trying to be good.

Yet turn not from me, dearest LORD,
But all my faults forgive;
And grant that I may love Thee more
Each day on earth I live. Amen.

105.—Liguria or St. Ambrose. 7.7.7.7.

Ancient Melody.
Harm. by Henry Smart.



Lent.

"And Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil. And in those days He did eat nothing."

FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

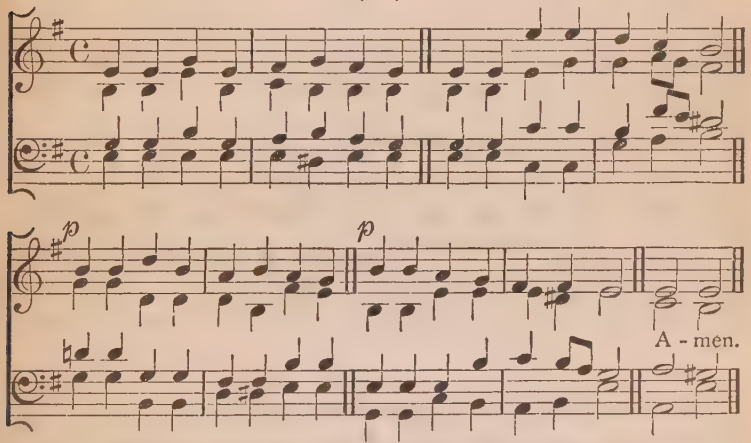
Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer,
Strength for after time to gain?

Then if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Wilt not suffer us to fail.

So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

Keep, oh, keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy Side,
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide. Amen.

106.—ST. SAMPSON 8.7.8.7. REV. HENRY SIDEBOTHAM.



"Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

LORD, Thy mercy now entreating,
Low before Thy Throne we fall,
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
On Thy Name we humbly call.

Sinful thoughts, and words unloving,
Rise against us one by one;
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
Good that we have left undone:

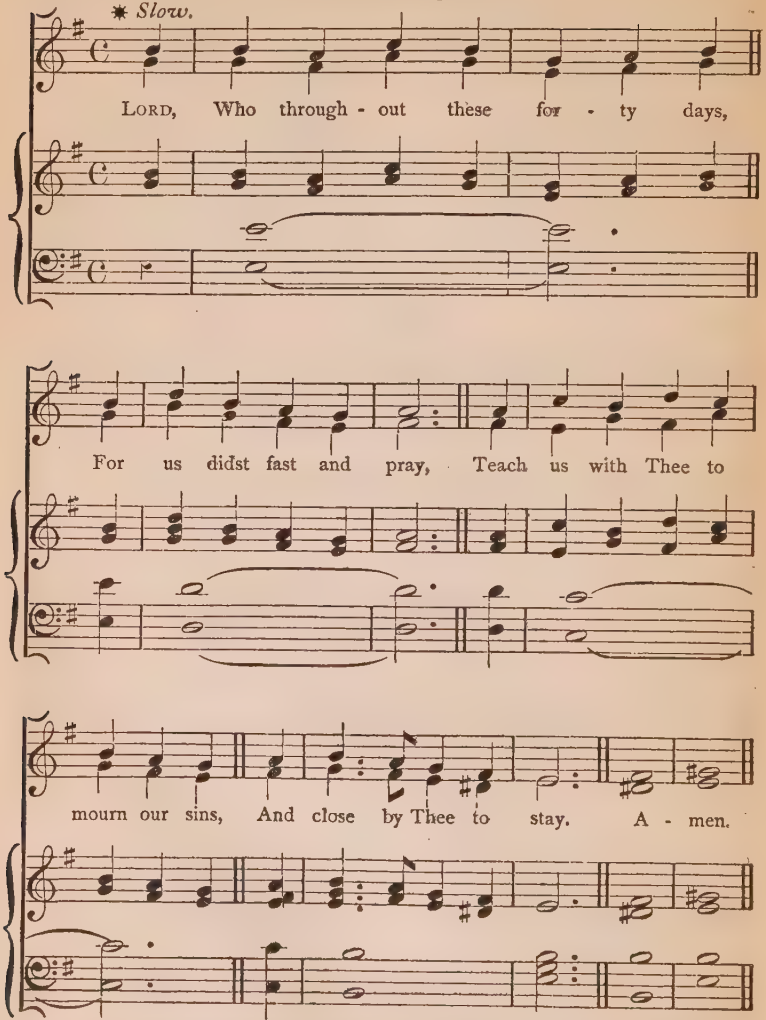
Hearts that far from Thee were straying,
While in prayer we bowed the knee;
Lips that, while Thy praises sounding,
Lifted not the voice to Thee:

Precious moments idly wasted,
Precious hours in folly spent;
Christian vow and fight unheeded,
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent:

LORD, Thy mercy still entreating,
We with shame our sins would own;
From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.

Heavenly FATHER, bless Thy children;
Hearken from Thy Throne on high;
Loving Saviour, Holy SPIRIT,
Hear and heed our humble cry. Amen.

107.—Child's Book of Praise, No. 5. C.M. C. A. Barry.


* Slow.
Lord, Who through - out these for - ty days,
For us didst fast and pray, Teach us with Thee to
mourn our sins, And close by Thee to stay. A - men.

* May be sung also as a two-part Chorus by Trebles, with or without Accompaniment.

"In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."

LORD, Who throughout these forty days,
For us didst fast and pray,
Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins,
And close by Thee to stay.

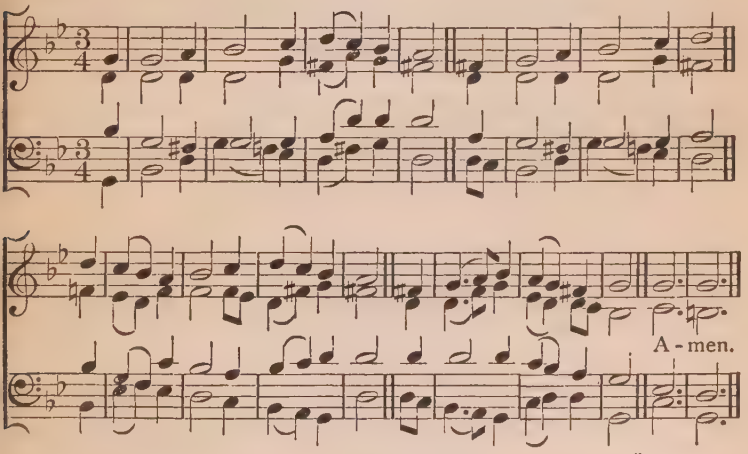
As Thou with Satan didst contend,
And didst the victory win;
Oh, give us strength in Thee to fight,
In Thee to conquer sin.

As Thou didst hunger bear and thirst,
So teach us, gracious Lord,
To die to self, and chiefly live
By Thy most holy Word.

And through these days of penitence,
And through Thy Passiontide,
Yea, evermore, in life and death,
JESU, with us abide.

Abide with us, that so, this life
Of suffering overpast,
An Easter of unending joy
We may attain at last. Amen.

108.—BURFORD. C.M. WILKIN'S Psalmody.



"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

LORD, I have sinnèd; pardon me
The faults for which I grieve;
In mercy, to Thy tender Arms
Thy sinning child receive.

Give me true sorrow for my sin,
And all its guilt to see;
Soften my heart, and give me tears
To render back to Thee.

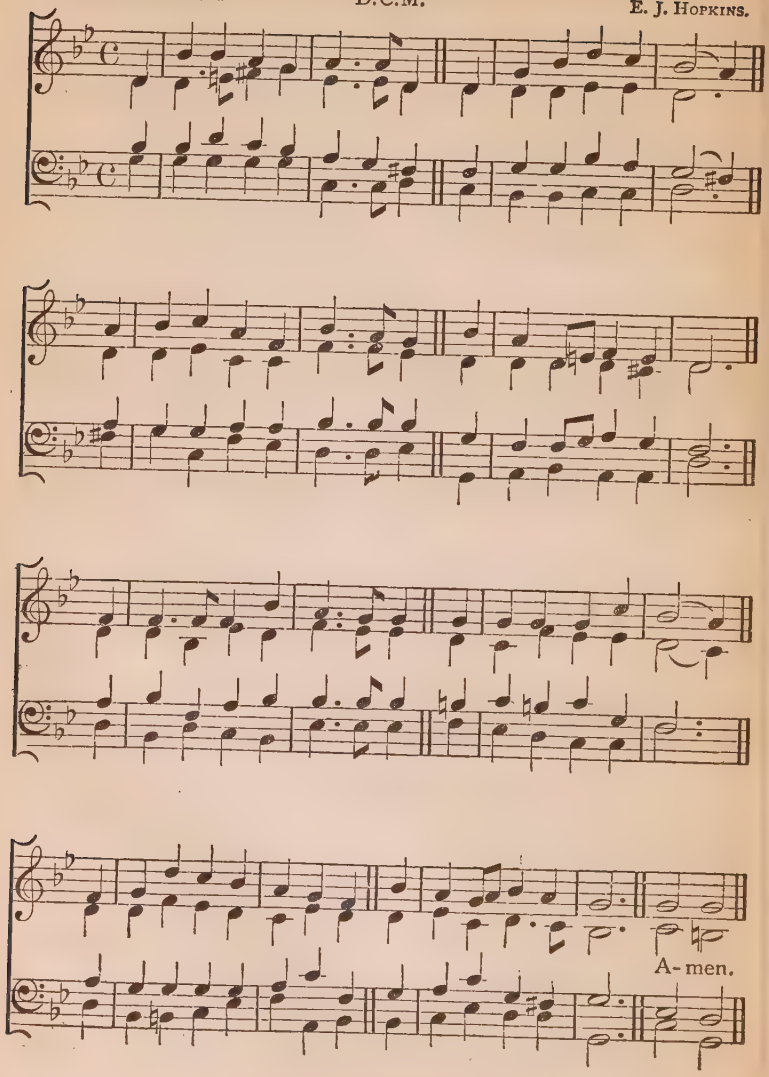
It is Thy Voice which calls me back,
Thy Voice which bids me "Come!"
Thy loving Hand which is stretched out
To lead the wanderer home.

Hold Thou me fast, for I am weak,
Too weak to stand alone;
Give me the grace to tell my fault,
And all my sin to own.

The wrong that, unashamed, I did,
May I with shame confess,
Nor seek to shield myself from blame,
Nor make my fault seem less.

Then o'er my sinful soul do Thou
Thy precious Blood outpour,
And let Thy Lips forgiveness speak,
And bid me "sin no more." Amen.

109.—ALBRIDGE. D.C.M. E. J. HOPKINS.



Lent.

"Forasmuch as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind."

OUR solemn Lent has come again,
A time for fast and prayer,
For all who, tempted like their Lord,
His victory would share.
Fast crowding on our childish hearts
Come mournful thoughts of Thee,
Thoughts of Thy loneliness and pain,
Thy want, Thy misery.

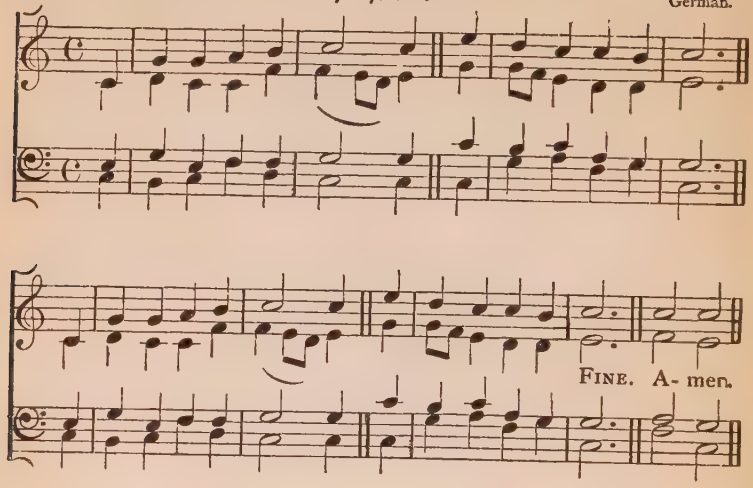
And bitter thoughts of all the sin
That brought our Lord so low,
When in the awful wilderness
He battled with our foe.
Those wicked tempers that arise,
Those words and deeds of ill,
Oh, how they pressed upon Him then,
Oh, how they grieve Him still!

JESUS, our Saviour, can it be
That we should see Thee there,
See Thee in all that bitter grief,
Without a thought or care?
No; let us rather daily strive
Against besetting sin,
And look to Thee, our conquering Lord,
New victories to win.

The strength that made Thee triumph then,
The patience and the power,
The all-prevailing grace and love,
That brought Thee through that hour;
These Thou dost promise unto us,
Whom Thou hast loved so well;
We triumph in Thy victory won,
Thy conquest over hell. Amen.

PALM SUNDAY.

110.—St. Theodulph. 7.6.7.6. D. German.



Palm Sunday.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

ALL glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring!

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou, David's royal SON,
Who in the LORD's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
All glory, &c.

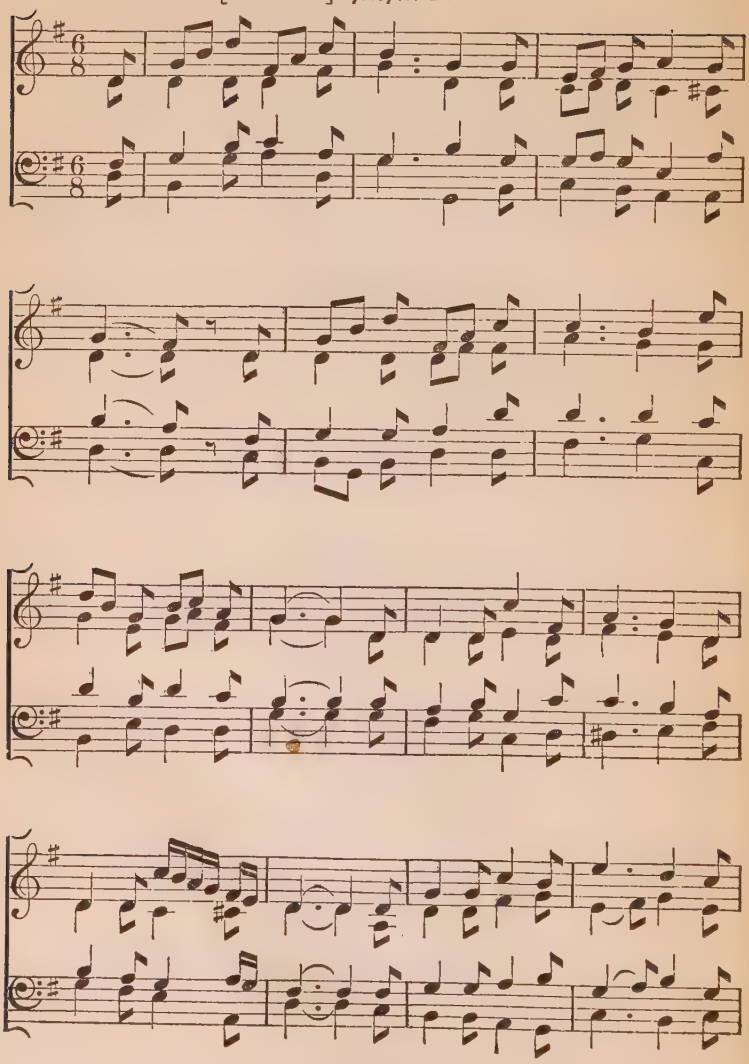
The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, &c.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise, and prayer, and anthems,
Before Thee we present.
All glory, &c.

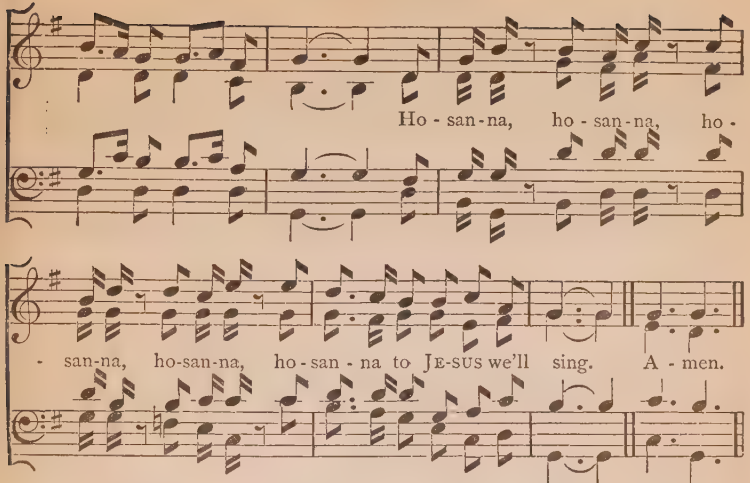
To Thee, before Thy Passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King
All glory, &c. Amen.

111.—Hosanna. [*1st Tune.*] 7.6.7.6. D.



Palm Sunday.



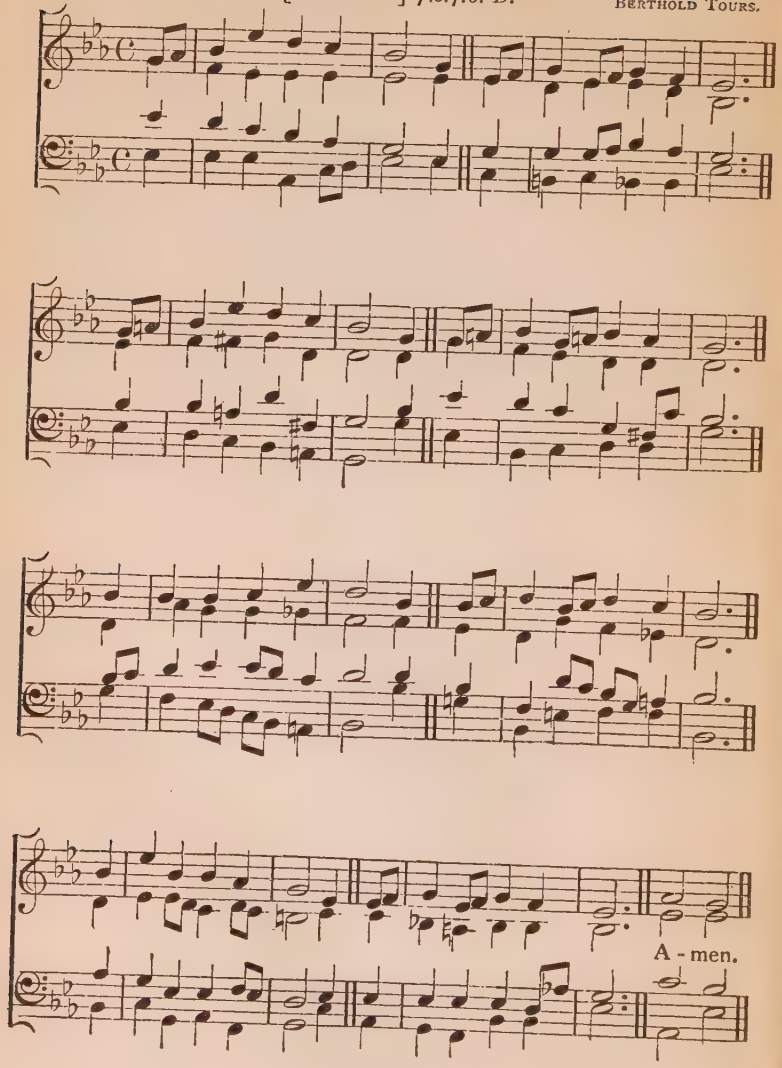
"And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying Hosanna to the Son of David! they were sore displeased."

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion JESUS came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His Name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along
He let them still attend Him,
And listened to their song.
Hosanna to JESUS we'll sing.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the Throne,
And cry aloud Hosanna
To David's royal Son.
Hosanna to JESUS we'll sing.

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No: while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna to JESUS we'll sing. Amen.

111.—TOURS IN E♭. [*2nd Tune.*] 7.6.7.6. D. BERTHOLD TOURS.



Palm Sunday.

"And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David! they were sore displeased."

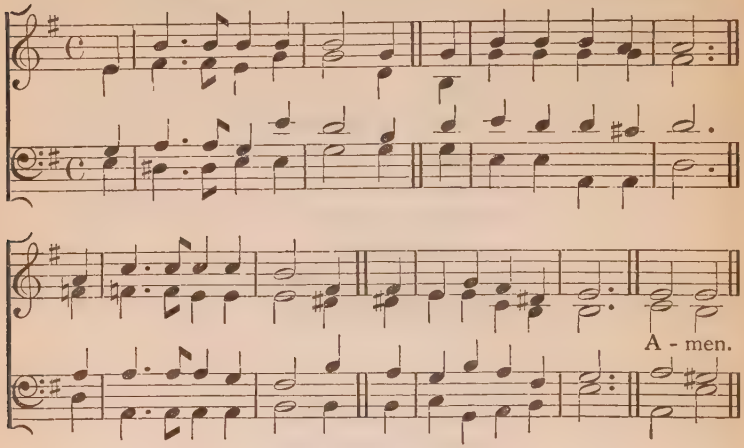
WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion JESUS came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His Name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him.
But as He rode along
He let them still attend Him,
And listened to their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as king He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the Throne,
And cry aloud Hosanna
To David's royal Son.

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No: while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's. Amen.

HYMNS ON THE PASSION.

112.—St. Margaret. 7.6.7.6. Rev. W. Statham.



"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

"FORGIVE them, O My Father,
They know not what they do,"
The Saviour spake in anguish,
As the sharp nails went through.

No pained reproaches gave He
To them that shed His Blood,
But prayer and tenderest pity,
Large as the love of God.

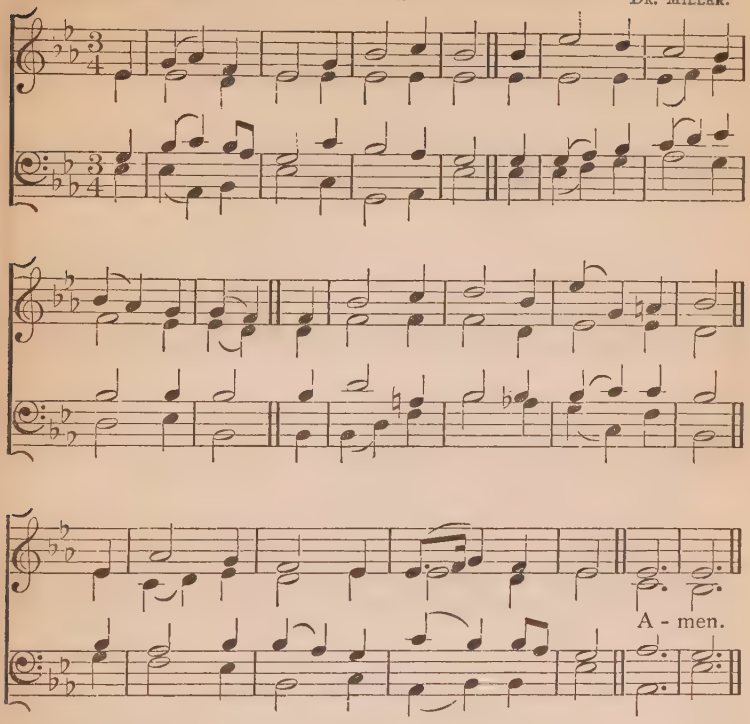
For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care;
I need His wide forgiveness
As much as any there.

It was my pride and hardness
That hung Him on the Tree;
Those cruel nails, O Saviour,
Were driven in by me.

And often I have slighted
Thy gentle Voice that chid;
Forgive me too, Lord Jesus;
I knew not what I did.

Oh, depth of sweet compassion!
Oh, love divine and true!
Save Thou the souls that slight Thee,
And know not what they do. Amen.

113.—Rockingham. L.M. Dr. Miller.



"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

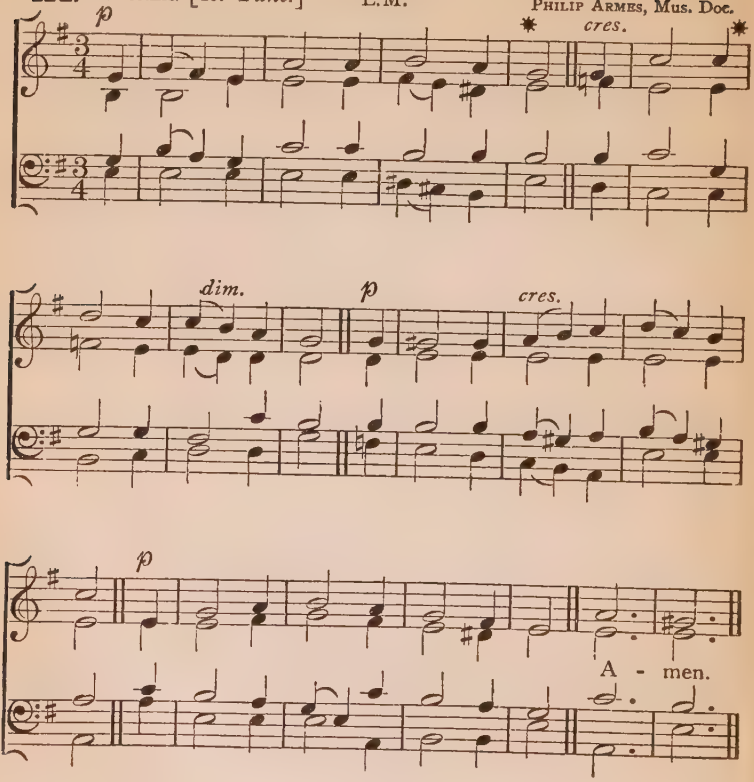
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See, from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

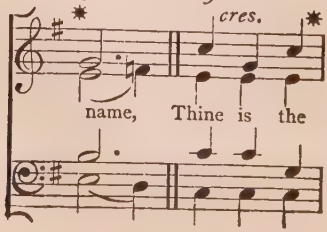
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

114.—Berea. [*1st Tune.*] L.M. Philip Armes, Mus. Doc.

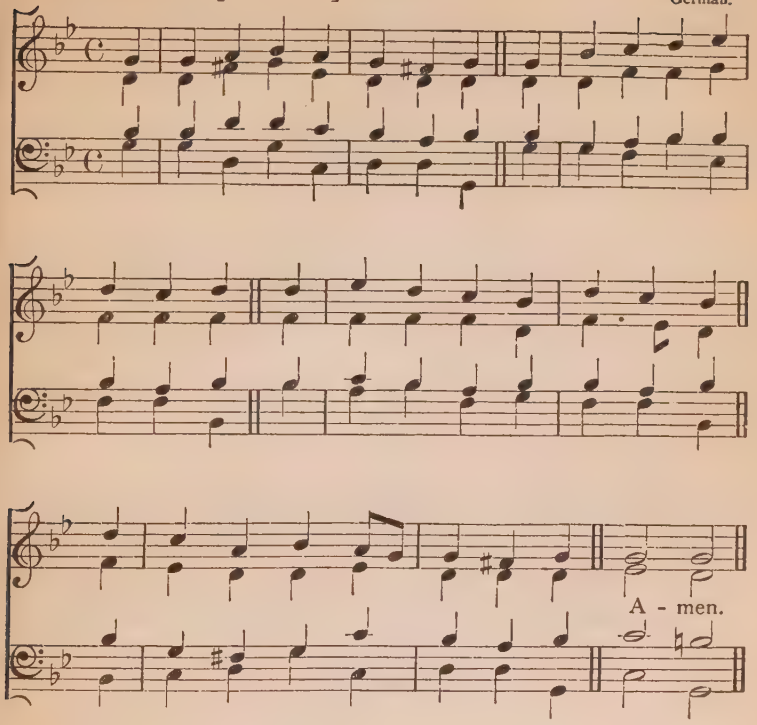


For 5th verse only.



114.—Cologne. [*2nd Tune.*] L.M.

German.



"The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

A TIME to watch, a time to pray,
A day of wonders is to-day;
The saddest, yet the sweetest too,
That ever man or angel knew.

The saddest, for our Saviour bore
His death, that man might die no more;
The agony, the scourge, the fear,
The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear.

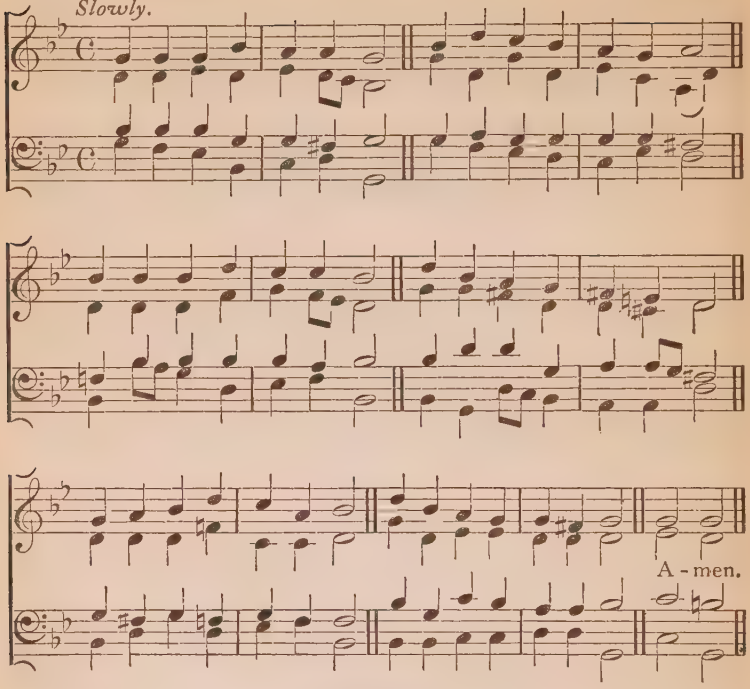
And yet the sweetest; for this day
Our load of sins was borne away,
And hopes of joy that never dies
Hang on our Saviour's Sacrifice.

Like straying sheep we wandered wide,
Thy laws we broke, Thy Name defied;
On Thee the guilt of all was laid,
By Thee the debt of all was paid.

O Saviour, blessèd be Thy Name;
Thine is the glory, ours the shame:
By all the pains Thy love endured,
Let all our many sins be cured. **Amen.**

115.—North End. 7.7.7.7.7.7. M. A. S.

Slowly.



"They crucified Him."

LO! at noon 'tis sudden night!
Darkness covers all the sky!
Rocks are rending at the sight!
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
Jesus dies at Calvary!

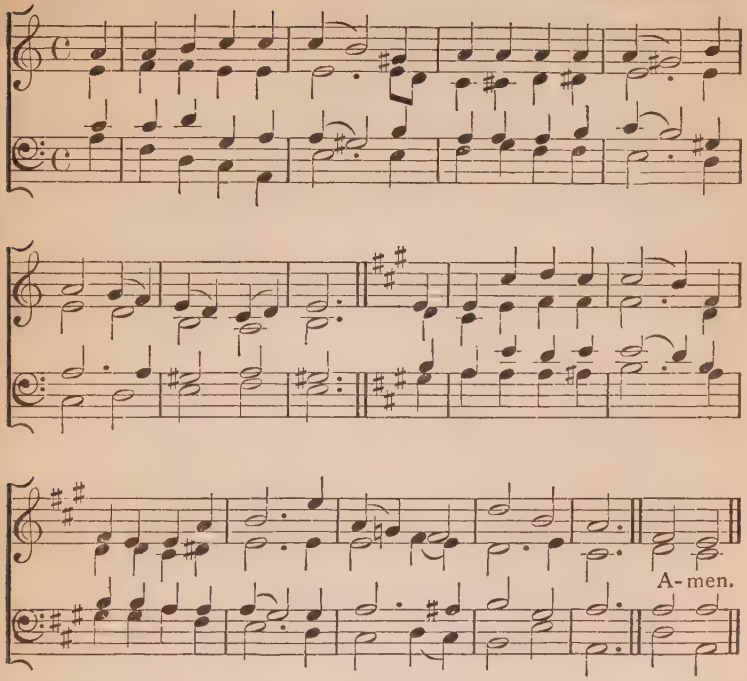
Nailed upon the Cross, behold
How His tender limbs are torn!
For a royal crown of gold,
They have made Him one of thorn!
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a Brow so kind!

See, the Blood is falling fast
From His Forehead and His Side!
Hark! He now has breathed His last!
With a mighty groan He died!
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die?

He, Who was a King above,
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty He might save!
Down to this sad world He came,
Bore the Cross, despised the shame.

You were wretched, weak, and vile;
You deserved His holy frown;
But He saw you with a smile,
And to save you hastened down.
Listen, children! this is why
Jesus condescends to die. Amen.

116.—WALTHAM. 6.6.6.6.6.6. ARTHUR H. BROWN.



Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

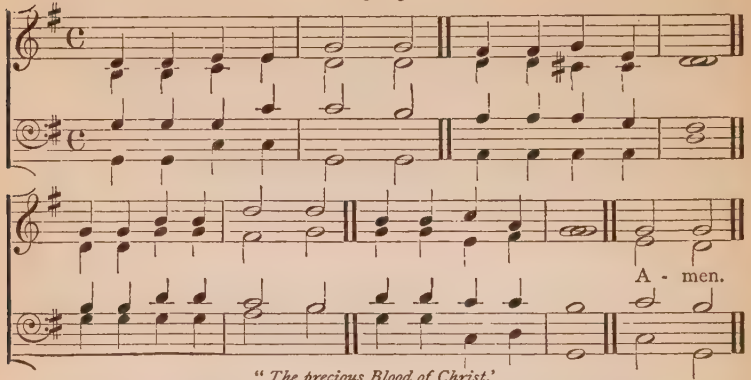
OH, dark and dreary day,
When JESUS died to pay
Sin's awful penalty!
The sun kept back its light,
To hide that mournful sight,
When JESUS died for me.

Oh, who can tell those pangs,
As on that Cross He hangs,
My dearest Lord, for me!
For me He died that death,
For me He yields His Breath,
My sinful soul to free.

And as He bows His Head,
Have I no tears to shed,
When I look back and see
Those loving Arms spread wide
To draw me to His Side,
My ransom thus to be?

O JESU, may Thy love
My strength and succour prove,
That I to Thee may live!
Thou gavest all for me,
May I devote to Thee
What little I can give. Amen.

117.—North Coates. 6.5.6.5. Rev. T. R. Matthews.



"The precious Blood of Christ."

GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-Blood
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

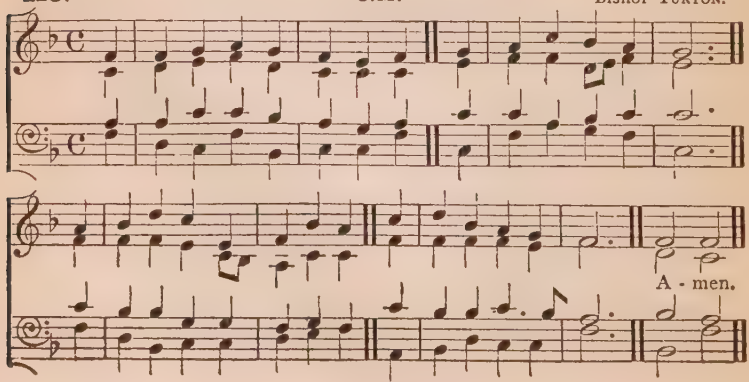
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs;

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood. Amen.

118.—St. Etheldreda. C.M. Bishop Turton.



"Leaving us an example that we should follow His steps."

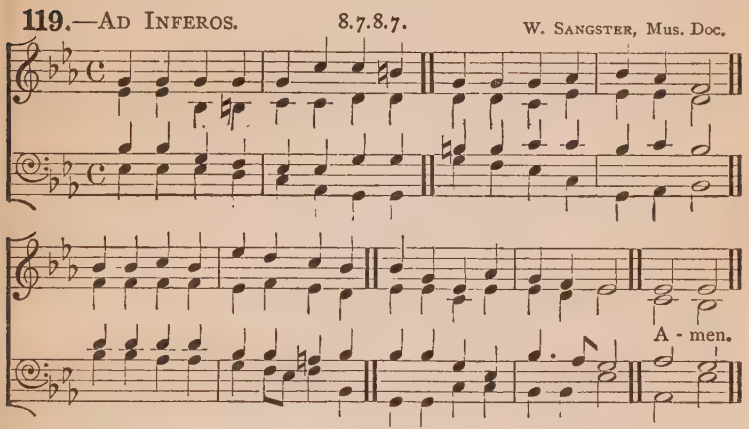
O THOU, Who through this holy week
Didst suffer for us all,
The sick to cure, the lost to seek,
To raise up them that fall;

We cannot understand the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear;
O Lamb of GOD, we only know
That all our hopes are there.

Thy Feet the path of suffering trod,
Thy Hand the victory won;
What shall we render to our GOD
For all that He hath done?

Oh, grant us, Lord, with Thee to die,
With Thee to rise anew;
Grant us the things of earth to fly,
The things of heaven pursue. Amen.

119.—AD INFEROS. 8.7.8.7. W. SANGSTER, Mus. Doc.



"In Paradise."

IT is finished! Blessèd JESUS,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
Teaching us, the sons of Adam,
How the SON of GOD can die.

Lifeless lies the broken Body,
Hidden in its rocky bed,
Laid aside like folded garment:
Where is now the Spirit fled?

In the gloomy realms of darkness
Shines a light unknown before,
For the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the open door.

See! He comes, a willing victim,
Unresisting hither led;
Passing from the Cross of sorrow
To the mansions of the dead.

Lo! the heavenly light around Him
As He draws His people near;
All amazed they stand rejoicing
At the gracious words they hear.

For Himself proclaims the story
Of His own incarnate life,
And the death He died to save us,
Victor in that awful strife.

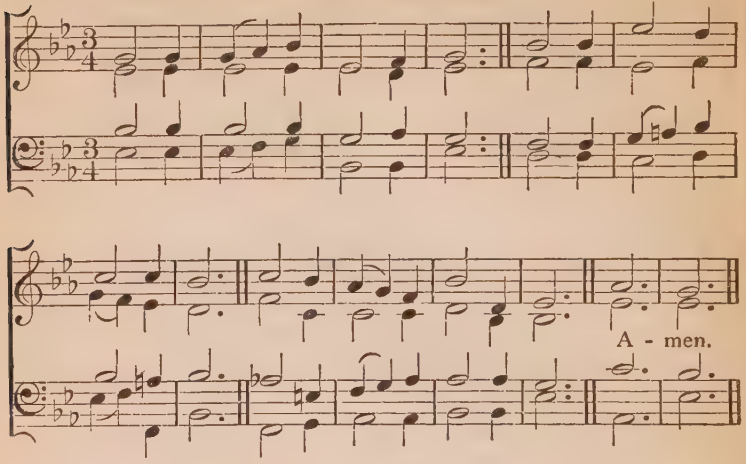
Patriarch and priest and prophet
Gather round Him as He stands,
In adoring faith and gladness,
Hearing of the piercèd Hands.

Oh, the bliss to which He calls them,
Ransomed by His precious Blood,
From the gloomy realm of darkness
To the paradise of GOD!

There in lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber at His Side,
Reaping now the blessèd promise
Spoken by the Crucified.

JESUS, Lord of dead and living,
Let Thy mercy rest on me;
Grant me too, when life is finished,
Rest in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

120.—LACRYMÆ. 7.7.7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

WEEPING, as they go their way
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
Late at even—who are they?

These are they who watched to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on the accursèd tree.

All is over—in the tomb
Sleeps He, as in death's dark womb,
Till the dawn of Easter come.

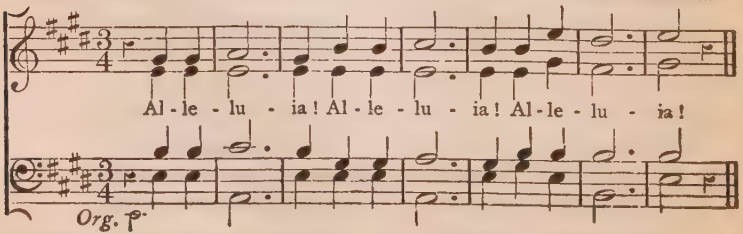
All is over—fought the fight;
Heaviness is for the night,
Joy comes with the morning light.

Leave we in the grave with Him
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

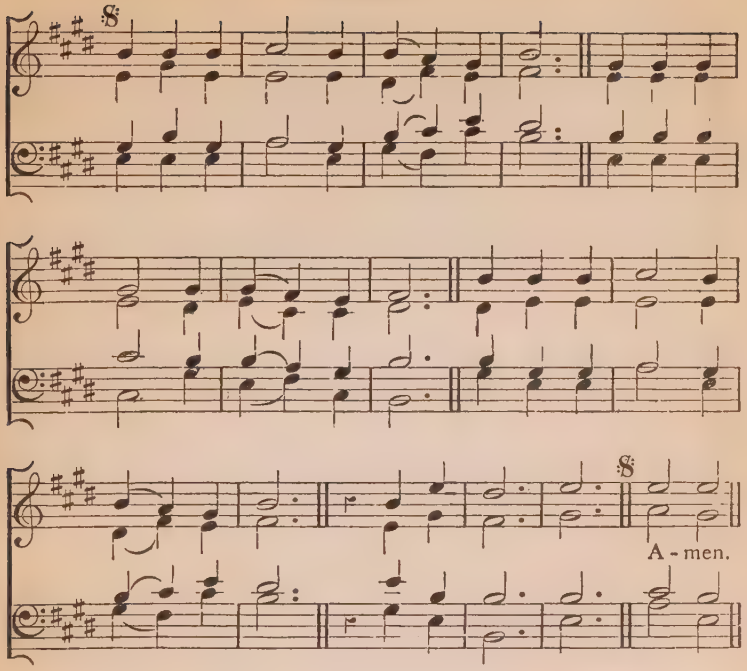
Glory to the Lord, who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save. **Amen.**

EASTER.

121.—VICTORY. 8.8.8.4. FROM PALESTRINA.



Easter.



"O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things.

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
The strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And JESUS hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!

On the third morn He rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

122.—O FILII ET FILIÆ. 8.8.8. with Alleluias. French Melody.

Easter.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

O SONS and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia!

That Sunday morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way,
To seek the tomb where JESUS lay.
Alleluia!

An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!

That night the apostles met in fear,
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!

When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia!

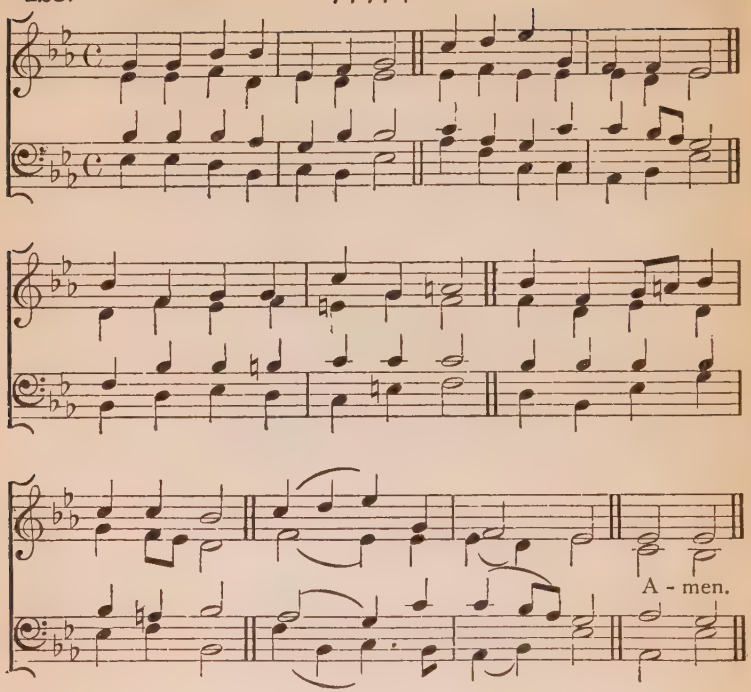
"My piercèd Side, O Thomas, see;
My Hands, My Feet, I show to thee;
Nor faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side;
"Thou art my Lord and GOD," he cried.
Alleluia!

How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been;
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

On this most holy day of days,
To GOD your hearts and voices raise,
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia! Amen.

123.—WIRTEMBURG. 7.7.7.7.4. German.



"Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
CHRIST hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

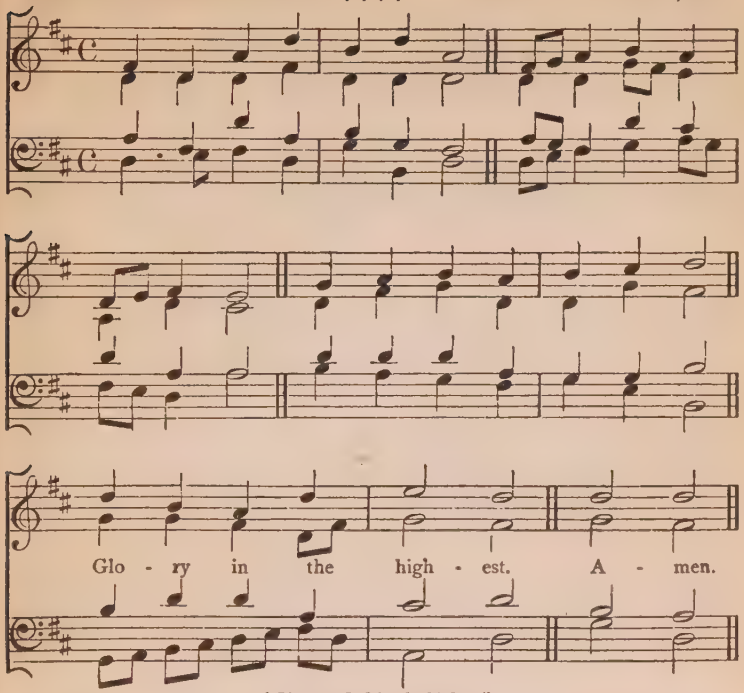
He Who gave for us His Life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day,
We too sing for joy, and say,
Alleluia!

He Who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry,
Alleluia!

He Who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!

Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
CHRIST, Thy ransomed people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day,
Alleluia! Amen.

124.—In Excelsis Gloria. 7.7.7.7. Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.



"Glory to God in the highest."

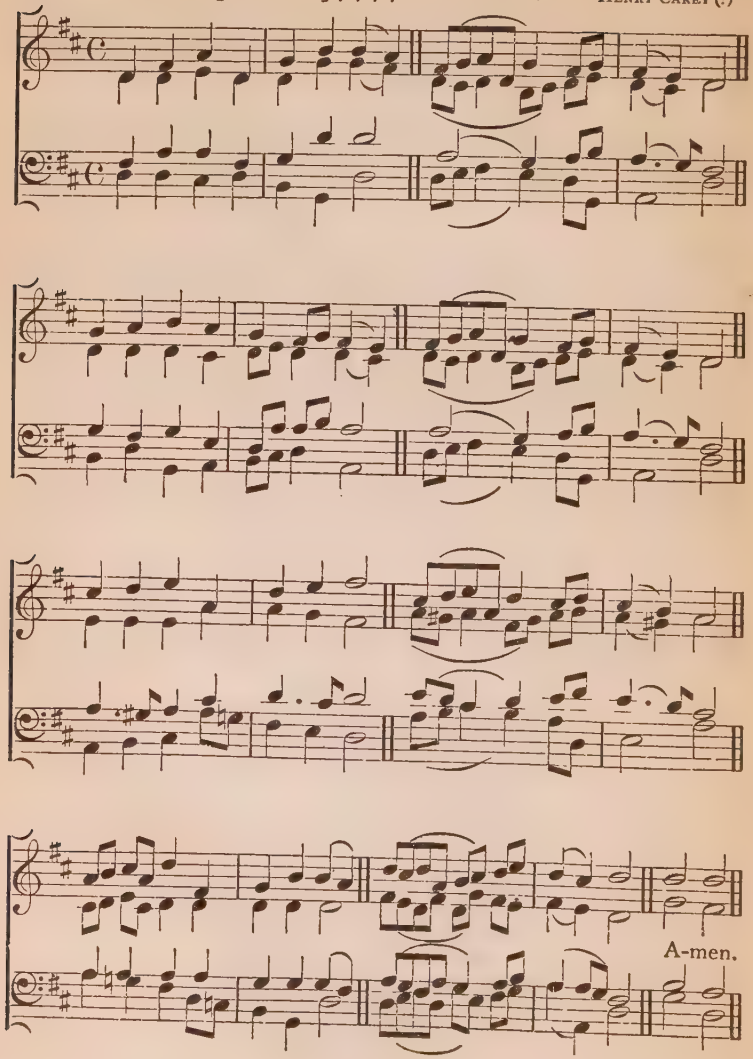
EASTER flowers are blooming bright,
Easter skies pour radiant light,
Christ our Lord is risen in might,
Glory in the highest.

Angels carolled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude He lay;
Now once more cast grief away,
Glory in the highest.

He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Calleth forth our gladdest strain,
Glory in the highest.

As He riseth, rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offering homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest. Amen.

125.—WORGAN. [*1st Tune.*] 7.7.7.7. with Alleluias. HENRY CAREY (?)



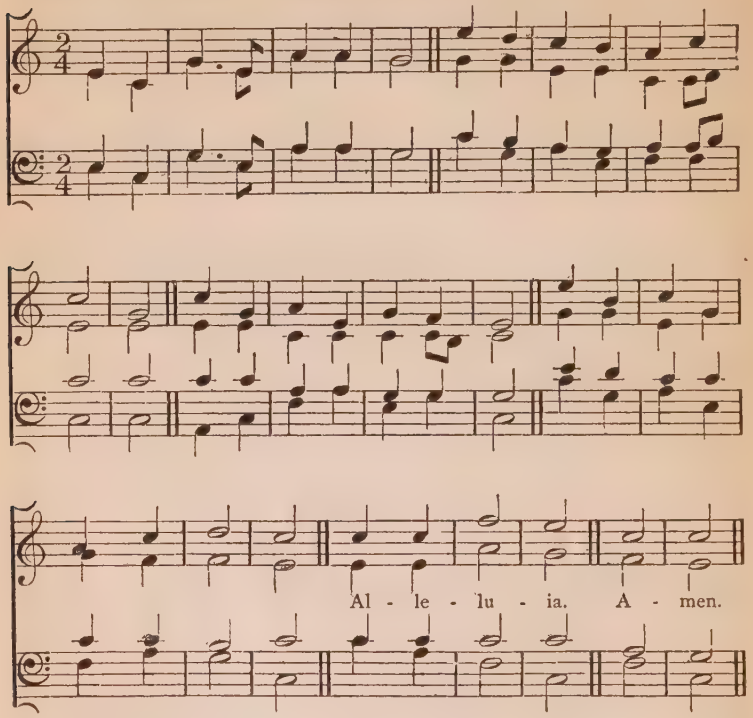
125.—Easter Hymn. [*2nd Tune.*]

7.7.7.7. with Alleluias. Prof. W. H. Monk.

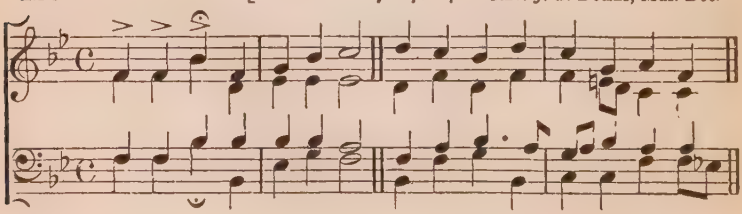
"The Lord is risen indeed."

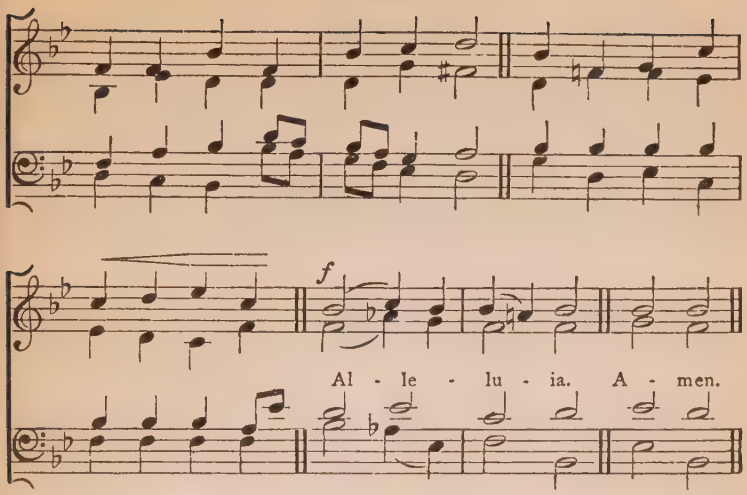
JESUS Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy-day, Alleluia!
Who did once upon the Cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!
Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!
But the pain which He endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation has procured; Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!
Where the Angels ever sing— Alleluia!

126.—St. Albinus. [*1st Tune.*] 7.8.7.8.4. H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.



126.—Lindisfarne. [*2nd Tune.* 7.8.7.8.4. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.





"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of hell and of death."

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
JESUS lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

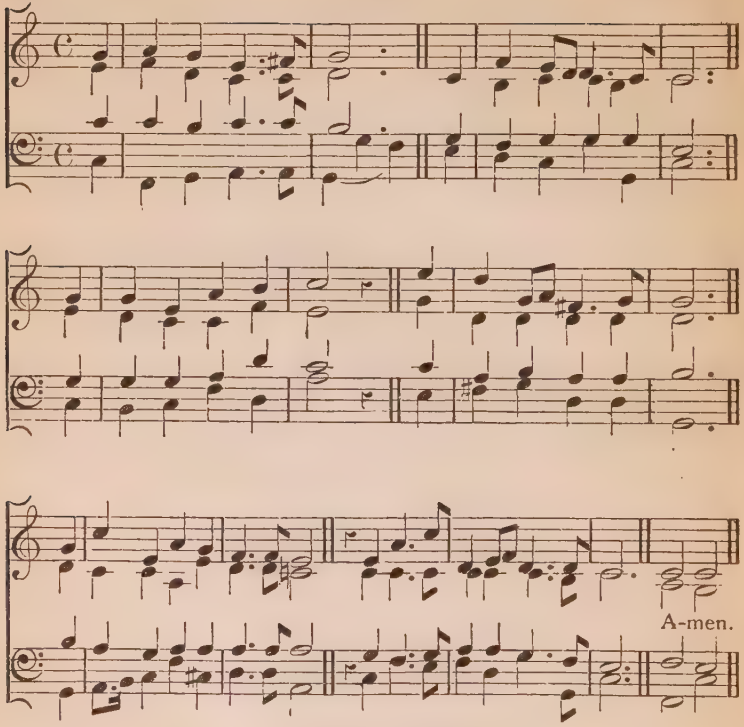
JESUS lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to JESUS living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

127.—GOPSAL. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. G. F. HANDEL.



"God raised Him from the dead."

ON wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.
Your voices raise
With one accord
To bless and praise
Your risen Lord!

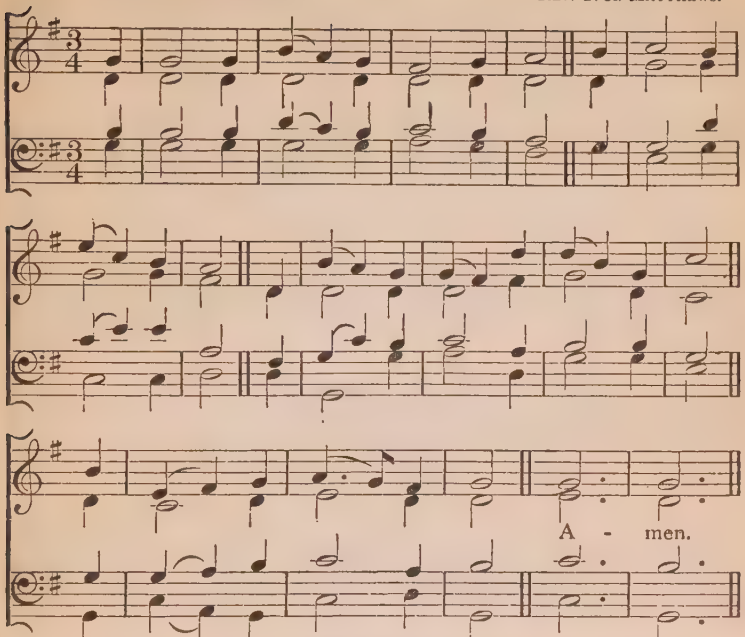
The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.
Your voices raise, &c.

Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb
The Lord of earth and sky!
Your voices raise, &c.

Oh, let your hearts be strong!
For we, like Him, shall rise,
To dwell with Him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies!
Your voices raise, &c. Amen.

ASCENSION.

128.—THEDDLETHORPE. C.M. REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.



"And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His Hands, and blessed them."

HE led them unto Bethany,
He raised His Hands on high,
And, while He blessed them, upward rose
All glorious to the sky.

A cloud received Him from their sight,
A cloud of Angels fair,
Yet they continued gazing up,
As if He still were there!

So well they loved the Incarnate GOD,
Their hearts were borne away
To heaven with Him—earth seemed so poor
That first Ascension Day.

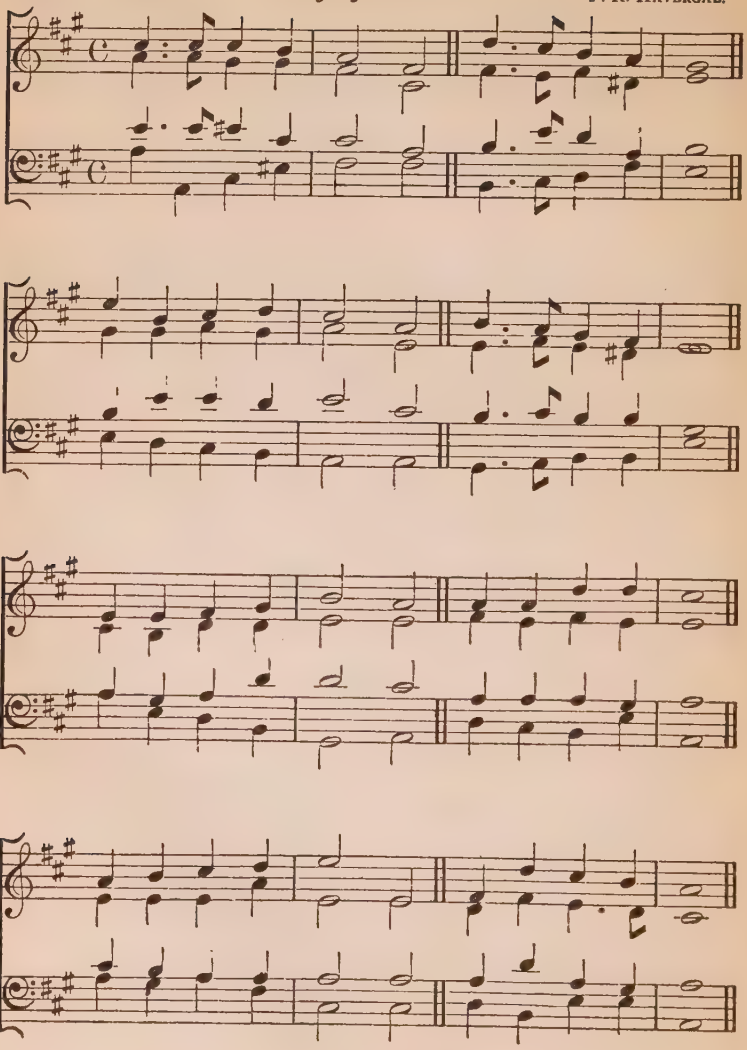
But at the Angel's voice they turned
Back to Jerusalem,
In faith to wait the Gift from Heaven,
Their Lord had promised them.

Then, filled with GOD the HOLY GHOST,
They preached, baptised, and taught,
Till they, through suffering, pain, and death,
To perfect joy were brought.

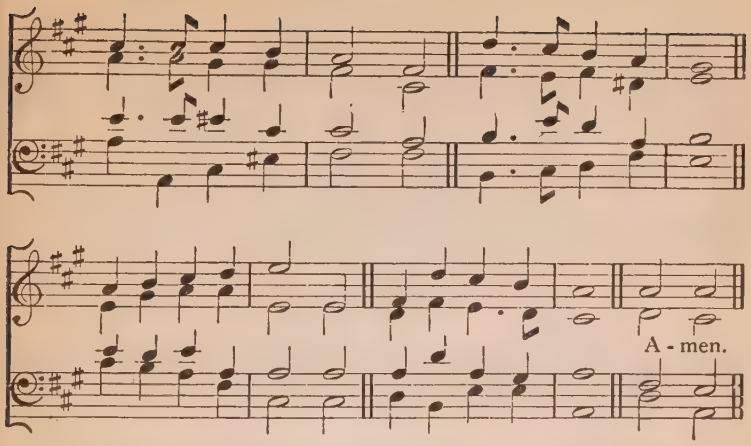
O Master, when our hearts are sad,
Uplift them unto heaven,
If sloth should tempt us, show the crowns
To faithful servants given.

In danger guide and guard our steps,
Be nigh when earth seems fair,
Be here our Friend, our Strength, our Shield,
Our Joy and Glory there! Amen.

129.—HERMAS. 6.5.6.5. 12 lines. F. R. HAVERGAL.



Ascension.



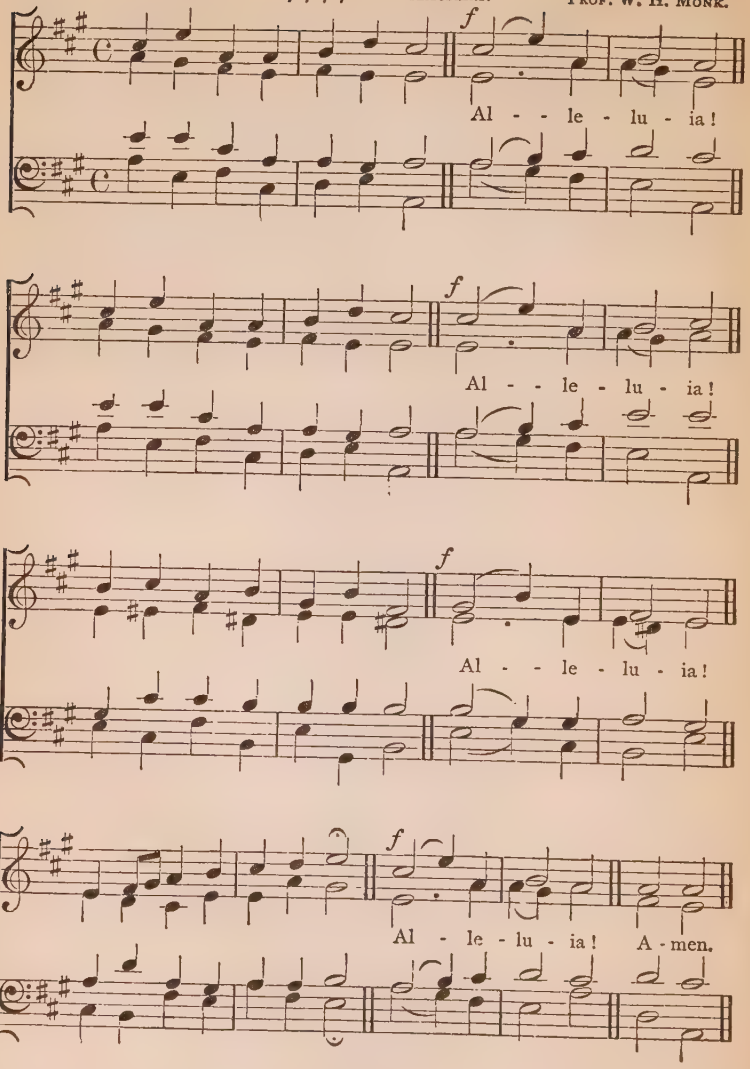
"Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour."

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices sing,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King;
JESUS, King of Glory,
JESUS, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His Throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
JESUS hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His FATHER'S Side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
JESUS, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high!
All His work, &c.

Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
JESUS ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work, &c. Amen.

130.—ASCENSION. 7.7.7.7. with Alleluias. PROF. W. H. MONK.



Ascension.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in."

HAIL the day that sees Him rise Alleluia!
To His Throne above the skies; Alleluia!
CHRIST, the Lamb for sinners given, Alleluia!
Enters now the highest heaven. Alleluia!

There for Him high triumph waits; Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates; Alleluia!
He hath conquered death and sin; Alleluia!
Take the King of Glory in. Alleluia!

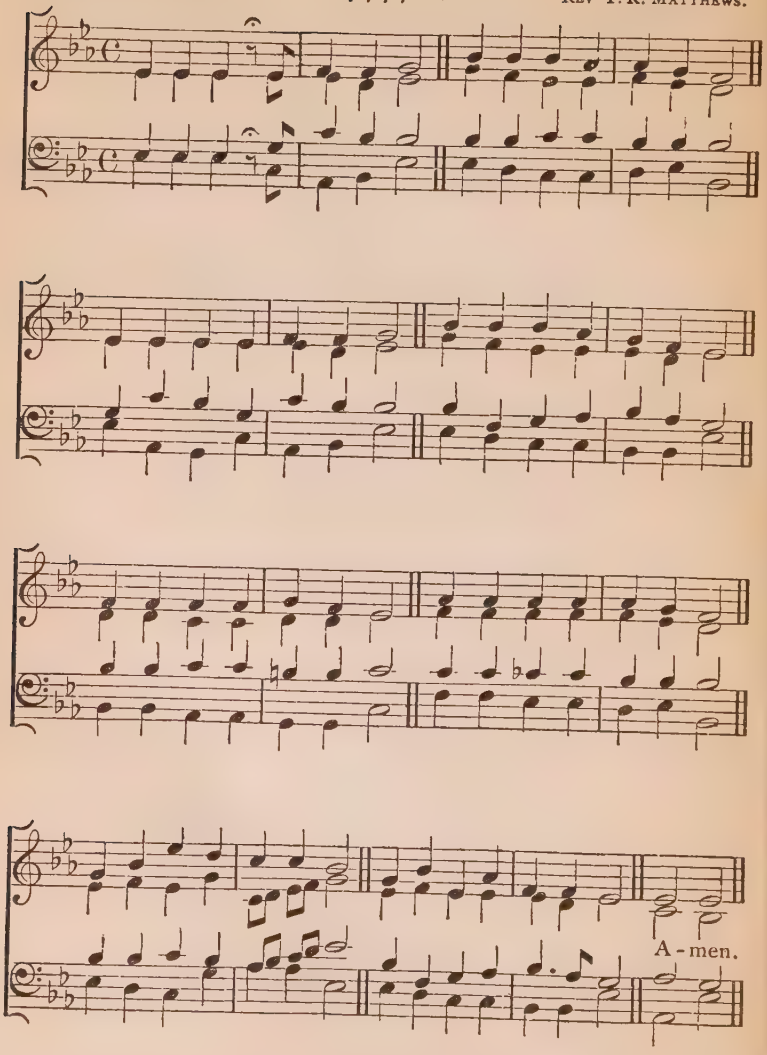
Lo! the heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Alleluia!
Though returning to His Throne Alleluia!
Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!

See! He lifts His Hands above; Alleluia!
See! He shows the prints of love; Alleluia!
Hark! His gracious Lips bestow Alleluia!
Blessings on His Church below. Alleluia!

Still for us He intercedes, Alleluia!
His prevailing death He pleads, Alleluia!
Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia!
He the first-fruits of our race. Alleluia!

Lord, though parted from our sight Alleluia!
Far above the starry height, Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
Seeking Thee above the skies. Alleluia! Amen.

131.—HONIDON. 7.7.7.7. D. REV T. R. MATTHEWS.



Ascension.

"He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

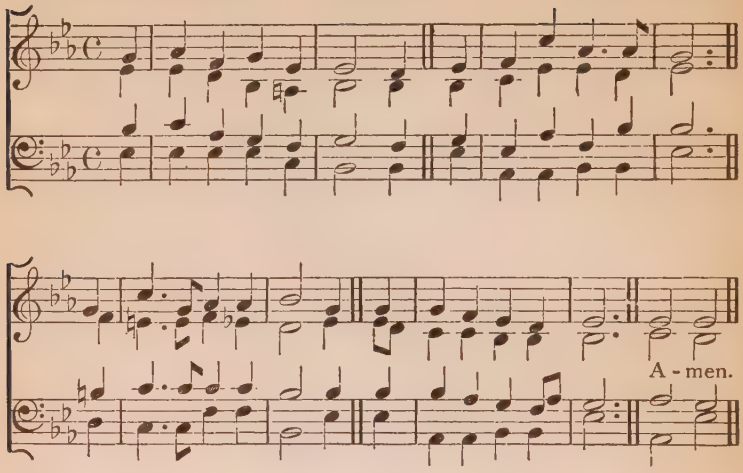
HE is gone—a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor Angel's ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but not in vain,
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find;
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

132.—St. Peter-Port. 7.6.7.6. W. de P. Crousaz.



"Who is even at the Right Hand of God, Who also maketh intercession for us."

IN deep humiliation
The Lord came down to earth,
To give regeneration
To sinners by His birth.

Shame, poverty, and anguish,
It pleased Him to endure,
That they in sin who languish
Might have a hope secure.

Upon the Cross outstretchèd
He yielded up the ghost,
And purchased for the wretched
Relief, and saved the lost.

The price He paid was ample;
And, as He died to save,
He rose on death to trample,
And overcome the grave.

For forty days concerning
The kingdom of His grace,
His faithful ones were learning,
And saw Him face to face.

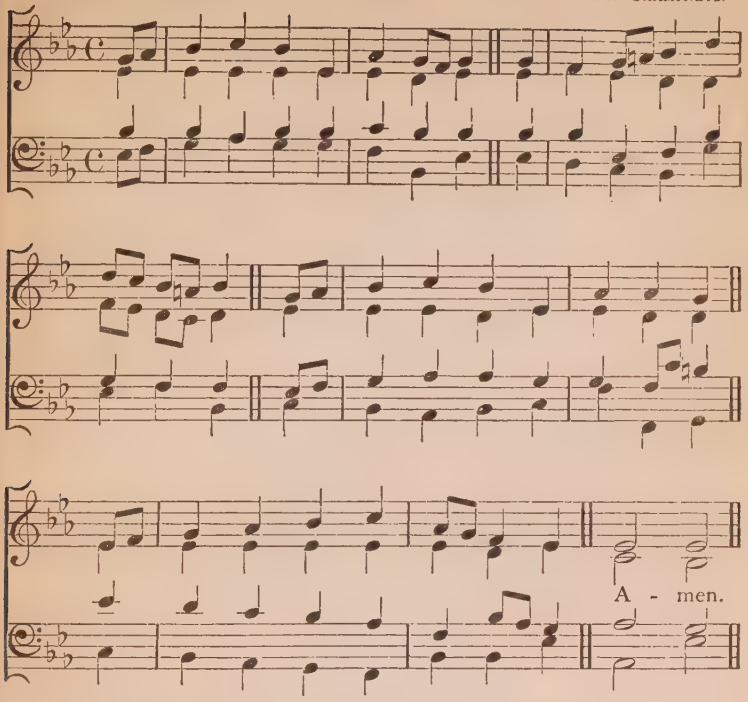
Until the clouds were parted,
And angels met their Lord,
Whilst those few faithful-hearted
Gazed upwards and adored.

And now the Son is seated
Beside His Father's Throne
The Father is entreated
By His belovèd One.

The Comforter is dwelling
In hearts by Christ set free,
And all the Church is telling
The praise of One and Three.

Amen.

133.—St. Dominic. L.M. Dr. Chamfneys.



"Seeing then that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession."

ON Olivet a little band
Around their risen Master stand;
There, His last charge and blessing given,
They see Him taken up to heaven.

There till the day He comes again
He lives at God's Right Hand to reign
True man, for human woes to grieve,
True God, Almighty to relieve.

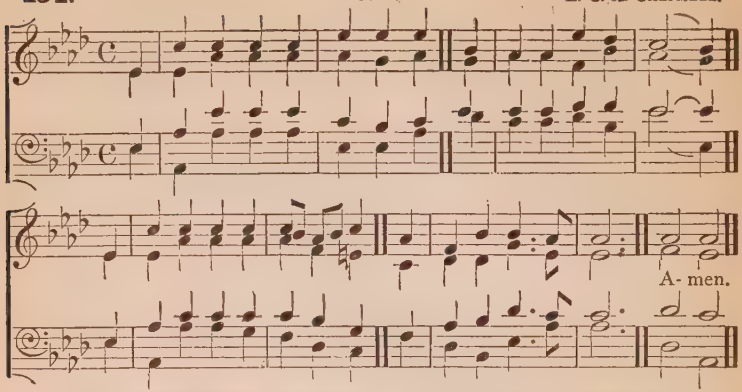
For every soul in every need
He ever lives to intercede,
Presenting there within the veil
A Sacrifice that cannot fail.

Our Heavenly Great High Priest He stands,
By piercèd Feet and piercèd Hands,
By bleeding Brow and riven Side,
He pleads for those for whom He died.

Whom have we, Lord, in heaven but Thee?
Like ships safe moored on stormy sea,
We hold by Thee, and with Thee there
Find anchorage for faith and prayer.

Set loose from self, and evermore
Fast bound to that eternal shore;
So all our life and love shall be,
Ascended Master, hid with Thee! Amen.

134.—DINARD. C.M. E. C. A. CHEPMELL.



"Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."

THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are open wide,
The King of Glory is gone in,
Unto His FATHER'S Side.

Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon GOD'S Face.

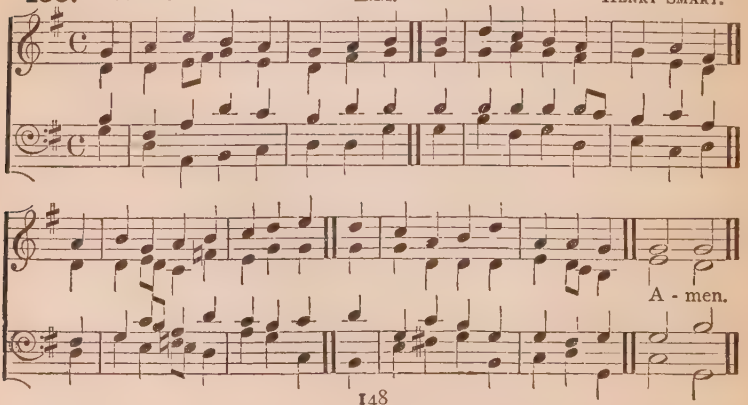
And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud,
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven.

That where Thou art, at GOD'S Right Hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell
For ever, Lord, in Thee. Amen.

WHITSUNTIDE.

135.—LONDON. L.M. HENRY SMART.



"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

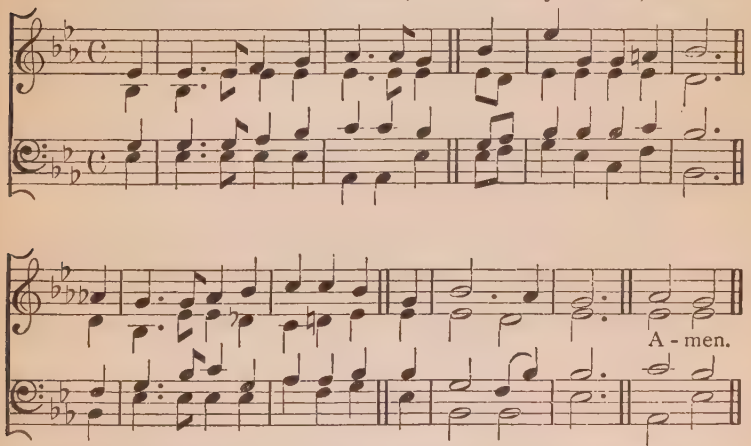
COME, gracious SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from GOD may ne'er depart.

Lead us to CHRIST, the Living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with GOD.

Lead us to heaven that we may share
Fulness or joy for ever there:
Lead us to GOD, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest! Amen.

136.—ST. CUTHBERT. 8.6.8.4. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. Doc.



"If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unto you."

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

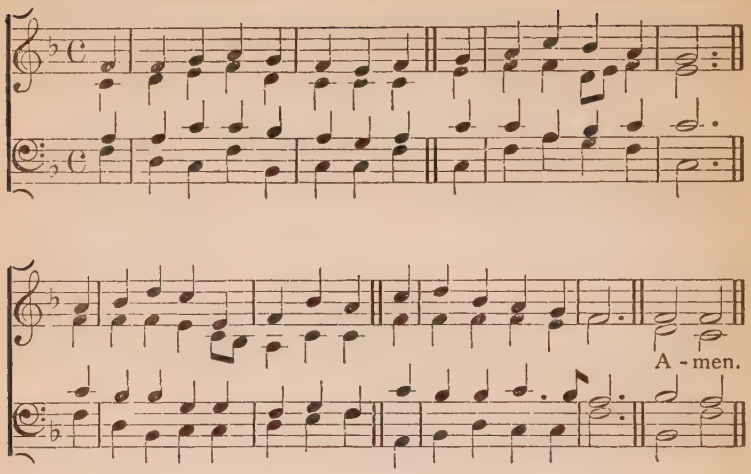
He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle Voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

SPIRIT of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee. Amen.

137.—St. Etheldreda. C.M. Bishop Turton.



"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

THIS day the Lord's disciples met
According to His word,
Still waiting for the promised gift
Of their ascended Lord.

All Israel that happy morn,
From farthest west to east,
With gladness for the ripened corn
Kept their great harvest feast.

They pressed along the city streets,
And up the holy hill,
And past that upper chamber where
The faithful waited still.

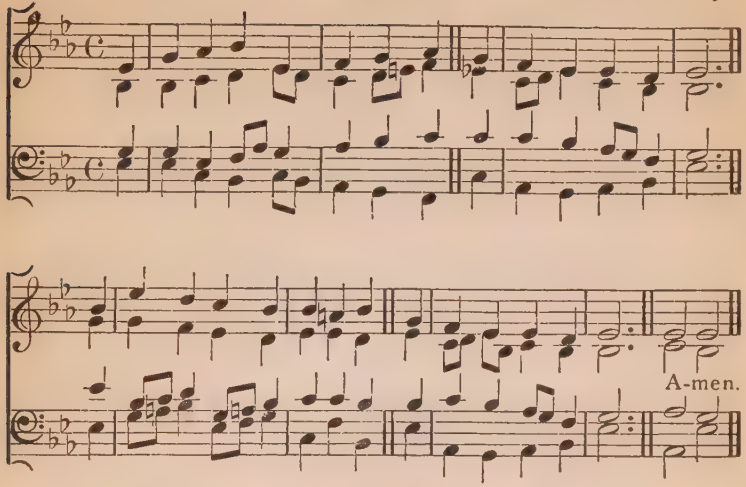
But louder than the noise without
Rushed down the wind Divine;
And brighter than the morning sun
Shone out the fiery sign.

Wondering, the strangers gathered round
From Parthia, Libya, Rome,
For each ear heard the praise of God
In the dear tongue of home.

That mighty wind is silent now,
Those fires not seen to-day;
But that great gift our Master gave
Shall never pass away.

O greatest Teacher, surest Guide,
True Comforter, be here!
Make all Thy children feel and know
That Thou indeed art near! Amen.

138.—Dundee. C.M. Scotch Psalter. 1615.



"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty rushing wind."

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His Feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud;

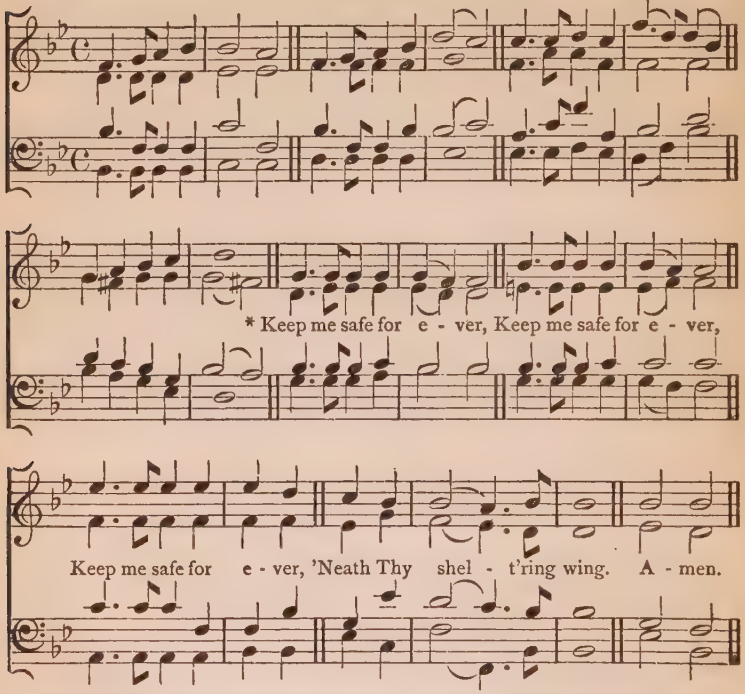
So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

HYMNS TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

139.—BROOKBORO. 6.5.6.5.6.5. SIR ROBERT STEWART.



" The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."

GOD Almighty, FATHER,
Who of all art King,
Who hast made, and guardest,
Every living thing,
Keep me safe for ever,
'Neath Thy sheltering Wing.

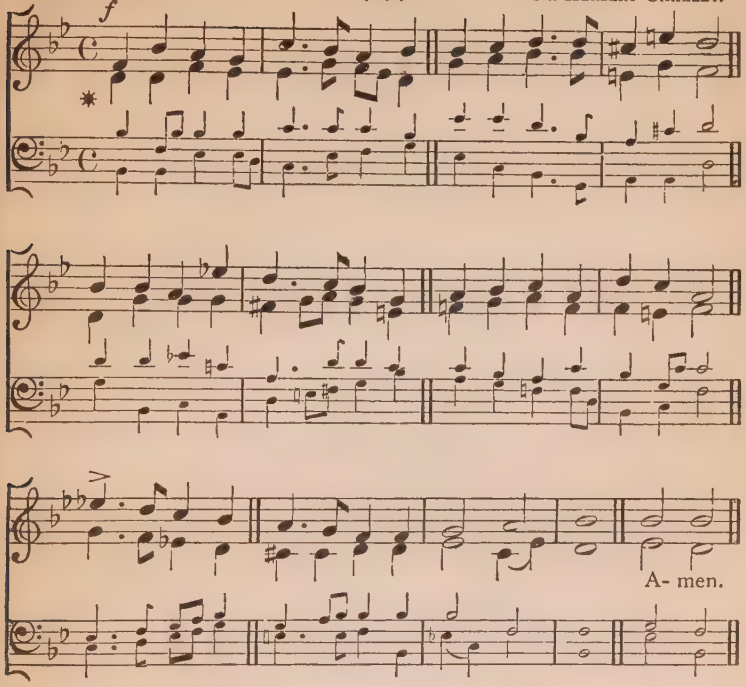
GOD and Man, CHRIST JESUS,
Saviour great and good,
Who for my salvation
Spared not Thy Blood,
Make me live, Lord JESUS,
As Thy children should.

GOD the Holy SPIRIT,
Pure, most pure Thou art,
Be Thou ever with me,
Dwell within my heart;
Bid all thought of evil
Far from me depart.

TRINITY most Holy,
FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
ONE in THREE for ever
Ever THREE in ONE!
May I praise Thee alway
When this life is done. Amen.

* The 5th line in each verse to be repeated in the same way.

140.—Fides. 8.7.4.7. Sir Herbert Oakeley.



"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

GOD Almighty, in Thy Temple
Low before Thy Throne we bow,
From Thy dwelling-place in glory
Hear our supplications now,
While we offer
Earnest prayer and solemn vow.

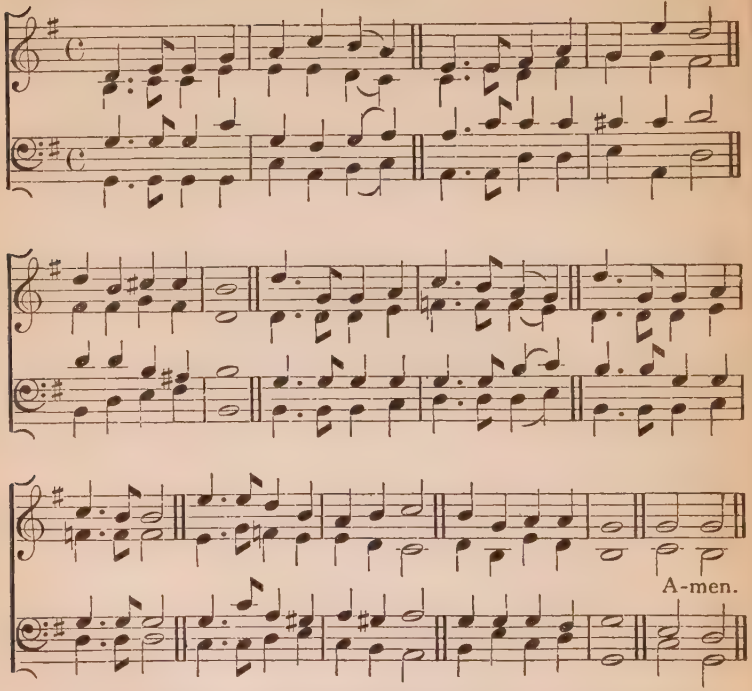
CHRIST our Saviour, Thou who carest
For the youngest of Thy fold,
Give us now Thy heavenly blessing,
As Thou didst in days of old,
Priceless treasure,
Richer far than gems or gold.

GOD the Holy GHOST, be near us,
Ever dwell our hearts within;
Keep them pure, and brave, and earnest,
Give us grace to conquer sin,
And, through JESUS,
Heaven's eternal crown to win.

Holy TRINITY, defend us
In a world with evil rife,
Let Thine angel-guards surround us,
In each sore and bitter strife,
Oh, preserve us
Unto everlasting life! Amen.

* The two upper parts are constructed so that they may be sung as a Choral Duet independently of, or with, Tenor and Bass.

141.—San Remo. 7.7.5.7.7.7.5. Edward W. Barber.



"The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."

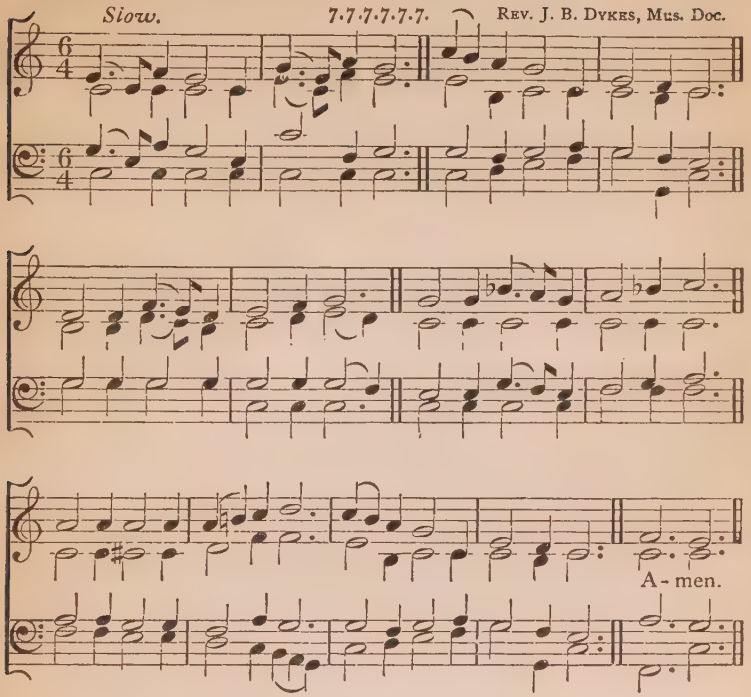
GREAT Creator, Lord of all,
Father, Friend, on Thee we call,
Hear Thy children's prayer.
Guard us, rule us, as is best,
With Thy loving favour blest,
Till we reach Thy home of rest,
And are with Thee there.

Jesu, Who for man didst die,
Who dost plead Thy death on high,
And our place prepare,
From sin's bondage set us free,
Lead us onward after Thee,
Till with joy Thy Face we see,
And thy likeness wear.

Holy Spirit, Life, and Light,
Wisdom, Pureness, Love, and Might,
Fallen souls restore;
Guide our Spirits when we pray,
Cheer us, help us on our way,
Make us holier day by day,
Till we sin no more.

Ever blessed Three in One
May Thy will in us be done,
Show in us Thy love;
Keep us Thine while here below,
Make us in Thy grace to grow,
And at last Thy glory know
In the world above. Amen.

142.—Child's Book of Praise, No. 11.



"This God is our God for ever and ever."

REVERENTLY we worship Thee,
High and Holy Trinity!
One in Three and Three in One,
Seated on Thy heavenly Throne;
Thanks and praise to Thee we pay,
Who art God and Lord for aye.

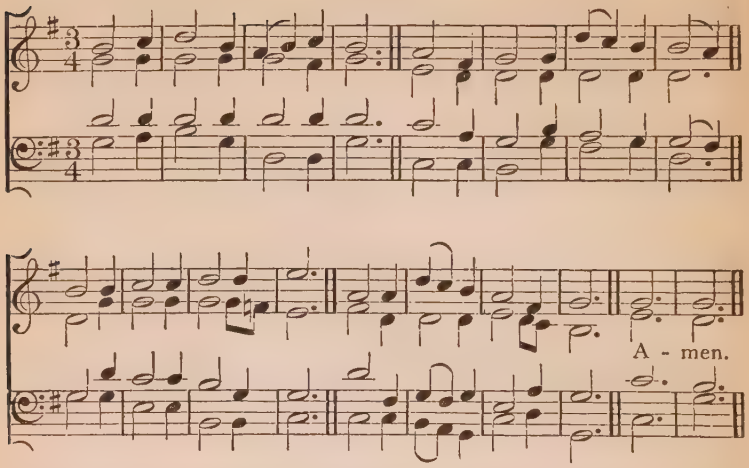
Day and night unceasing praise
All the hosts of heaven upraise;
Saints, their life of trial past,
Crowns of gold before Thee cast;
All things cry, with one accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!

Holy Father, Who in love
Sentest Jesus from above;
Very man, yet God the Son,
Who for us hast glory won.
Holy Ghost, our Life and Light,
We to bless Thy Name unite.

Wondrous is the mystery
Of the Holy Trinity;
Not the angels bright, who stand
Near the Throne at God's Right Hand,
Deepest secrets can declare
Which our God hath hidden there.

Only this, O Lord, we know,
'Tis from thence all blessings flow;
We, who see not, may adore,
We may love Thee more and more,
Praising, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

143.—ORILLIA. 7.7.7.7. S. D. ROUTH.



"*Of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to Whom be glory for ever. Amen.*"

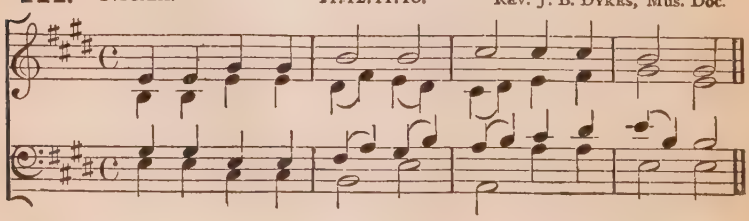
GLORY to the FATHER give!
GOD in Whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight His Ear.

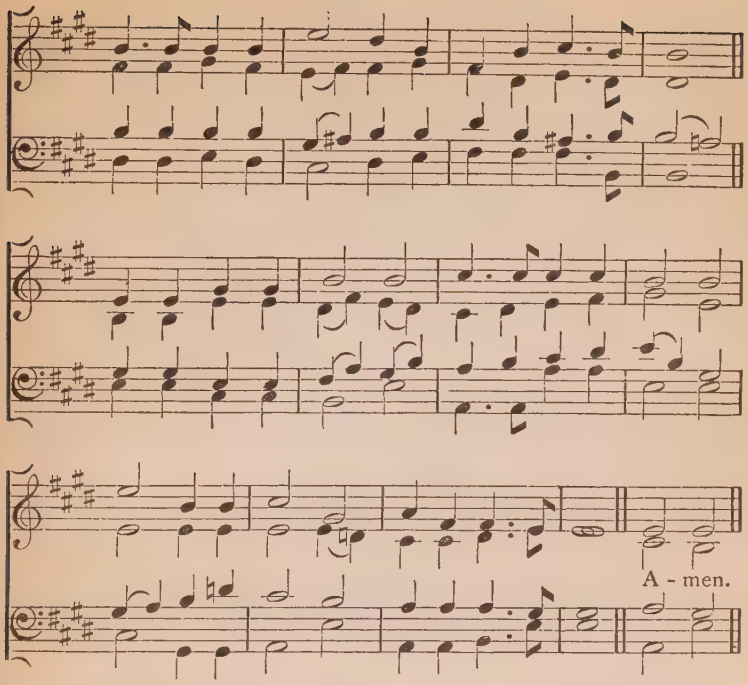
Glory to The SON we bring,
CHRIST our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

Glory to The HOLY GHOST,
Who reclaims the sinner lost:
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire!

Glory in the highest be
To the Blessèd TRINITY,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that GOD is Love. Amen.

144.—NICÆA. 11.12.11.10. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.





" They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to come."

HOLY, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
GOD in THREE PERSONS, Blessed TRINITY!

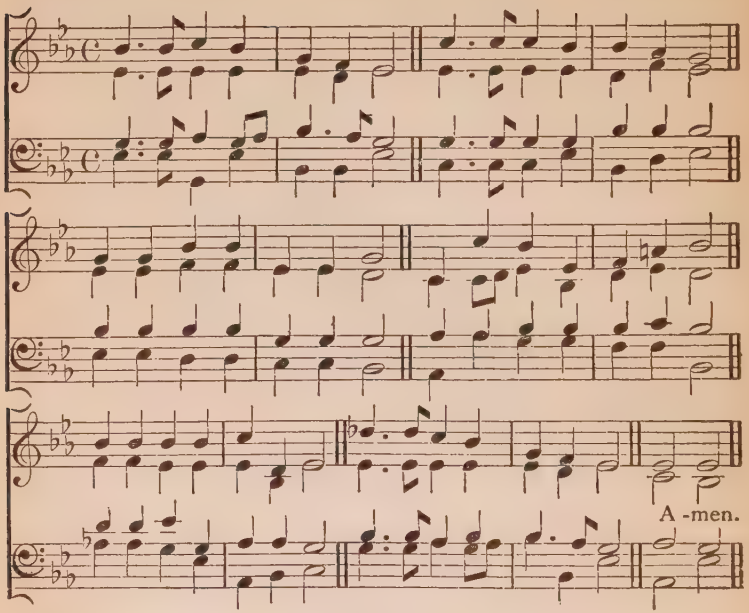
Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
GOD in THREE PERSONS, Blessed TRINITY. Amen.

GENERAL HYMNS.

145.—ALL IN ALL. 7.7.7.7.7.7. PROF. W. H. MONK.



"Christ is All, and in all."

GOD the FATHER's only SON,
Yet with Him in Glory One,
One in wisdom, One in might,
Absolute and Infinite:
JESU! I believe in Thee,
Thou art Lord and GOD to me.

Preacher of eternal peace,
CHRIST, anointed to release,
Setting wide the dungeon door,
Unto sinners chained before:
JESU! I believe in Thee,
Prophet sent from GOD to me.

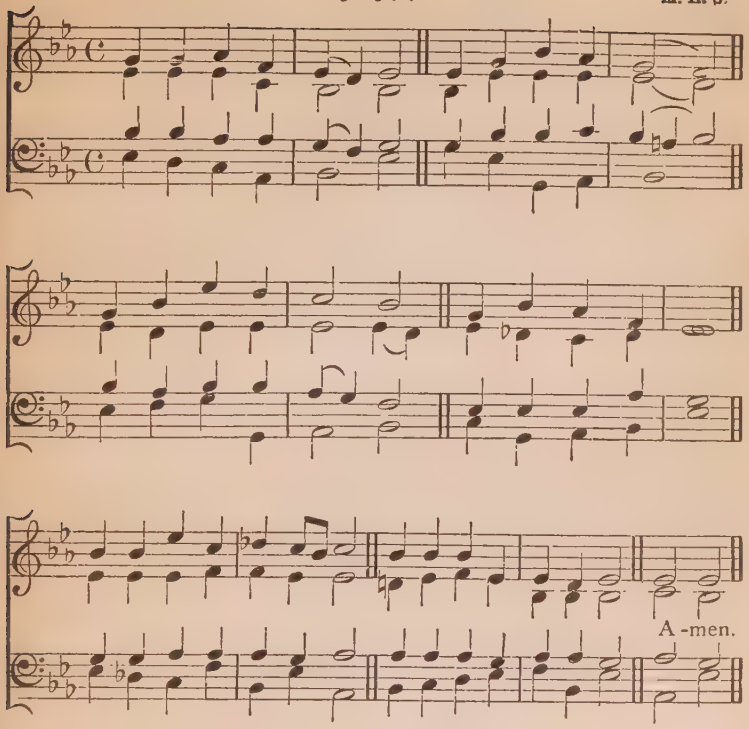
Low in sad Gethsemane,
High on dreadful Calvary,
In the garden, on the Cross,
Making good our utter loss:
JESU! I believe in Thee,
Priest and Sacrifice for me.

Ruler of Thy ransomed race,
And Protector by Thy grace,
Leader in the way we wend,
And Rewarder at the end:
JESU! I believe in Thee,
CHRIST, the King of kings to me.

Light revealed through clouds of pain,
That the blind might see again;
Love, content in death to lie,
That the dead might never die:
JESU! I believe in Thee,
Light, and Love, and Life to me.

All that I am fain to know
While I watch and wait below;
All that I would find above,
All of everlasting love:
JESU! I believe in Thee,
Thou art All in all to me. Amen.

146.—EUROPA. 6.5.6.5.7.7. M. A. S.



"Perfect love casteth out fear."

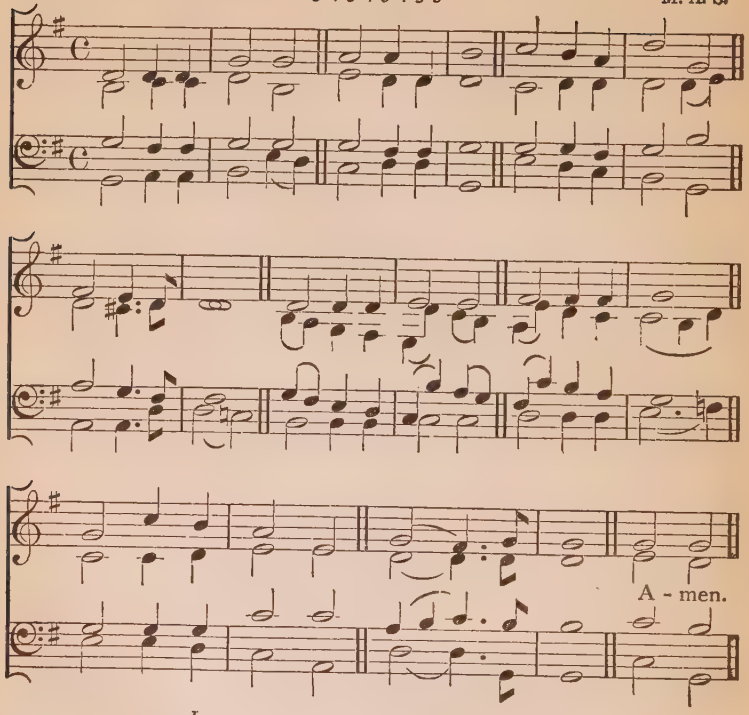
O MY GOD, I fear Thee!
Thou art very high,
Yet to us Thy children
Thou art always nigh,
Far removed from mortal sight,
Dwelling in eternal light.

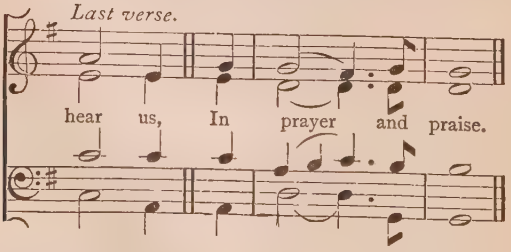
O my GOD, I fear Thee!
Yet I come in prayer,
For my Saviour tells me
I need not despair;
Tells me of a FATHER'S love,
And a home prepared above.

Never earthly father
Loveth like to Thee;
Thou dost guide and pardon
Guilty ones like me;
Sending down Thy Holy SON
That all sinners might be won.

O my GOD, I fear Thee!
Holy, just, and true,
But, my heavenly FATHER,
I will love Thee too;
Guide me till this life be past,
Take me to Thyself at last. Amen.

147.—St. Cecilia New. 5·4·5·4·5·4·5·3. M. A. S.





"Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer."

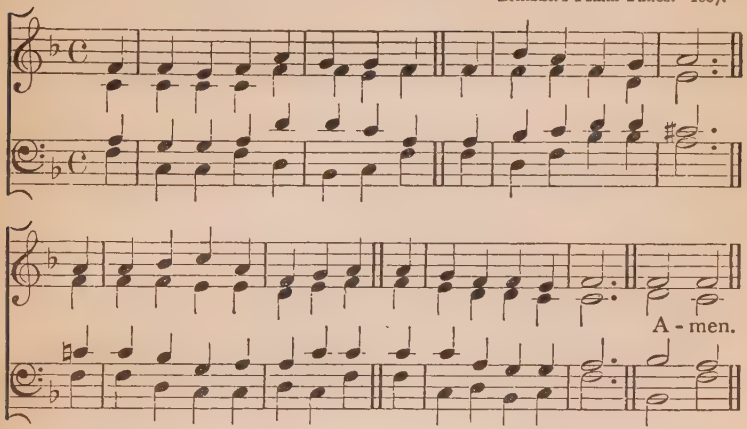
MAKER of all things,
Author of light,
King over all kings,
Matchless in might.

Lord, ever near us,
Teach us Thy way;
Hear us! oh, hear us
When we pray!

Mercies unceasing
Flow unto us;
Praises and blessing
We offer thus.
LORD, ever near us,
Teach us Thy way;
Hear us! oh, hear us
When we pray!

On Thee depending,
Grant us to be,
In bliss unending,
FATHER, with Thee.
LORD, ever near us,
Giver of grace,
Hear us! oh, hear us
In prayer and praise! Amen.

148.—ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. BARBER'S Psalm Tunes. 1687.



"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of GOD, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How GOD Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

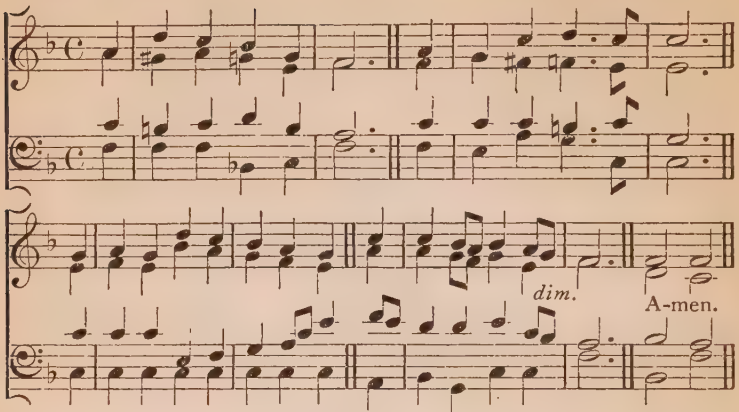
The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy SPIRIT'S viewless way.

Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

149.—ANTIOCHIA. S.M. PHILIP ARMES, Mus. Doc.



"Great is the glory of the Lord."

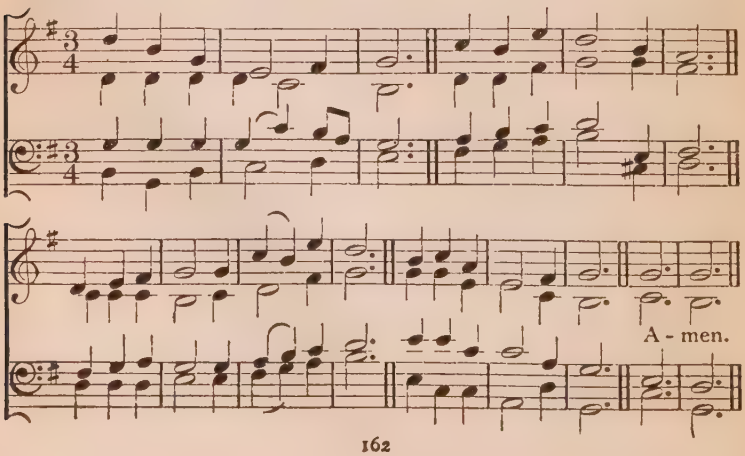
THY glory fills the Heaven,
O King of boundless might,
The blessèd Angels praise Thee there,
All clad in robes of light.

Thy glory fills the earth,
The sun, the stars, the sky;
All speak of the eternal King
Who lives and rules on high.

Thy glory fills the Church,
JESUS came forth from Thee
To purchase her with His own Blood,
For ever Thine to be.

Yet dost Thou deign, O LORD,
Midst all the glory given,
To let our infant voices reach
Thee on Thy Throne in Heaven. Amen.

150.—NORTON. S M. H. A. CALLOW.



"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

JESUS, what once Thou wast,
For evermore Thou art;
Each moment of the sacred past
Lives in Thy sacred Heart.

Thy yesterday on earth,
And Thy to-day above,
Thy Godhead, manhood, death and birth,
One through eternal love.

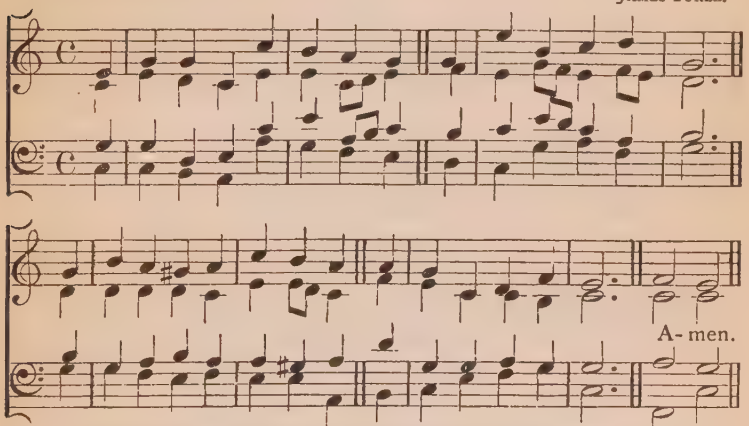
Babe that a mother bore,
Child on a mother's knee,
Child for the children evermore
The childlike only see.

Pierced on the Cross of old,
We yet those Wounds may greet;
Hear Thy "come hither and behold
My pierced Hands and Feet."

The Lamb of GOD below,
Mute 'neath the mortal pain;
Still on the Throne the Lamb we know,
Still as it had been slain.

Yea, all Thou ever wast,
For evermore Thou art;
Each moment of the living past
Lives in Thy loving Heart. Amen.

151.—WESTMINSTER. C.M. JAMES TURLE.



"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, Whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."

MY GOD, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting LORD,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

Oh, how I fear Thee, living GOD,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

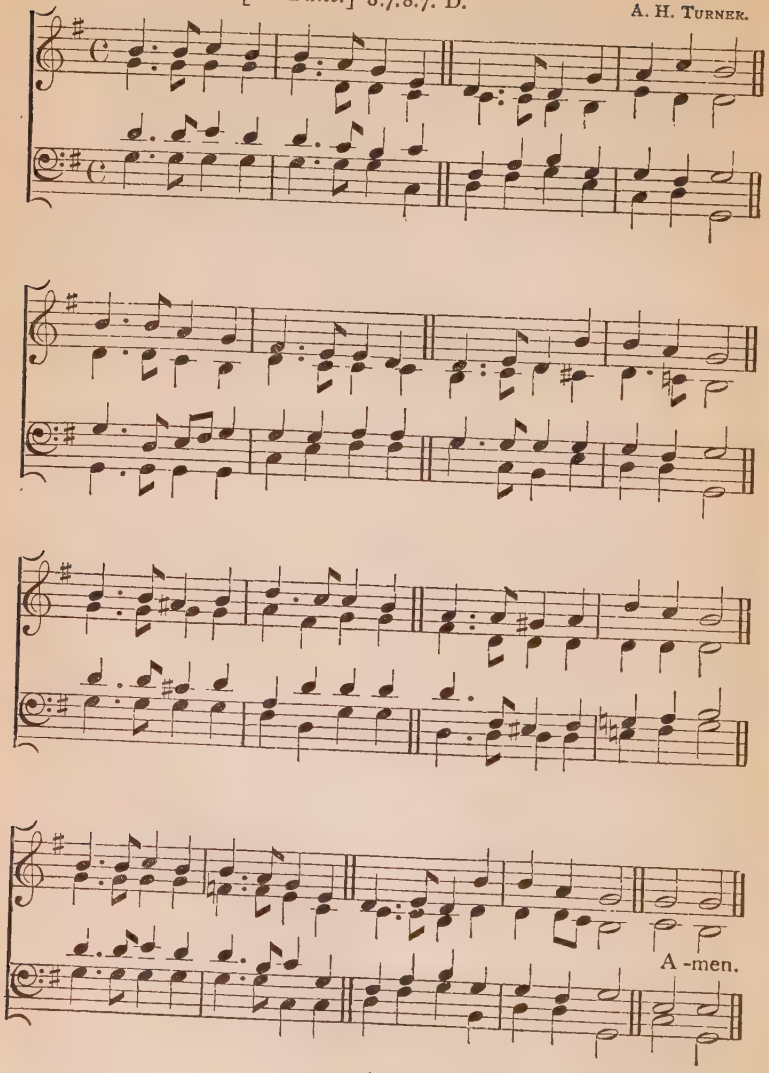
Yet I may love Thee too, O LORD,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

FATHER of JESUS, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee. Amen.

152.—HILGROVE. [*1st Tune.*] 8.7.8.7. D.

A. H. TURNER.



"The Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour."

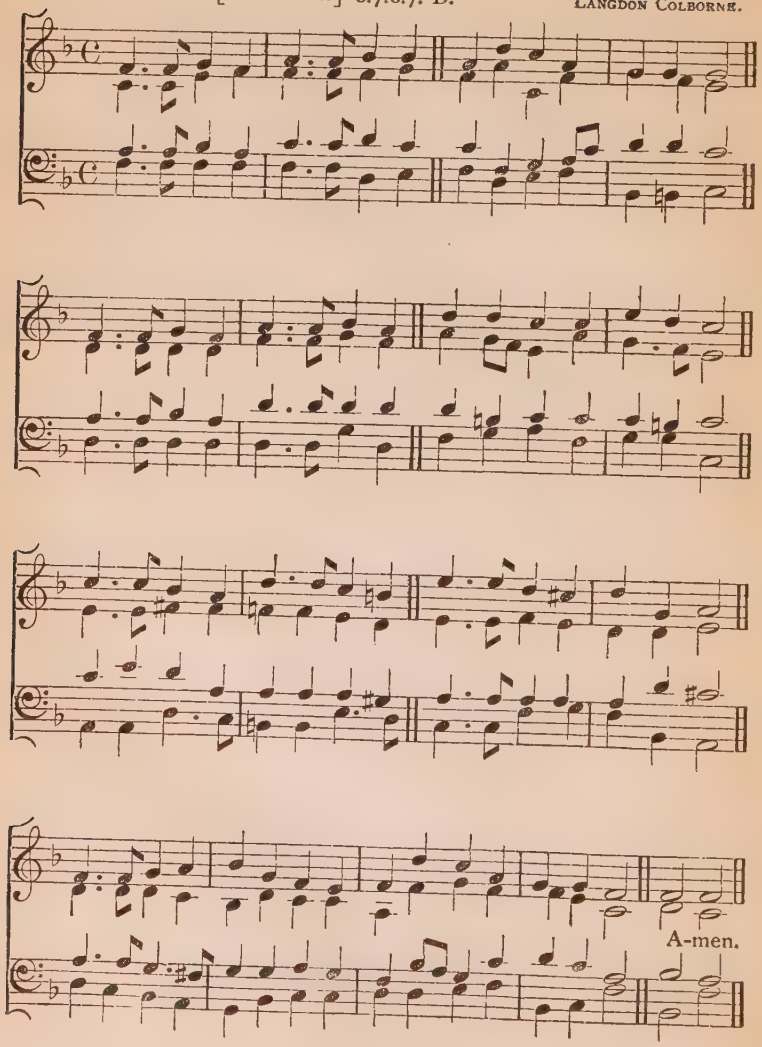
WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is GOD from everlasting,
And to everlasting, GOD.

Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our GOD, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

Who is this? behold Him shedding
Drops of Blood upon the ground.
Who is this? despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our GOD, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His Throne.

Who is that that hangeth dying
While the rude world scoffs and scorns?
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails and crowned with thorns?
'Tis the GOD Who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high;
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly. Amen.

152.—Colwyn. [*2nd Tune.*] 8.7.8.7. D. Langdon Colborne.



"The Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour."

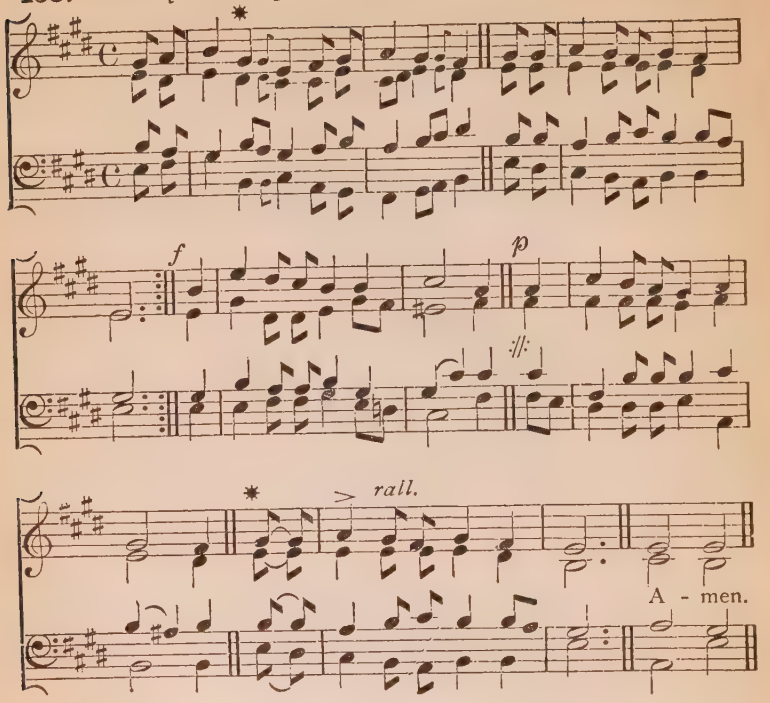
WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is GOD from everlasting,
And to everlasting, GOD.

Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our GOD, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

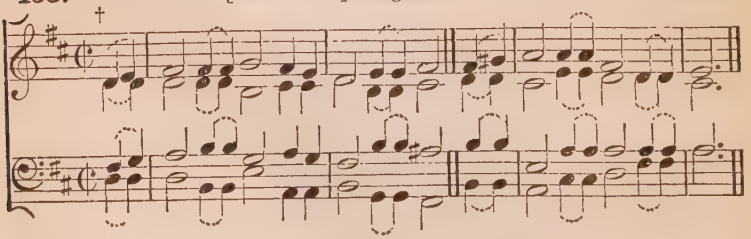
Who is this? behold Him shedding
Drops of Blood upon the ground.
Who is this? despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our GOD, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His Throne.

Who is that that hangeth dying
While the rude world scoffs and scorns?
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails and crowned with thorns?
'Tis the GOD Who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high;
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly. Amen.

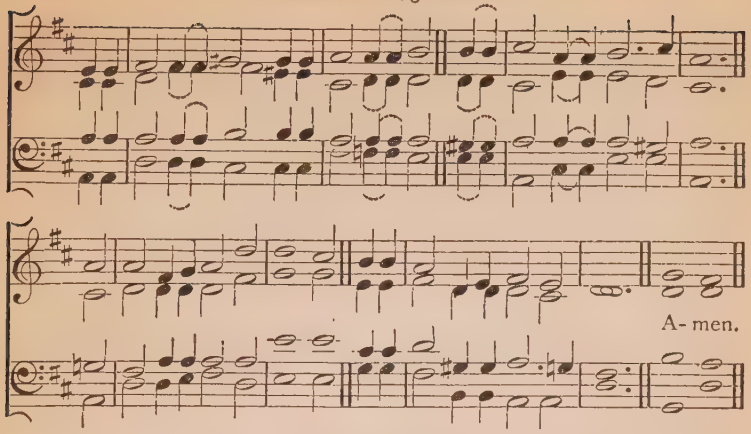
153.—VENI. [*1st Tune.*] Irregular. EMILY S. ELLIOTT.



153.—MARGARET. [*2nd Tune.*] Irregular. REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.



* The quavers and tie to be used as the syllables require.
† The ties and slurs are to be used as the syllables require.



"And yet there is room."

THOU didst leave Thy Throne and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord JESUS,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

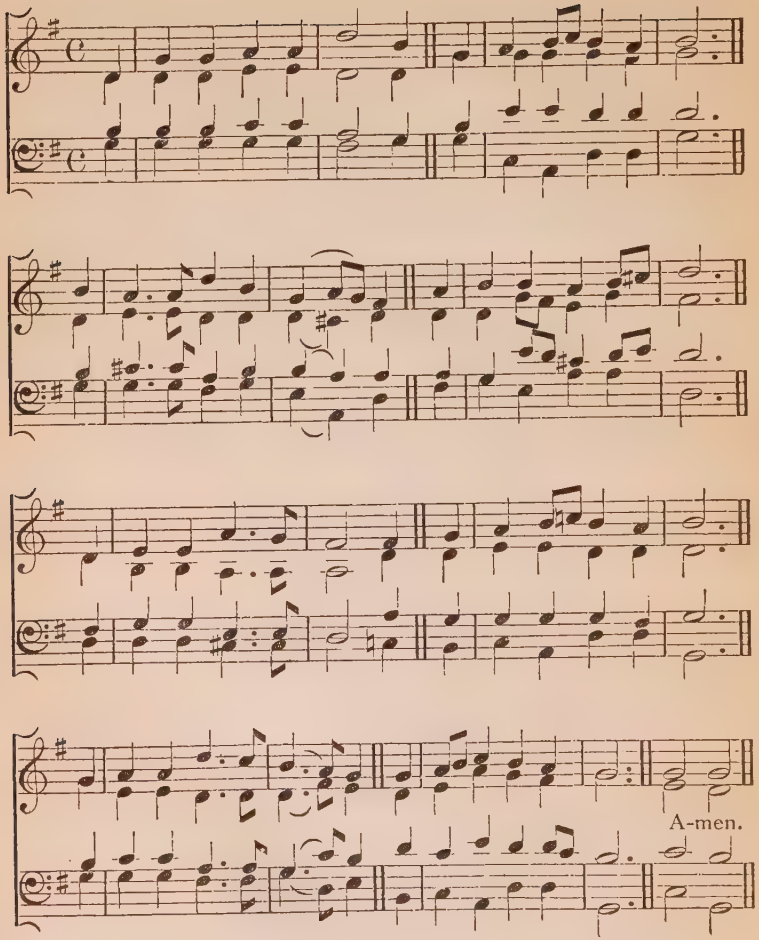
Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord JESUS,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou SON of GOD!
In the deserts of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord JESUS,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord JESUS!
Thy Cross is my only plea.

When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choir shall sing
At Thy coming to victory;
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My Side for thee;"
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord JESUS,
When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.

154.—WESTON. 7.6.7.6. D. M. A. S.



"Ye know the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ."

WE sing a loving JESUS,
Who left His Throne above,
And came on earth to ransom
The children of His love;

It is an oft-told story,
And yet we love to tell
How CHRIST, the King of glory,
Once deigned with man to dwell.

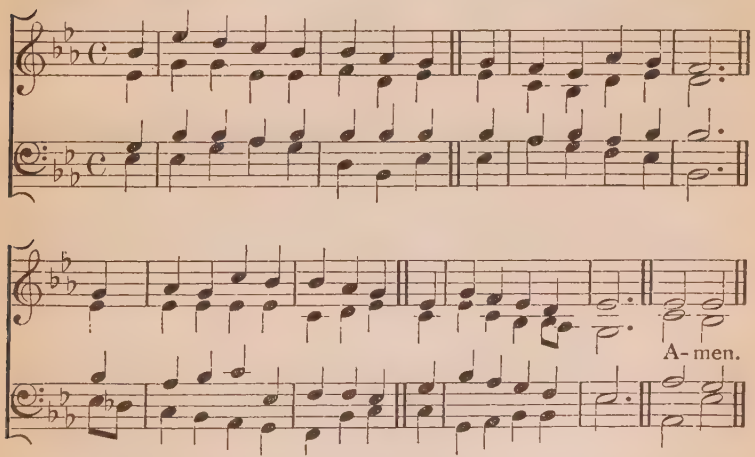
We sing a holy JESUS,
No taint of sin defiled
The Babe of David's city,
The pure and stainless Child;
Oh, teach us, blessed Saviour,
Thy heavenly grace to seek,
And let our whole behaviour,
Like Thine, be mild and meek.

We sing a lowly JESUS,
No kingly crown He had;
His Heart was bowed with anguish,
His Face was marred and sad;
In deep humiliation
He came, His work to do,
O Lord of our salvation,
Let us be humble too.

We sing a mighty JESUS,
Whose Voice could raise the dead;
The sightless eyes He opened,
The famished souls He fed.
Thou camest to deliver
Mankind from sin and shame;
Redeemer and Life-giver,
We praise Thy holy Name.

We sing a coming JESUS,
The time is drawing near,
When CHRIST with all His angels
In glory shall appear:
Lord, save us, we entreat Thee,
In this Thy day of grace,
That we may gladly meet Thee,
And see Thee face to face. Amen.

155.—ST. PETER. C.M. A. REINAGLE.



"Unto you which believe He is precious."

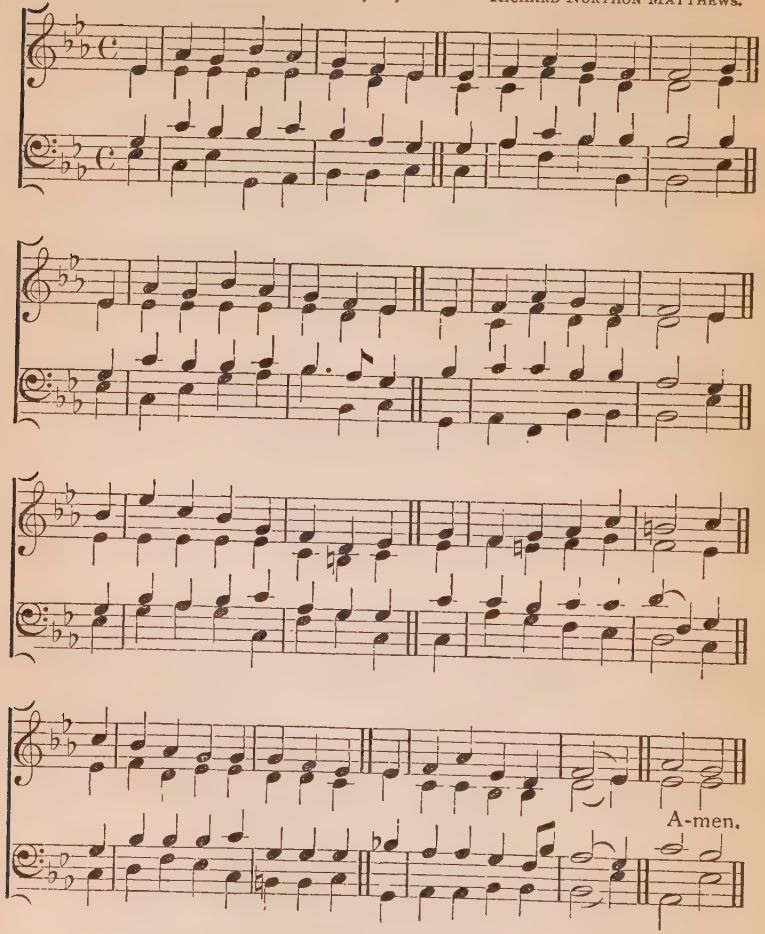
HOW sweet the Name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

JESUS! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,
Accept the praise I bring. Amen.

156.—GERTRUDE. 8.7.8.7. D. RICHARD NORTHON MATTHEWS.



"A Name which is above every name."

THERE is no Name so sweet on earth,
No Name so dear in heaven,
As that before His wondrous birth
To CHRIST the Saviour given.

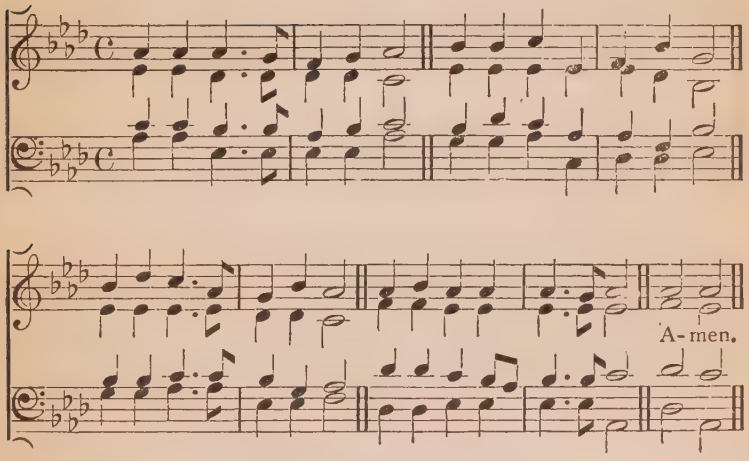
We love to sing unto our King,
And hail Him blessèd JESUS!
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet, as JESUS!

'Twas Gabriel first that did proclaim
To His most blessèd Mother
That Name which now and evermore
We praise above all other.
We love to sing, &c.

And when He hung upon the Cross,
They wrote this Name above Him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.
We love to sing, &c.

So now upon His FATHER'S throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He ever reigns
The Prince and Saviour JESUS!
We love to sing, &c.

157.—ST. BEES. 7.7.7.7. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.



"Lovest thou Me."

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His Word;
JESUS speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bear?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

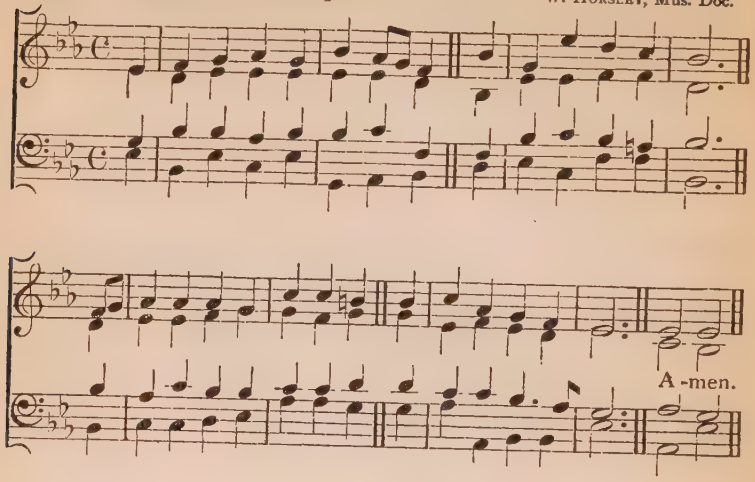
"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My Throne shall be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh, for grace to love Thee more. Amen.

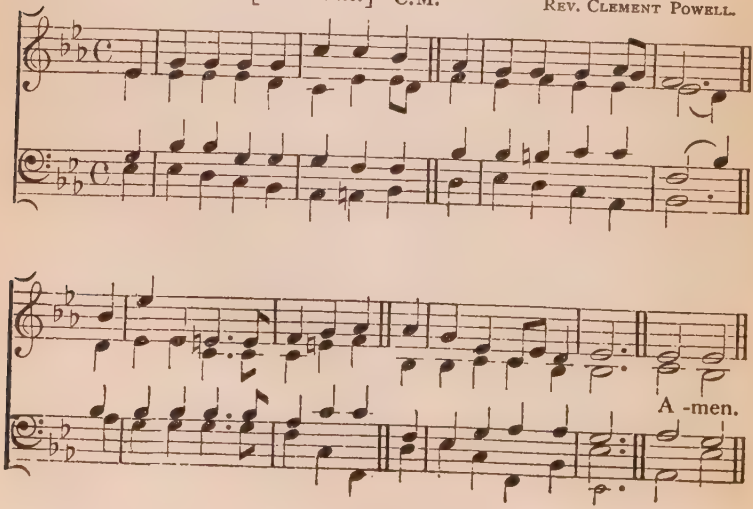
158.—HORSLEY. [*1st Tune.*] C.M.

W. HORSLEY, Mus. Doc.



158.—NEWDIGATE. [*2nd Tune.*] C.M.

REV. CLEMENT POWELL.



"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

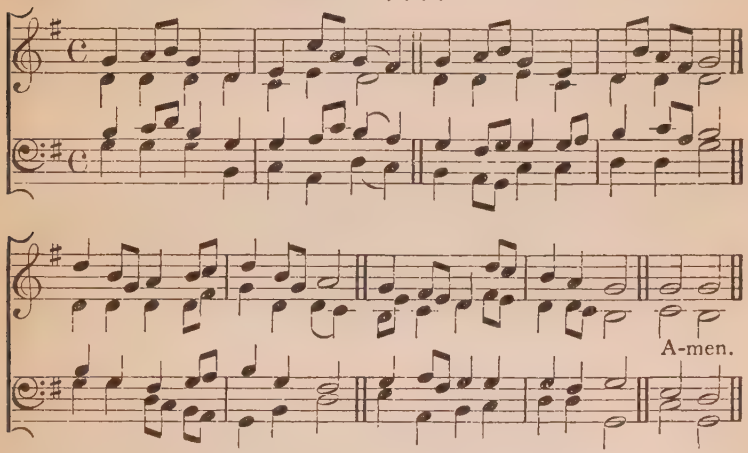
We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

159.—St. Helen or Harwich. 7.7.7.7.



"Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor."

CHRIST is merciful and mild;
He was once a little Child;
He whom heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.

Thus He laid His glory by,
When for us He stooped to die:
How I wonder when I see
His unbounded love to me!

He the sick to health restored,
To the poor He preached the Word;
Even children had a share
Of His love and tender care.

Every bird can build its nest,
Foxes have their place of rest;
He by Whom the world was made
Had not where to lay His head.

He Who is the Lord most high
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity. Amen.

160.—HOLLINGSIDE. 7.7.7.7. D. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.

"A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest."

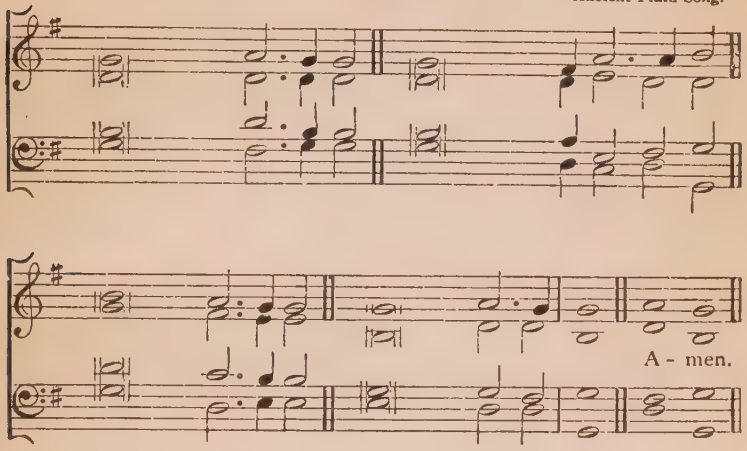
JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy Wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

161.—JAM LUCIS. L.M. Ancient Plain Song.



"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

IT is a thing most wònderful,
Almost too wonderfùl to be,
That GOD'S Own SON should còme from heaven,
And die to save a chìld like me.

And yet I know that ìt is true;
He came to this poor wòrld below,
And wept and toiled, and moùrned and died,
Only because He lòved us so.

I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and fùll of sin:
His love must be most wònderful,
If He could die my lòve to win.

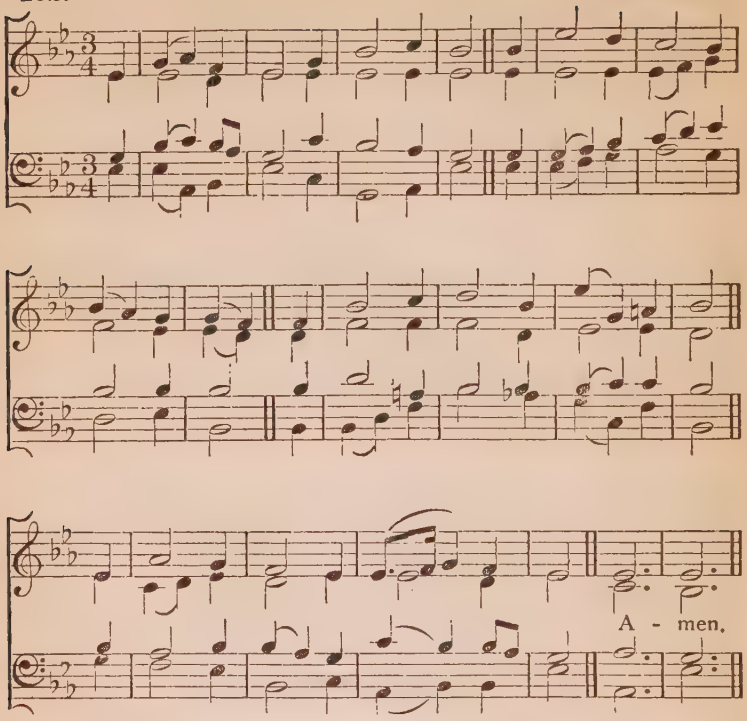
I sometimes think abòut the Cross,
And shut my eyes, and trỳ to see
The cruèl nails and cròwn of thorns,
And JESUS crucifièd for me.

But even could I seè Him die,
I could but see a lìttle part
Of that great love which, like a fire
Is always burning in His Heart.

It is most wonderfùl to know
His love for me so freè and sure;
But 'tis more wonderfùl to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to lòve Thee, Lord!
Oh, light the flame within my heart!
And I will love Thee mòre and more.
Until I see Thee às Thou art. Amen.

162.—ROCKINGHAM. L.M. DR. MILLER.



"He was manifested to take away our sins."

BEYOND the holy city wall
They set the cruel Cross on high,
Where the dear Lord, Who saved us all,
Did hang in pain, and bleed, and die.

The Hands that touched the blind to sight,
That gave the sick man strength anew,
That raised the dead to life and light,
Were pierced and wounded through and through.

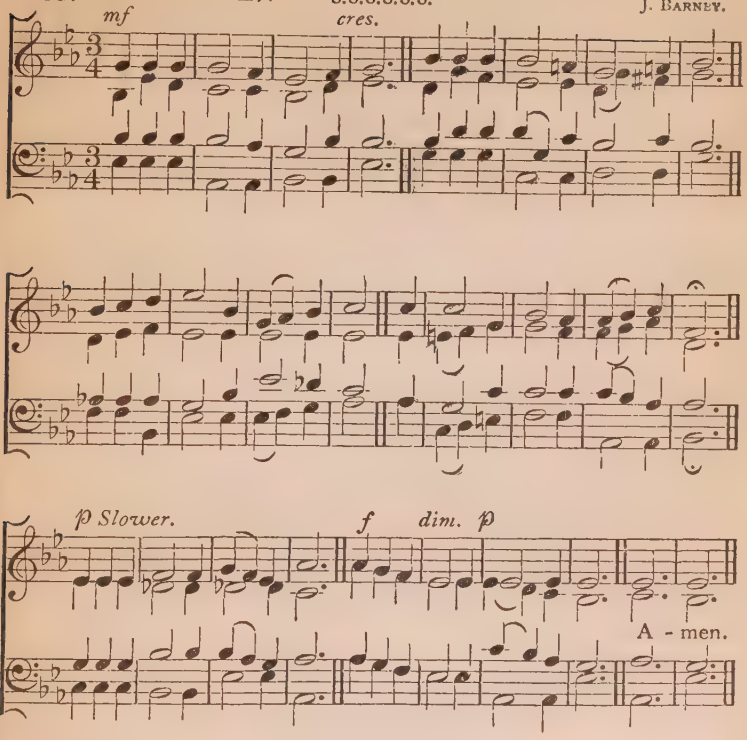
The Feet that walked the stormy sea,
That ever turned at sorrow's prayer,
By sharp nails fastened to the Tree,
Hung torn and hurt and bleeding there.

Since GOD'S own SON must suffer thus,
Our souls from Satan's grasp to win;
Since only He could ransom us,
Oh, what a fearful thing is sin!

How can we yield to Satan's power,
And let our sinful passions reign,
When hearing of that awful hour,
And thinking of our Saviour's pain?

Oh, by Thy griefs that dreadful day,
Dear Lord, and by Thy precious Blood,
Wash all our guilty stains away,
And make Thy sinful children good!
Amen.

163.—Barnby in Eb. 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. Barney.



"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee."

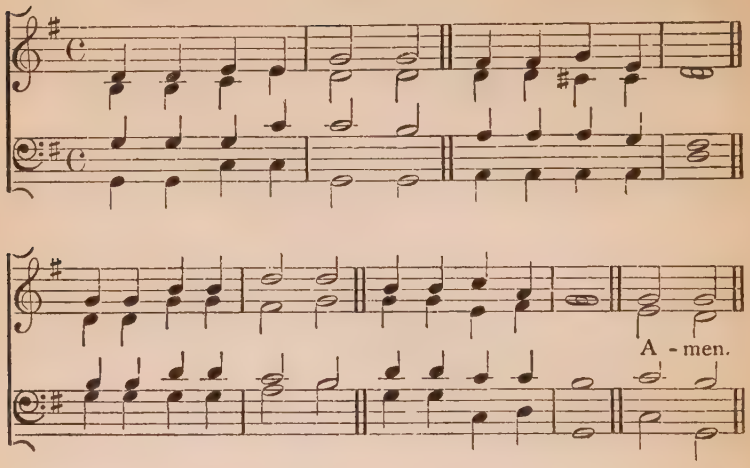
JESU, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, Blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace:
JESU, my Lord, I Thee adore,
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

JESU, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
JESU, my Lord, &c.

JESU, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
JESU, my Lord, &c.

JESU, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:
JESU, my Lord, I Thee adore,
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.
Amen.

164.—North Coates. 6.5.6.5. Rev. T. R. Matthews.



" Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me."

JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

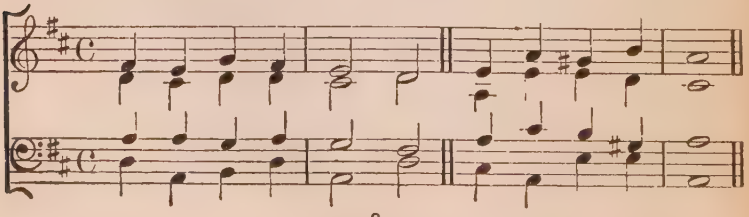
Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

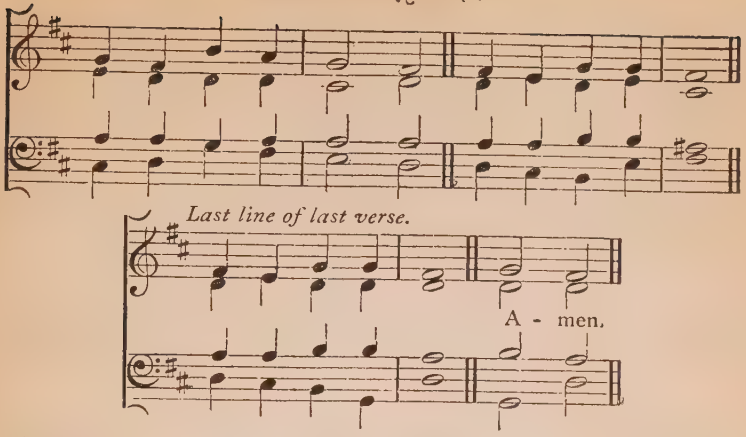
We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray:
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away:

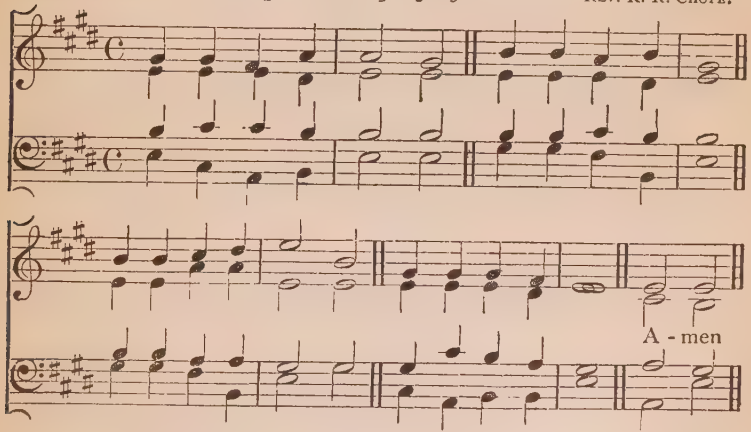
Then, when Thou dost call us
To our heavenly home,
We shall gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come. Amen.

165.—St. Constantine. [*1st Tune.*] 6.5.6.5. Prof. W. H. Monk.





165.—St. Lambert. [*2nd Tune.*] 6.5.6.5. Rev. R. R. Chope.



" Lord, save us."

JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high;
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

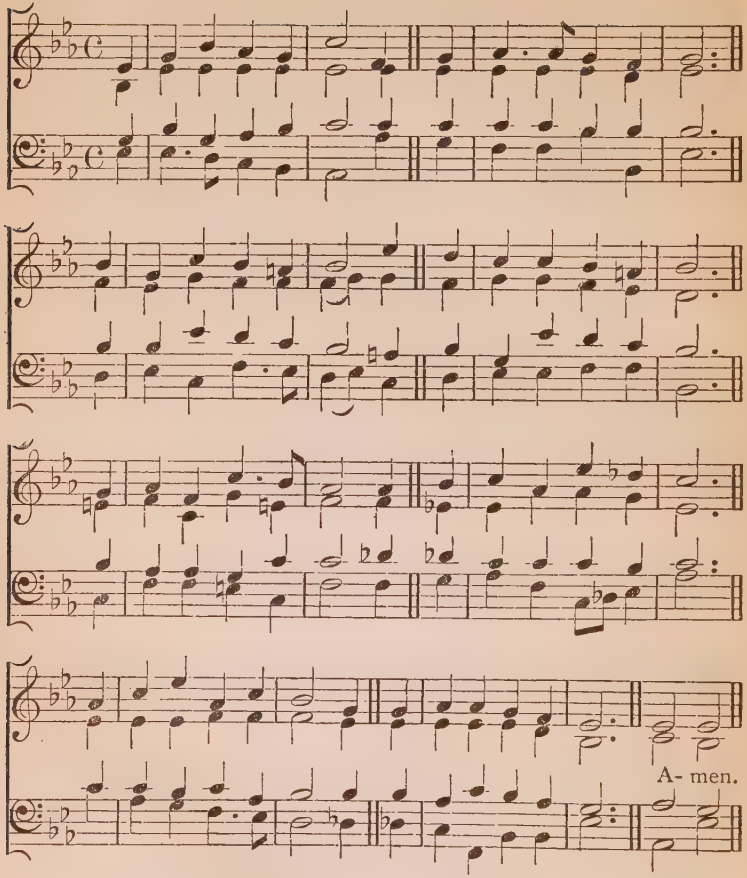
Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way,
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

166.—PATIENCE. 7.6.7.6. D. HENRY SMART.



"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."

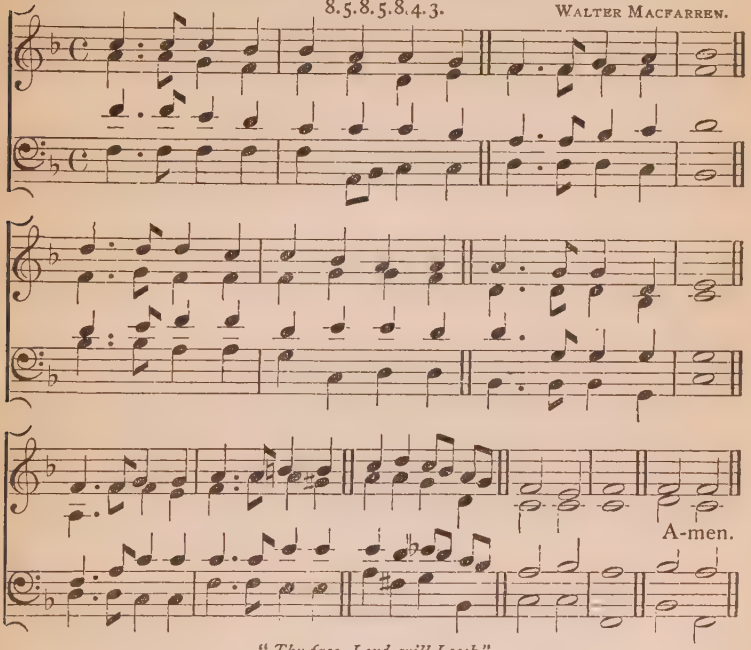
O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us
To keep Him standing there!

O JESU, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that Hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
And tears Thy Face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"

O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more. Amen.

167.—Lord, Thy children lowly bending.



"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

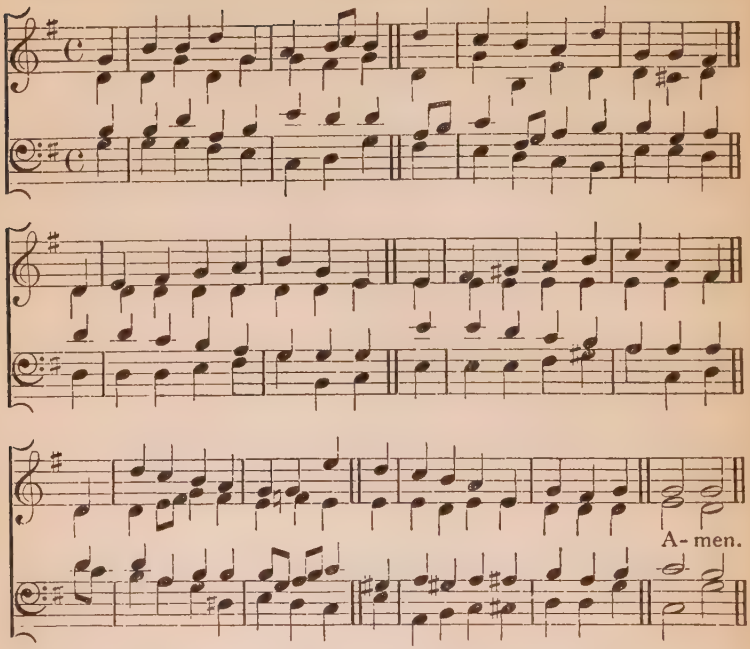
LORD, Thy children lowly bending,
Bow before Thy Throne;
Praise from youthful lips ascending
Wilt Thou deign to own?
Wilt Thou hear us while we bless Thee,
And confess Thee
God alone?

While the heavens declare Thy glory
To the listening earth,
While the angels sing the story
Of creation's birth,
Wilt Thou hear our child-notes swelling,
Gladly telling
Jesus' worth?

Yes, Thou wilt; for Thou dost love us,
Cam'st for us to die;
Bending from Thy Throne above us,
With a pitying Eye,
Well we know that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us
When we cry.

Then our humble praises bringing,
We will seek Thy Face;
Hymns with grateful voices singing,
In this hallowed place.
We will dare to come before Thee,
And adore Thee,
Lord of grace! Amen.

168.—BICKLEY. 8.8.8.8.8.8. PROF. W. H. MONK.



"In Him was life, and the Life was the light of men."

O LIGHT, Whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day!
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray:
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

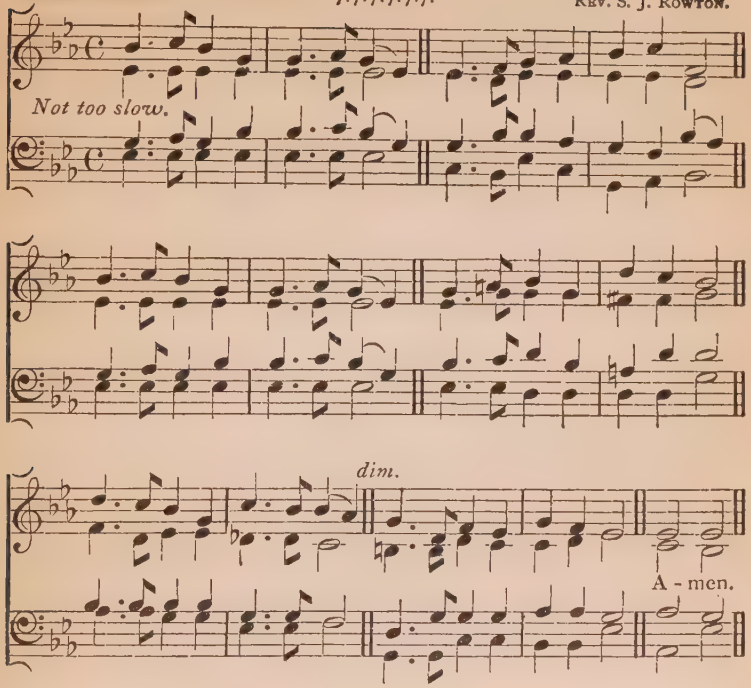
O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow!
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek!
To Thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek:
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint;
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O JESU, born mankind to save!
Give Thou our peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead. Amen.

169.—EPSOM COLLEGE. 7.7.7.7.7.7. REV. S. J. ROWTON.



"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."

SAVIOUR, we are young and weak,
Yet we have a race to run,
Glorious is the crown we seek,
Hard the fight that must be won;
Lest we faint, and lest we flee,
Keep us ever near to Thee.

Many are our foes and strong,
Foes without, and fears within,
Great temptations to go wrong,
And an evil heart of sin;
We shall surely conquered be
If we keep not near to Thee.

When the dark and cloudy day
Comes to bow our hearts in grief,
Earthly comforts pass away,
Earthly hopes give no relief;
To Thy Bosom we will flee,
Clinging ever near to Thee.

When the hour of death draws near,
Fails our trembling flesh and heart,
Yet no evil we will fear,
Calmly waiting to depart,
If amid the gloom we see
That we still are near to Thee.

Then the prize of victory won,
And the weary contest o'er,
We shall hear the glad "Well done,"
Greet us on the heavenly shore,
And through all eternity,
Evermore be near to Thee. Amen

170.—Seek Me early. 7.6.7.6. D. E. G. Monk, Mus. Doc.

"*Those that seek Me early shall find Me.*"

THOU bid'st us seek Thee early,
And we shall surely find;
We come, oh, blessèd Jesus,
Our Saviour true and kind!

We come in time of gladness,
We come in hours of grief,
With childhood's joys so transient,
With childhood's sorrow brief.

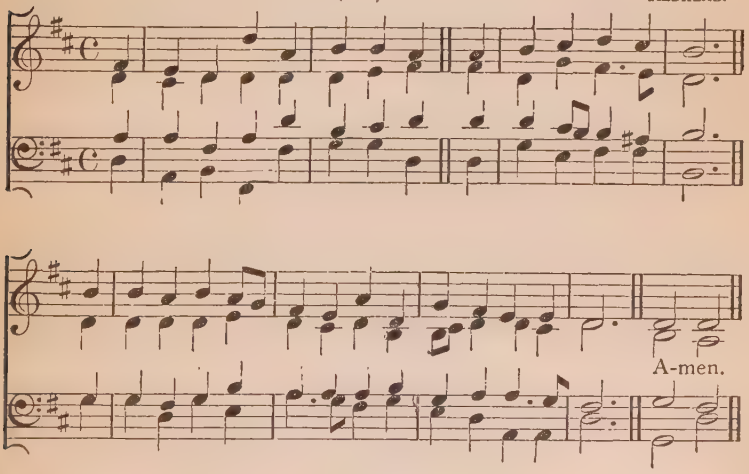
We have not seen the glory
Which Bethlehem's shepherds saw,
Nor heard the midnight anthem
They heard with wondering awe;
In rapturous haste they sought Thee,
The CHRIST so lowly born;
We too would seek Thee early
In life's rejoicing morn.

No gifts have we to bring Thee,
O Saviour, but our love!
Harp notes are ever ringing
To angel-songs above;
Yet will Thou deign to listen
To hymns which children raise,
Though all unskilled our music,
And faint our highest praise.

Lord, give us now Thy SPIRIT;
Grant us Thy constant grace,
Till, having sought Thee early,
At length we see Thy Face;
See Thee in cloudless glory,
The Lamb Who once was slain;
And join the host of ransomed
Who follow in Thy Train. Amen.

171.—METZLER'S REDHEAD. (66.) C.M.

REDHEAD.



"Thy name is as ointment poured forth.'

JESU! the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

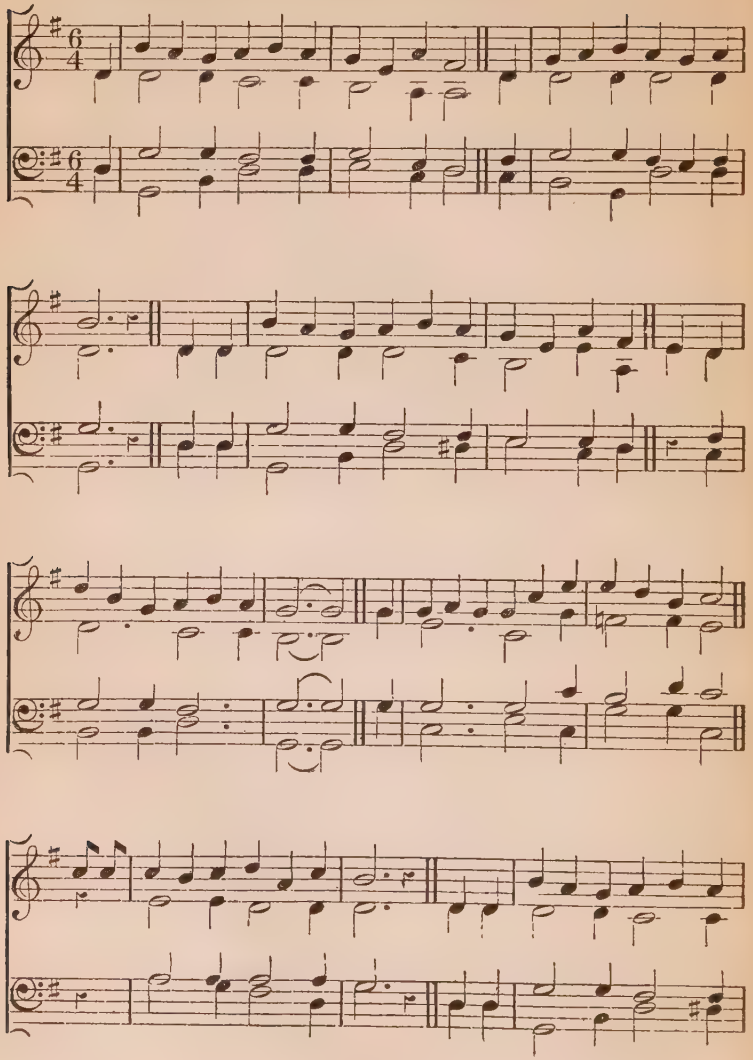
No voice can sing, no heart can frame
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than JESUS' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

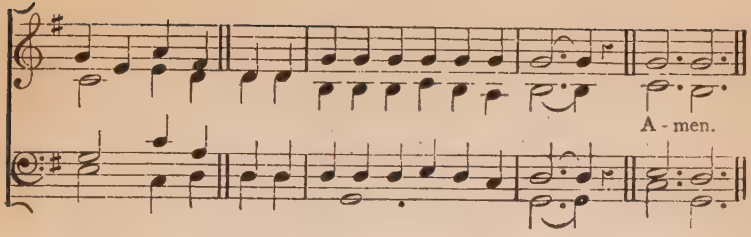
O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of JESUS, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

JESU, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

172.—FERMAIN. [*1st Tune. Two verses in one.*] Irreg. F. G. HUMR.





"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When JESUS was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His Hands had been placed on my head,
That His Arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

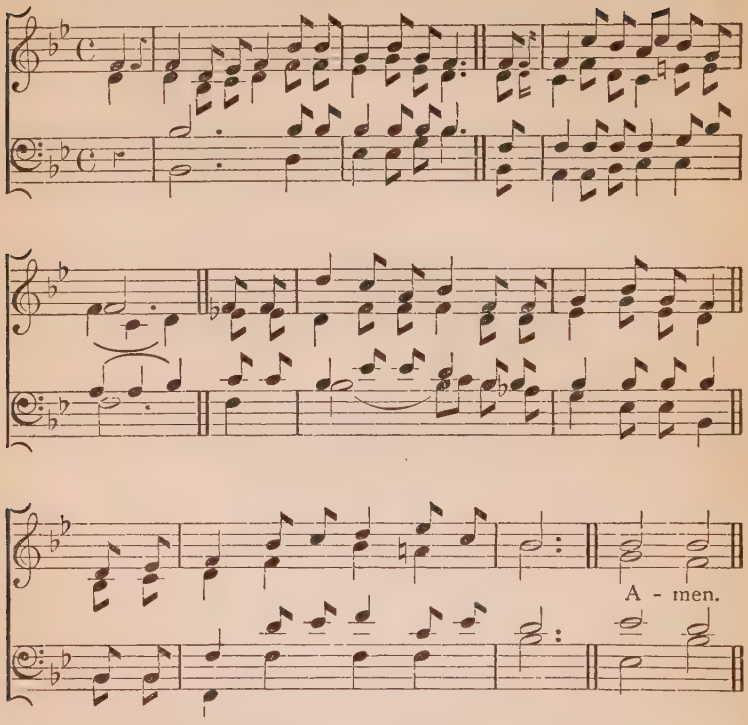
Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never hear of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that JESUS has bid them to come.

I long for that blessèd and glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His Arms and be blest. Amen.

172.—High Stone. [*2nd Tune.*] Irregular. M. A. S.



"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His Hands had been placed on my head,
That His Arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me.'

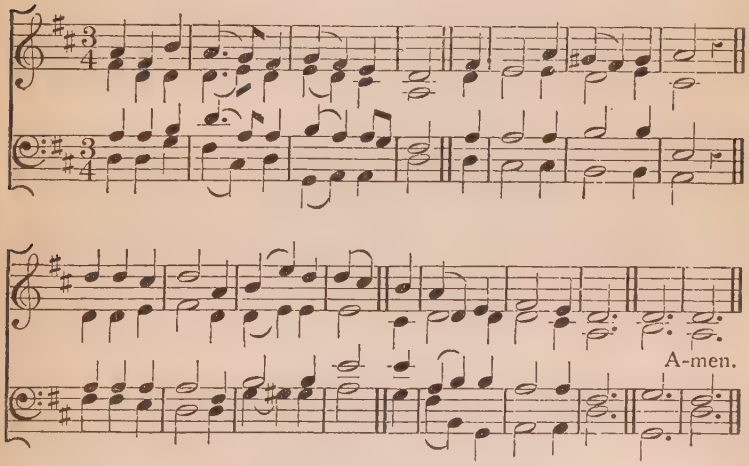
Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never hear of that heavenly home ;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that JESUS has bid them to come.

I long for that blessèd and glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His Arms and be blest. Amen.

173.—CHILDHOOD. C.M. REV. C. J. DICKINSON.



"He made Himself of no reputation."

JESUS was once a little child,
A little child like me ;
Was cradled in His mother's arms,
And sat upon her knee.

Once He was just the age I am,
And was as helpless too ;
He used to sleep, and walk, and speak,
Just as all children do.

And yet, though He was once a Child,
He is the GOD of all ;
And angel hosts before His Throne
In lowly worship fall.

And why was it He chose to be
A Child so poor and weak ?
It was that I might learn from Him
How blessèd are the meek ;

It was that I might learn from Him
My parents to obey,
And, like the Child of Nazareth,
Grow holier every day. Amen.

174.—Bowdler, No. 178. 7.6.7.6. 12 lines. Cyril Bowdler.

"*The love of Christ.*"

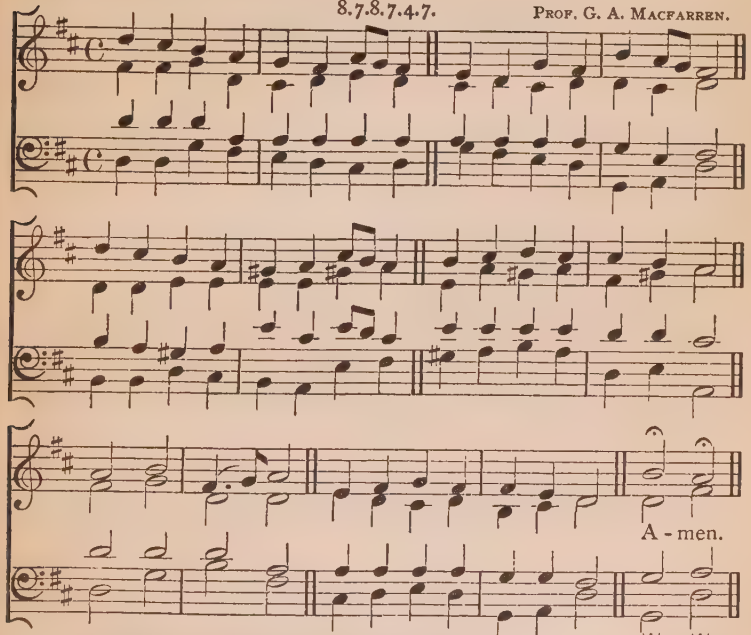
I LOVE to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.
I love to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

I know my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story, &c.

To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His Angels,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story, &c.
Amen.

175.—Anglican Hymn Book, No. 384.

8.7.8.7.4.7. Prof. G. A. Macfarren.



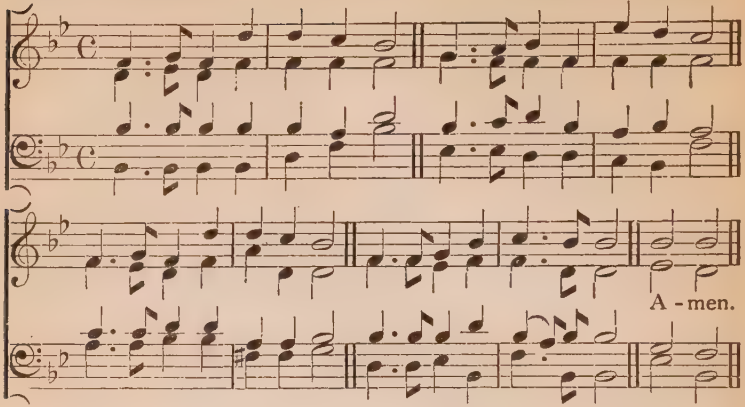
"This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent."

THOU Who, throned above all glory,
Yet did not disdain to dwell,
Infant of a Jewish mother,
As a child in Israel;
Lord and Saviour,
Give us grace to know Thee well.

Ransomed by Thy Cross and Passion,
Thine, and Thine alone are we;
From this world of sin and sorrow,
Keep, O Lord, Thy children free;
Lord and Saviour,
Give us grace to follow Thee.

Still through every earthly trial
May we hold Thy promise fast;
And when this short life is over,
And the pains of death are past,
Lord and Saviour
Bring us to Thy home at last. Amen.

176.—Pilgrimage. 7.7.7.7. *Har.* Sir R. P. Stewart.



"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

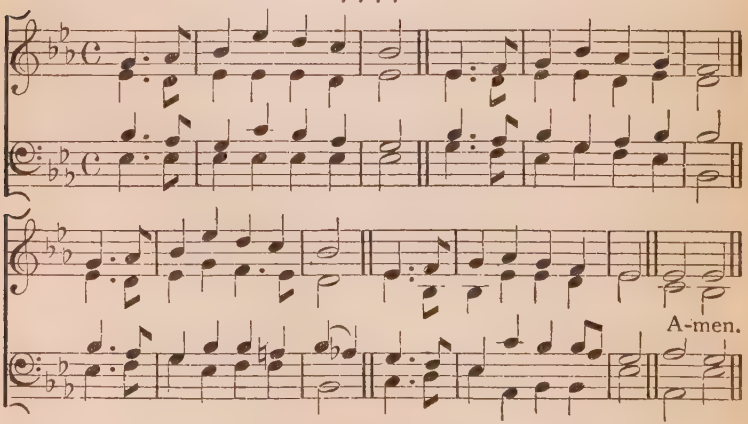
IN our work, and in our play,
Jesus, be Thou ever near,
Guarding, guiding, all the day,
Keeping in Thy holy fear.

Thou didst toil, a lowly Child,
In the far-off holy land,
Blessing labour undefiled,
Pure and honest, of the hand.

Thou wilt bless our play-hour too,
If we ask Thy succour strong;
Watch o'er all we say and do,
Hold us back from guilt and wrong.

Oh, how happy thus to spend
Work and play-time in His sight,
Till the rest which shall not end,
Till the day which knows no night!
Amen.

177.—Innocents. 7.7.7.7.



"Jesus called a little child unto Him."

GENTLE JESUS, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

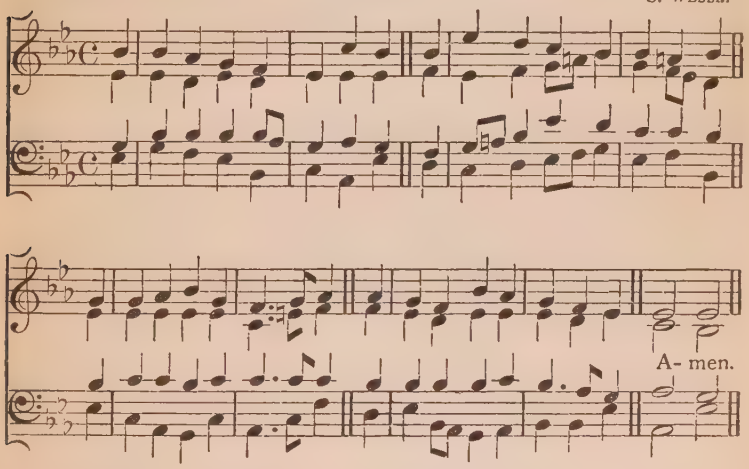
Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Oh, my GOD, forbid it not !
Give me, blessèd Lord, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

Put Thy Hands upon my head,
Let me in Thine Arms be stayed ;
Let me lean upon Thy Breast,
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

Hold me fast in Thine embrace,
Let me see Thy smiling Face ;
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing, give ;
Pray for me, and I shall live :

I shall live a simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife ;
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy still. Amen.

178.—MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



" Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."

O HOLY Lord, content to fill
In lowly home the lowliest place ;
Thy childhood's law, a mother's will,
Obedience meek Thy brightest grace.

Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thine own guileless way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

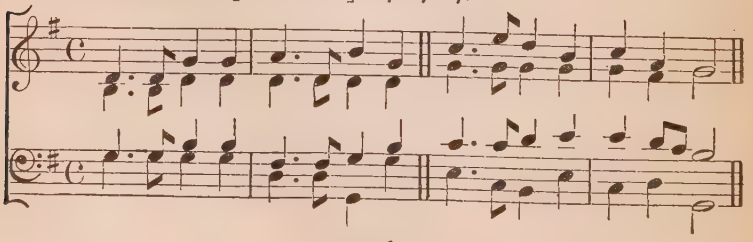
Oh, let not this world's scorching glow
Thy SPIRIT's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

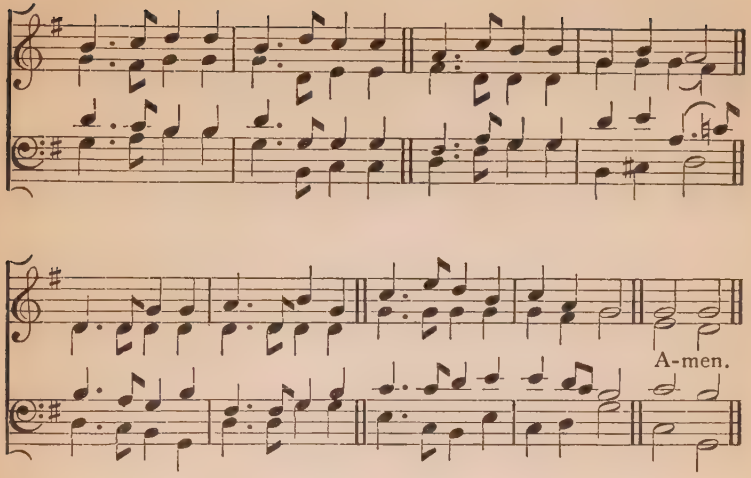
Gather Thy lambs within Thine Arm,
And gently in Thy Bosom bear ;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour with both GOD and man.
Amen.

179.—St. Bede. [*1st Tune.*] 8.7.8.7.8.7. Philip Armes, Mus. Doc.

179.—Wymering. [*2nd Tune.*] 8.7.8.7.8.7.





" He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His Arm, and carry them in His Bosom."

GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine Arms, and carried
In Thy Bosom may we be,
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

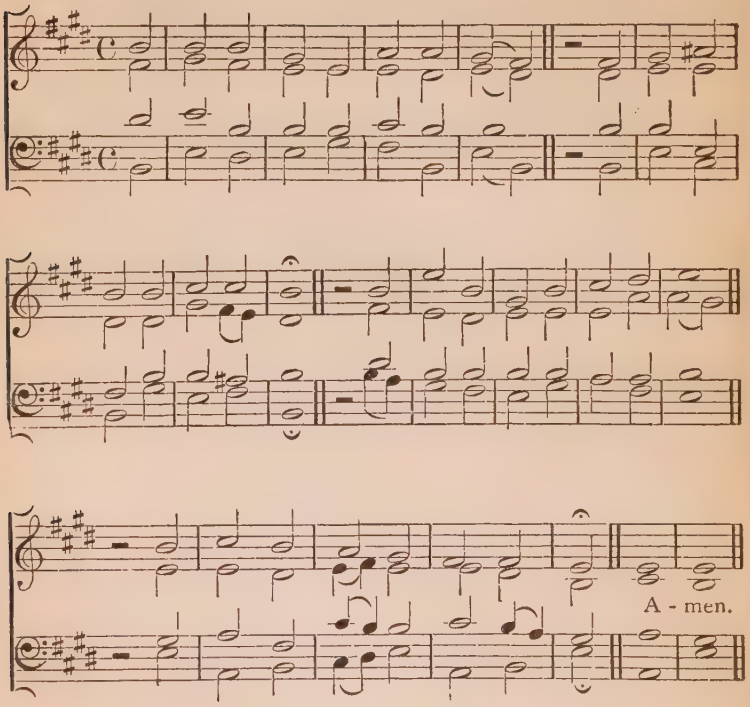
Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly,
In the stream Thy love supplied;
Mingled stream of Blood and Water
Flowing from Thy wounded Side
And to heavenly pastures lead us
Where Thine own still waters glide.

Tender Shepherd, never leave us,
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

Let Thy holy Word instruct us;
Guide us daily by its light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right;
Take Thine easy yoke and wear it,
Strengthened by Thy heavenly might.

Taught to lisp the holy praises,
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
May we our thank-offerings bring
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King! **Amen.**

180.—GOTHA, No. 1. L.M. H. R. H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.



"O hold Thou up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

NOT only in Thy manhood's might,
With burning words and signs of power,
Shine, Lord, upon my spirit's night
In dark temptation's direst hour.

Nor let me only think of Thee,
In bitterest death triumphant still;
But strive, through all my thoughtless glee,
Like Thee, to do my FATHER's will.

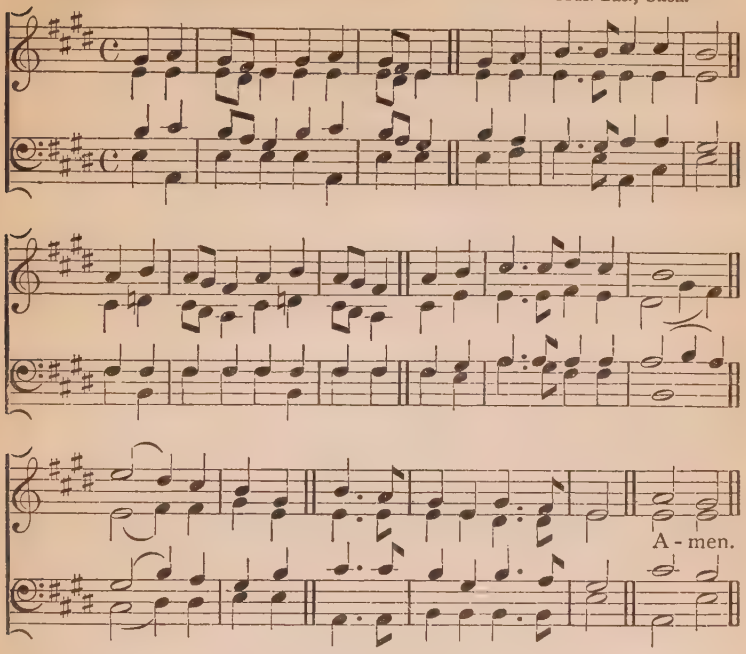
My faith is weak, my heart is proud,
And this world's love is strong within;
Youthful temptations round me crowd,
And urge my soul to youthful sin.

I bless Thee for Thy human birth,
And for the years that won for Thee
The favour both of Heaven and earth
In the lone vales of Galilee.

I bless Thee, for the thought has power
To keep my soul from sin's alloy,
To guard me in each dangerous hour,
And lead me to Thy FATHER's joy. Amen.

181.—Pilgrim Children. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Charles H. Lloyd, M.A., Mus. Bac., Oxon.



"Let your little ones go with you."

WHEN from Egypt's house of bondage
Israel marched—a mighty band,
Little children numbered with them,
Journeyed to the promised land,
Little children
Trod the desert's trackless sand.

Little children crossed the Jordan,
Landed on fair Canaan's shore,
'Neath the sheltering vine they rested,
Homeless wanderers now no more,
Little children
Sang sweet praise for perils o'er.

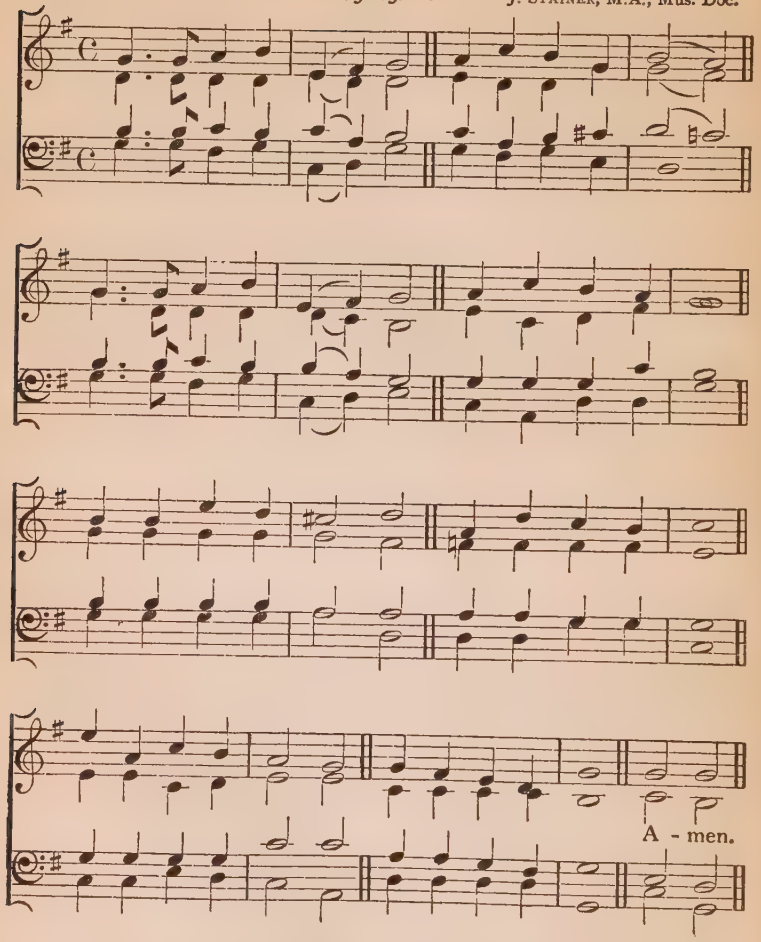
Saviour, like those Hebrew children,
Youthful pilgrims we would be;
From the chains of sin and Satan,
Thou hast died to set us free.
We would traverse
All the wilderness to Thee.

Guide our feeble, erring footsteps,
Shade us from the heat of day;
Be our light from shadowy nightfall
Till the darkness pass away.
Jesus, guard us
From the dangers of the way!

When we reach the cold dark river,
Bid us tremble not nor fear;
Be thou with us in the waters,
We are safe if Thou art near.
Through the billows
Let Thy guiding light appear.

Then, our pilgrim journey ended,
All Thy glory we shall see,
Dwell with saints and holy Angels,
Rest beneath life's healing tree;
Happy children,
Praising, blessing, loving Thee. Amen.

182.—PASTOR BONUS. 6.5.6.5. D. J. STAINER, M.A., Mus. Doc.



"He took them up in His arms."

CHRIST, Who once amongst us
As a Child did dwell,
Is the children's Saviour,
And He loves us well;

We must keep our promise
Made Him at the font,
Since He is our Shepherd,
That we may not want.

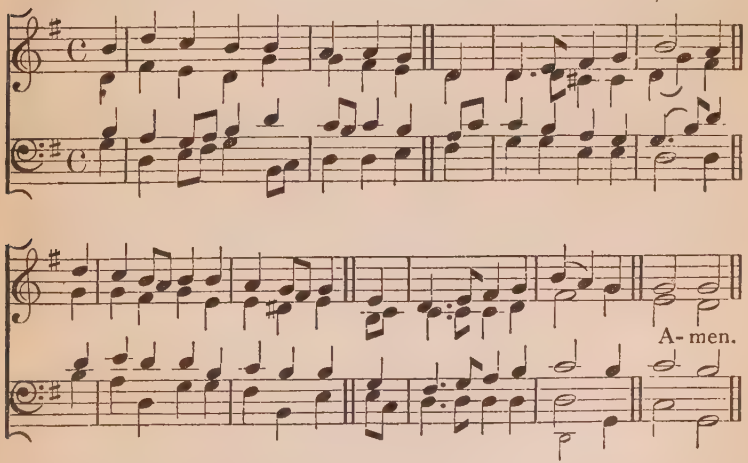
There it was they laid us
In those tender Arms,
Where the lambs are carried
Safe from all alarms;
If we trust His promise,
He will let us rest
In His Arms for ever,
Leaning on His Breast.

Though we may not see Him
For a little while,
We shall know He holds us,
Often feel His smile;
Death will be to slumber
In that sweet embrace,
And we shall awaken
To behold His Face.

He will be our Shepherd
After as before,
By still heavenly waters
Lead us evermore;
Make us lie in pastures
Beautiful and green,
Where none thirst or hunger,
And no tears are seen.

JESUS, our good Shepherd,
Laying down Thy Life,
Lest Thy sheep should perish
In the cruel strife.
Help us to remember
All Thy love and care,
Trust in Thee, and love Thee
Always, everywhere. Amen.

183.—DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8.7.8.7. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. Doc.



"The Lord is my Shepherd."

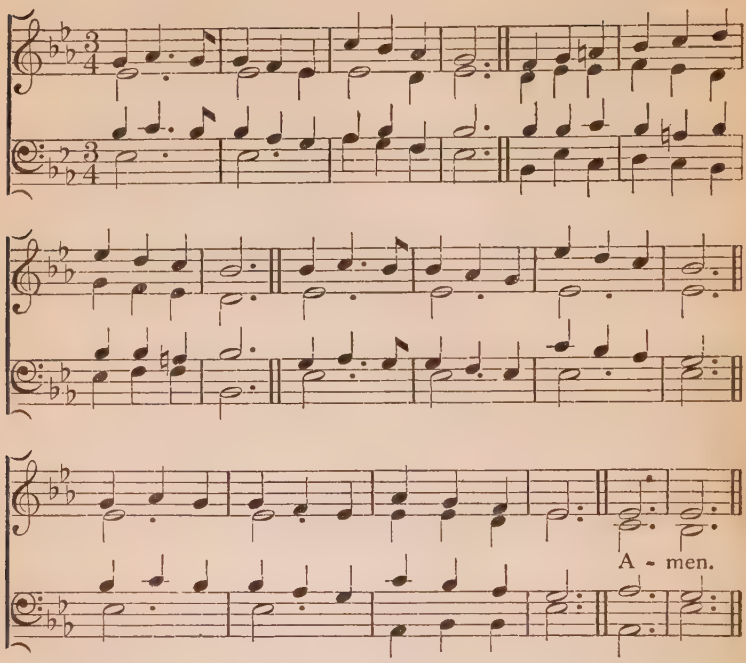
THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth;
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
And yet in love He sought me,
And on His Shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me. Amen.

184.—EUNICE. 10. 10. 10. 10. F. R. HAVERGAL.



"He careth for you."

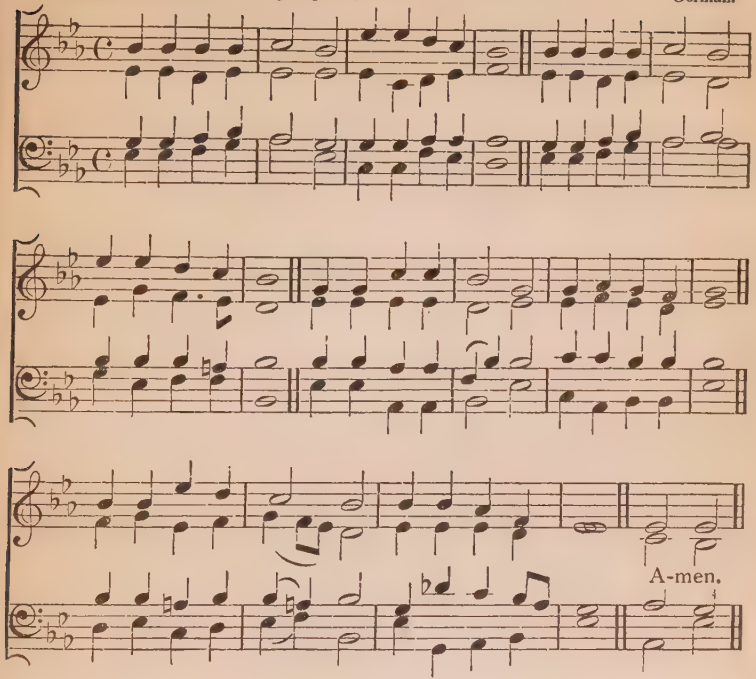
GOD will take care of you. All through the day
JESUS is near you to keep you from ill;
Waking or resting, at work or at play,
JESUS is with you, and watching you still.

He will take care of you. All through the night
JESUS, the Shepherd, His little one keeps;
Darkness to Him is the same as the light,
He never slumbers, and He never sleeps.

He will take care of you. All through the year,
Crowning each day with His kindness and love
Sending you blessings, and shielding from fear,
Leading you on to the bright home above.

He will take care of you. Yes; to the end
Nothing can alter His love for His own;
Children, be glad that you have such a Friend;
He will not leave you one moment alone. Amen.

185.—Bohemia. 6.5.6.5. D., or 11.11.11.11. German.



"The Lord is my Shepherd."

JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every tear;
Folded in His Bosom, what have we to fear
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

JESUS is our Shepherd, well we know His Voice;
How its gentlest whisper makes our hearts rejoice!
Even when it chideth, tender is its tone;
None but He shall guide us, we are His alone.

JESUS is our Shepherd: for the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the Blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth His own secret sign,
"They that have my SPIRIT, these," saith He, "are mine."

JESUS is our Shepherd, guarded by His Arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb. Amen.

186.—STAR OF THE EAST. 6.5.6.5. D. *Har.* REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart.

"I am the Good Shepherd"—"the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."

SHEPHERD, good and gracious,
JESUS, Lord of all,
Leading, though we linger,
Hearing when we call.

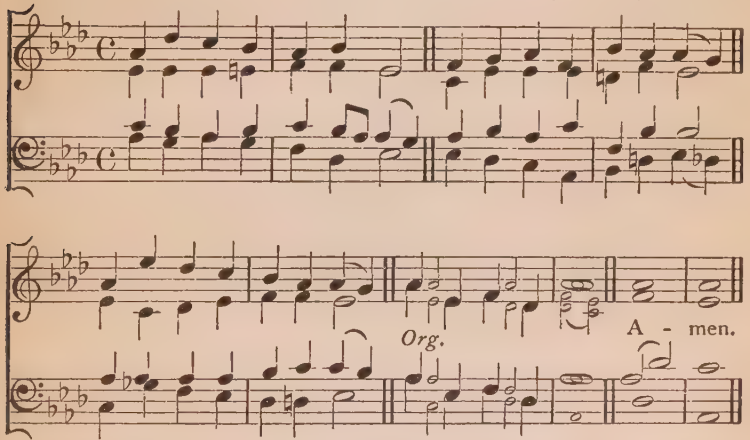
Thee we love to follow
Joyful all the way;
As in early morning
So in closing day.

Shepherd good, defend us
Through the garish day,
When the flowery pathway
Lures our feet astray;
Then, Thyself revealing,
Bring that better joy
Earth could never promise,
Death can ne'er destroy.

Shepherd good, be near us
Through the gloomy night,
When the foes we see not,
Most our hearts affright;
Round the home of sorrow,
O'er the couch of pain,
Breathe, oh, pitying Saviour,
Peace and health again!

Shepherd good, recall us
If we fall away;
Plead for us in mercy
When we cannot pray;
When our wasted bodies
Yield their latest breath,
Draw our life to glory
Through the gate of death.
Amen.

187.—CHARITY. 7.7.7.5. J. STAINER, Mus. Doc.



"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

GRACIOUS SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.

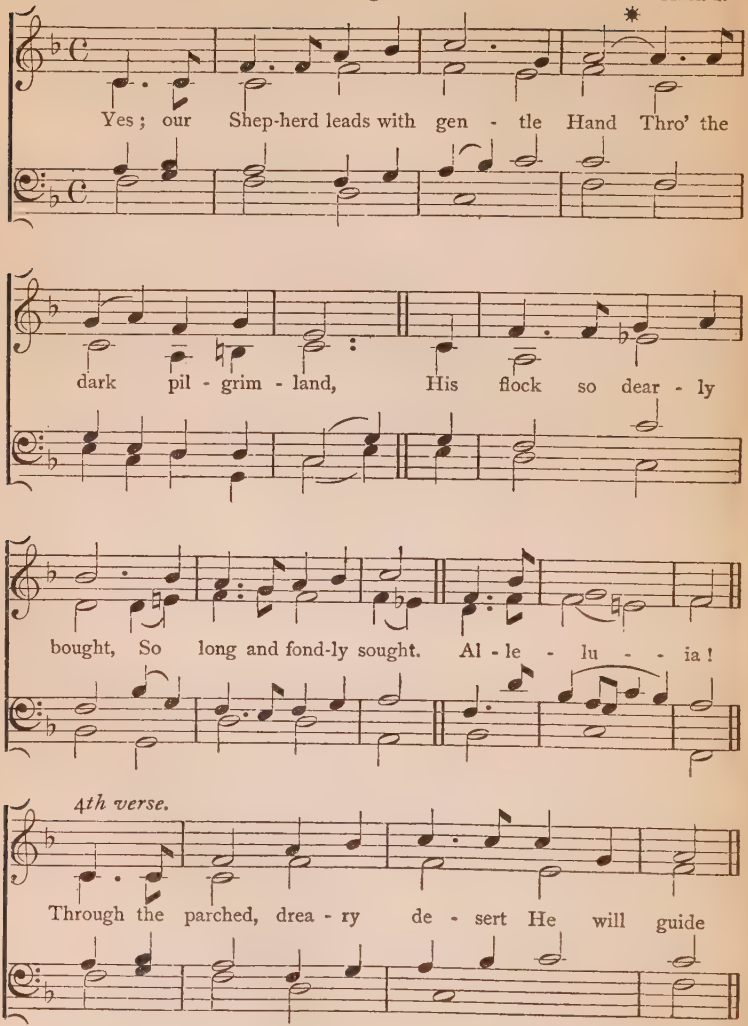
Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight,
Hope be emptied in delight,
Love in heaven will shine more bright,
Therefore give us love.

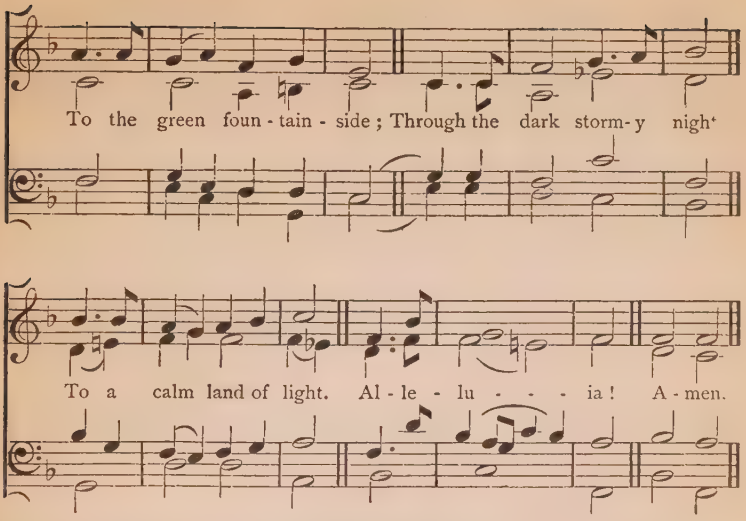
Faith, and hope, and love, we see,
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing
Holy, heavenly love. Amen.

188.—FARNHAM. Irregular. M. A. S.


Yes; our Shep-herd leads with gen - tle Hand Thro' the
dark pil - grim - land, His flock so dear - ly
bought, So long and fond-ly sought. Al - le - lu - - ia!
4th verse.
Through the parched, drea - ry de - sert He will guide

* The tie to be used for verses 2, 3, and 5.



"The Good Shepherd."

YES; our Shepherd leads with gentle Hand
Through the dark pilgrim-land,
His flock so dearly bought,
So long and fondly sought.
Alleluia!

When in clouds and mist the weak ones stray,
He shows again the way,
And points to them afar
A bright and guiding star.
Alleluia!

Tenderly He watches from on high
With an unwearied Eye;
He comforts and sustains
In all their fears and pains.
Alleluia!

Through the parched, dreary desert He will guide
To the green fountain-side;
Through the dark stormy night
To a calm land of light.
Alleluia!

Yes; His "little flock" are ne'er forgot;
His mercy changes not;
Our home is safe above,
Within His Arms of love.
Alleluia! Amen.

189.—AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.

"He is the Head of the body, the Church."

THE Church's one foundation
Is JESUS CHRIST her Lord;
She is His new creation
By Water and the Word:
From Heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

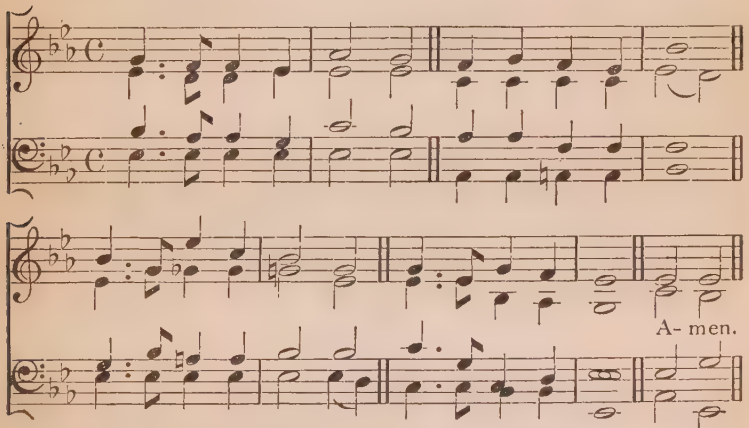
Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With GOD the THREE in ONE,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.
Amen.

190.—ST. WYSTAN. 6.5.6.5. REV. LORD T. BUTLER.



"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock."

FAITHFUL Shepherd, feed me
In the pastures green;
Faithful Shepherd, lead me
Where Thy steps are seen.

Hold me fast, and guide me
In the narrow way;
So, with Thee beside me,
I shall never stray.

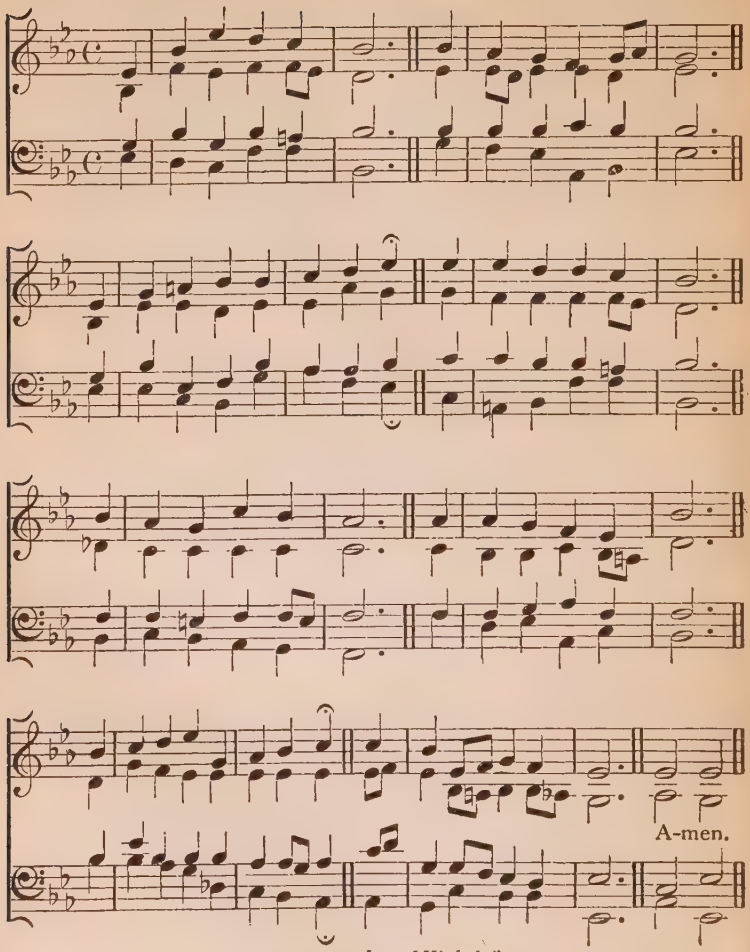
Daily bring me nearer
To the heavenly shore;
May my faith grow clearer,
May I love Thee more.

Hallow every pleasure,
Every gift and pain;
Be Thyself my treasure,
Though none else I gain.

Give me joy or sadness,
This be all my care,
That eternal gladness
I with Thee may share.

Day by day prepare me
As Thou seest best,
Then let angels bear me
To Thy promised rest. Amen.

191.—FAIRFIELD. D.S.M. REV. P. LA TROBE



"We are members of His body."

MEMBERS of Christ are we;
He is our living Head,
That henceforth we should ever be
By His good SPIRIT led
In the same narrow path
Our Lord and Saviour trod—
The path that leadeth by the CROSS
To glory and to GOD.

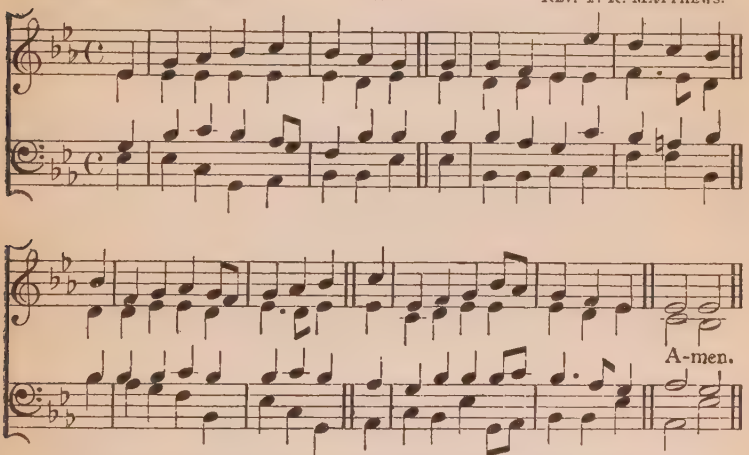
Children of GOD are we :
Such grace to us is given,
To kneel and pray in Christ's own words,
"FATHER, Who art in heaven ;"
Seeking to do His will
As angels do above,
And walking in obedient ways
Of holy truth and love.

Of heaven's kingdom we
Inheritors were made,
Each at the font in CHRIST's own robe
Of spotless white arrayed.

Upon our forehead now
Is traced the suffering sign,
That one day on each saintly brow
A glorious crown may shine.

CHRIST's little ones are we,
And unto us are given
Angelic guards, who ever see
Our FATHER's Face in heaven.
To walk in folly now
We may not, must not, dare,
Mindful whose seal is on our brow,
Whose holy Name we bear. Amen.

192.—LUDBOROUGH. L.M. REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.



"Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

GOD hath two families of love ;
One is on earth and one above ;
One is in battle sharp and sore ;
And one at rest for evermore.

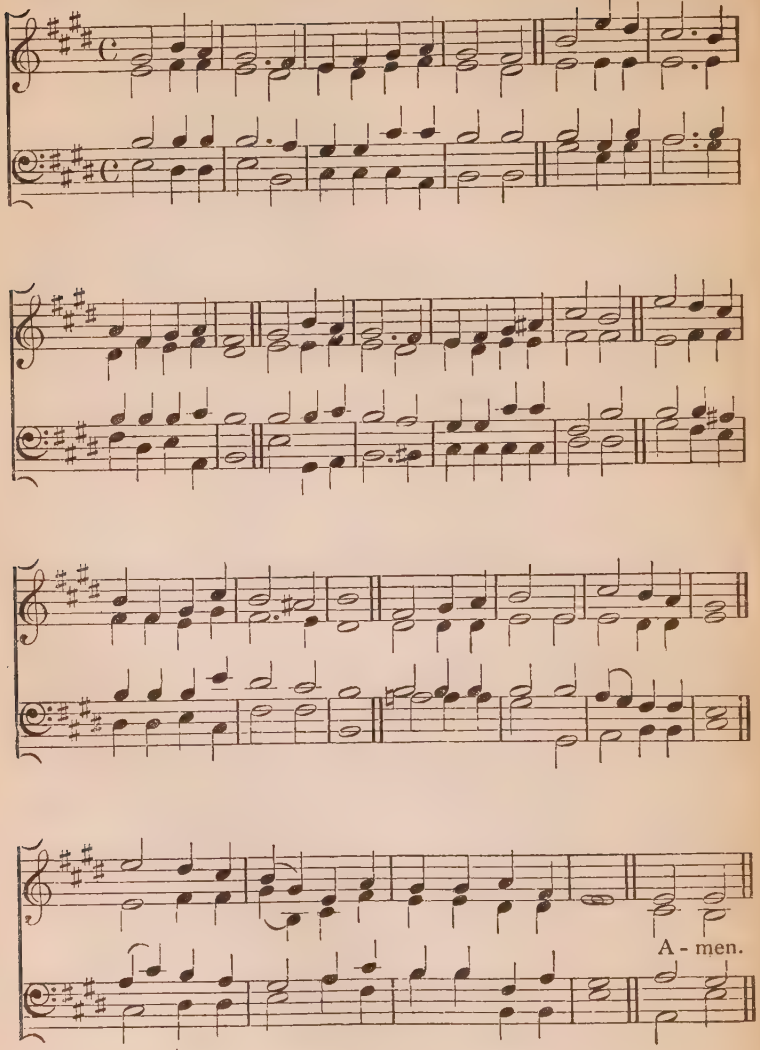
The Church on earth maintains the fight
Against the devil and his might ;
The Church at rest with war hath done ;
And yet the two are only one.

For they who loved their Saviour here,
And died in GOD's true faith and fear,
Are waiting now in Paradise
To join the Church beyond the skies.

We thank Thee, Saviour, for the grace
By which they reached that blessèd place ;
Oh, teach us so to live that we
May follow them, as they did Thee :

Teach us to live in faith and love
Until Thou callest us above,
To see Thee as Thou art, and stand
Before Thee in the far-off land. Amen.

193.—PILGRIMS. 11.10.11.10.9.11. HENRY SMART.



"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

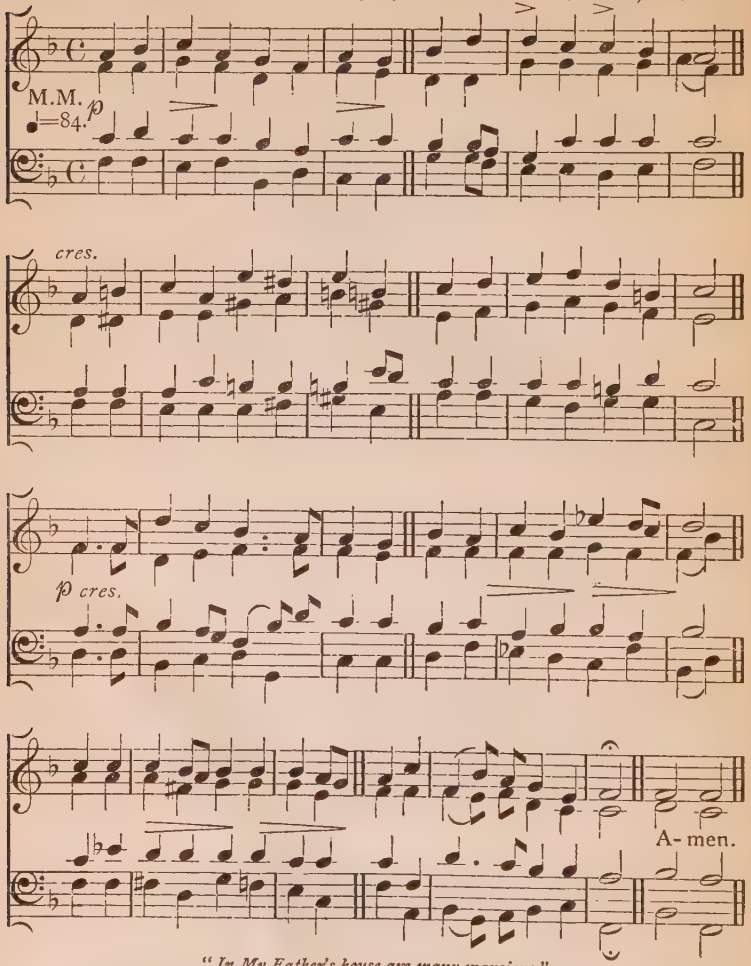
Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for JESUS bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of JESUS sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night! Amen.

194.—THE MANY MANSIONS. 8.7.8.7. D. E. G. MONK, Mus. Doc.



"In My Father's house are many mansions."

IN the Paradise of JESUS
There are many homes of light,
And they shine beyond the darkness
With a radiance clear and bright.

Oh, that I might hear the angels
Singing o'er the crystal sea,
And amidst the many mansions
Find a home prepared for me!

There are sounds of many voices
In the golden streets above,
Filling all the air with gladness,
Blended in eternal love.
Oh, that, &c.

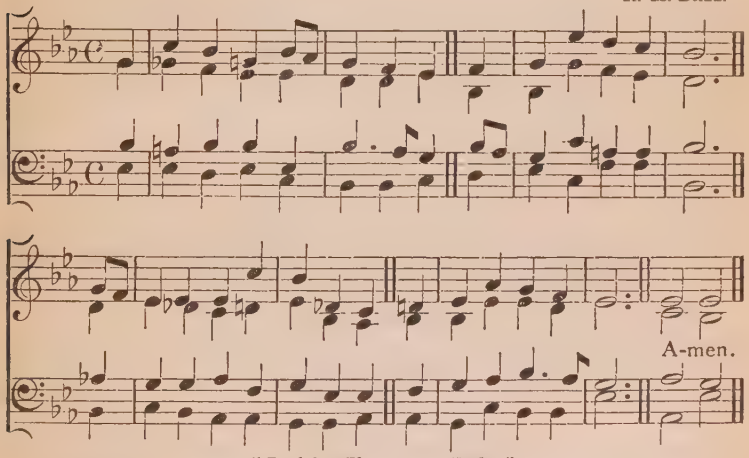
In those quiet resting-places,
Midst the pastures green and fair,
JESUS gathers in the homeless,
And He dwells among them there.
Oh, that, &c.

Can we see the happy faces
Of the dear ones gone before?
They are ready now to greet us
When we gain that blessèd shore.
Oh, that, &c.

Then the pearly gates, unfolding,
Never shall be closed again,
We shall see within the city
JESUS, 'mid His white-robed train.
Oh, that, &c.

Oh, to join the alleluia,
And the glad thanksgiving raise,
With the ransomed hosts of JESUS,
In their songs of endless praise!
Oh, that, &c. Amen.

195.—BARHAM. C.M. R. M. DALE.



"Doubtless Thou art our Father."

FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
Oh, lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.

We know not what the path may be,
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our FATHER and our GOD.

If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice;
Some angel may be there in time,
Deliverance shall arise.

Or if some darker lot be good.
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, and solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

CHRIST by no flowery pathway came,
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will, and praise Thy Name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

And till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, now
Accept our feeble praise. Amen.

196.—THE BLESSED HOME. 6.6.6.6. D. J. STAINER, Mus. Doc.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;

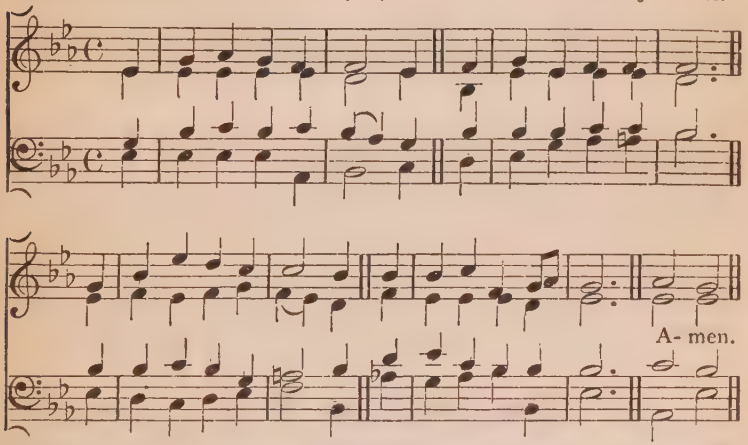
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious Throne
Ten thousand saints adore
CHRIST, with the FATHER ONE,
And SPIRIT, evermore.

Oh, joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In Hands, and Feet, and Side!
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of GOD,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

197.—BEDWYN. 7.6.7.6. REV. F. A. J. HERVEY.



"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me, and where I am there shall also My servant be."

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With JESUS as your Fellow,
To JESUS as your Head!

O happy if ye labour
As JESUS did for men!
O happy if ye hunger
As JESUS hungered then!

The Cross that JESUS carried,
He carried as your due;
The Crown that JESUS weareth,
He weareth it for you.

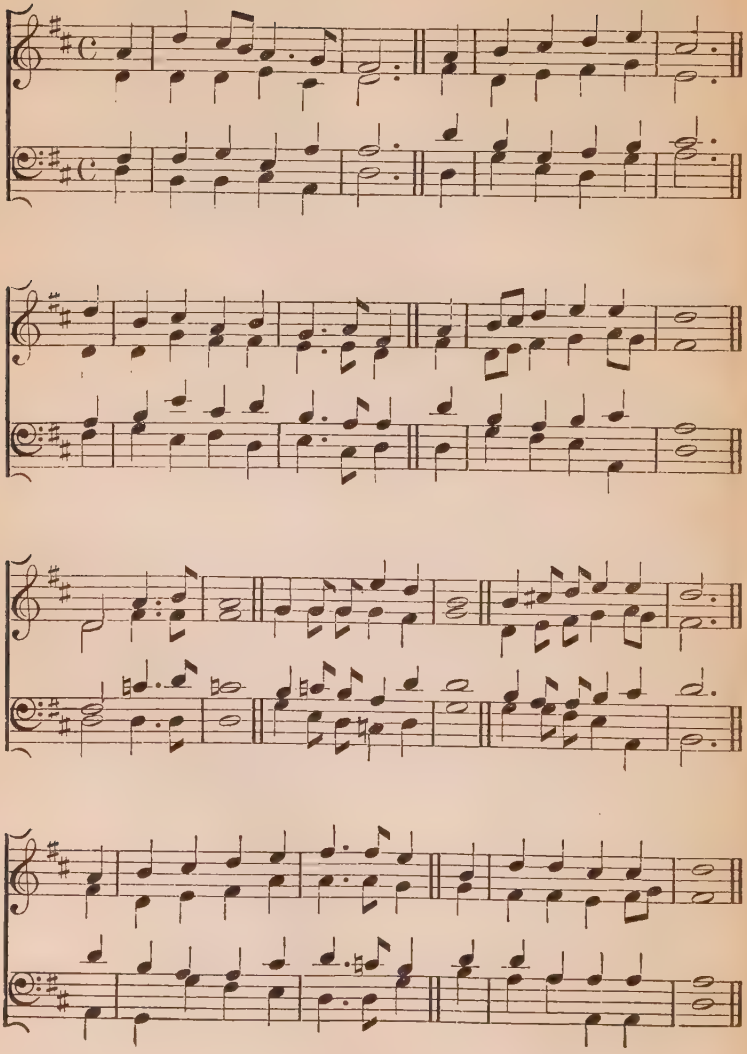
The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;

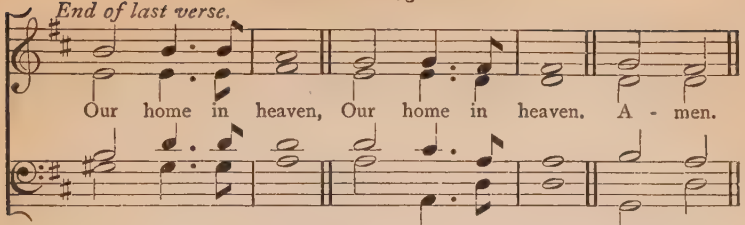
The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize. Amen.

198.—STANTON. 6.6.8.6.4.6.6.8.6. JULIA BROWNING.





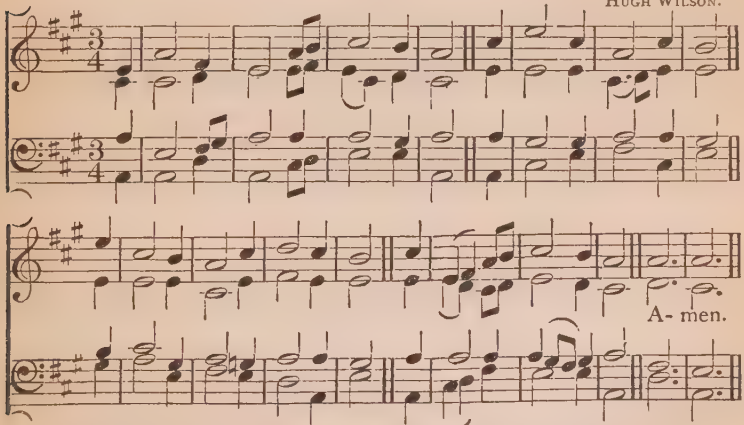
" Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

HOW beautiful is earth!
Its woods and fields, how fair!
Its sunny hills and smiling vales,
Bright streams and balmy air.
What then is heaven?
Brighter than eye e'er saw,
Nought can on earth compare
With that glad land, all bathed in light,
All glorious, passing fair.

How happy is our home,
How sweet the loving care
Which compasseth each one around;
All in home's gladness share.
What then is heaven?
Each heart with joy o'erflows;
Filled with the FATHER's love;
The brightest home faint image gives
Of that dear home above,
Our home in heaven. Amen.

199.—MARTYRDOM. C.M.

HUGH WILSON.



' Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God."

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O GOD, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my GOD, the living GOD,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy Face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy GOD,
Thy health's eternal spring.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

200.—HENLOW. D.C.M. BURNHAM W. HORNER.

" The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

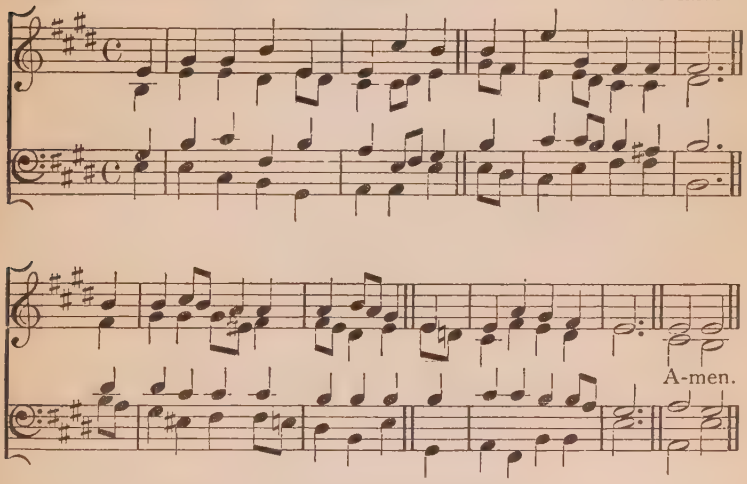
THE roseate hues of early dawn
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!

Oh, for the pearly gates of Heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

201.—SOUTHWELL. C.M. H. S. IRONS.



"When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?"

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

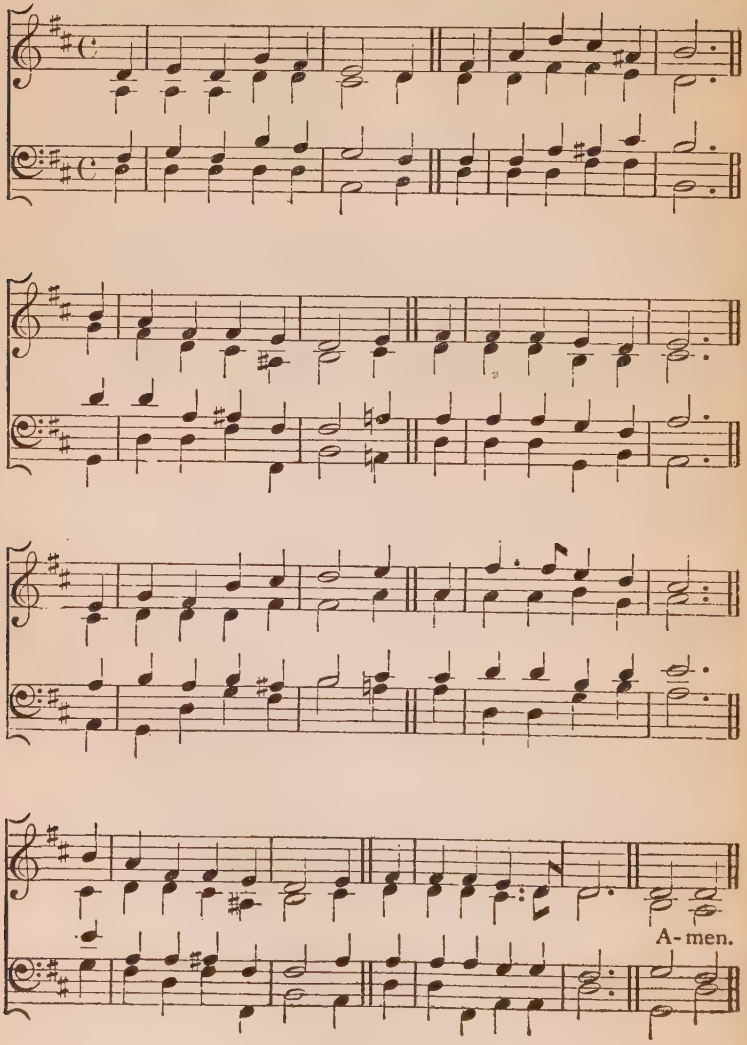
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand:
And all I love in CHRIST below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O CHRIST, do Thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love;
That I may see Thee and adore,
With all Thy saints above. Amen.

202.—Ewing. [*1st Tune.*] 7.6.7.6. D. A. Ewing.



"And the city was pure gold."

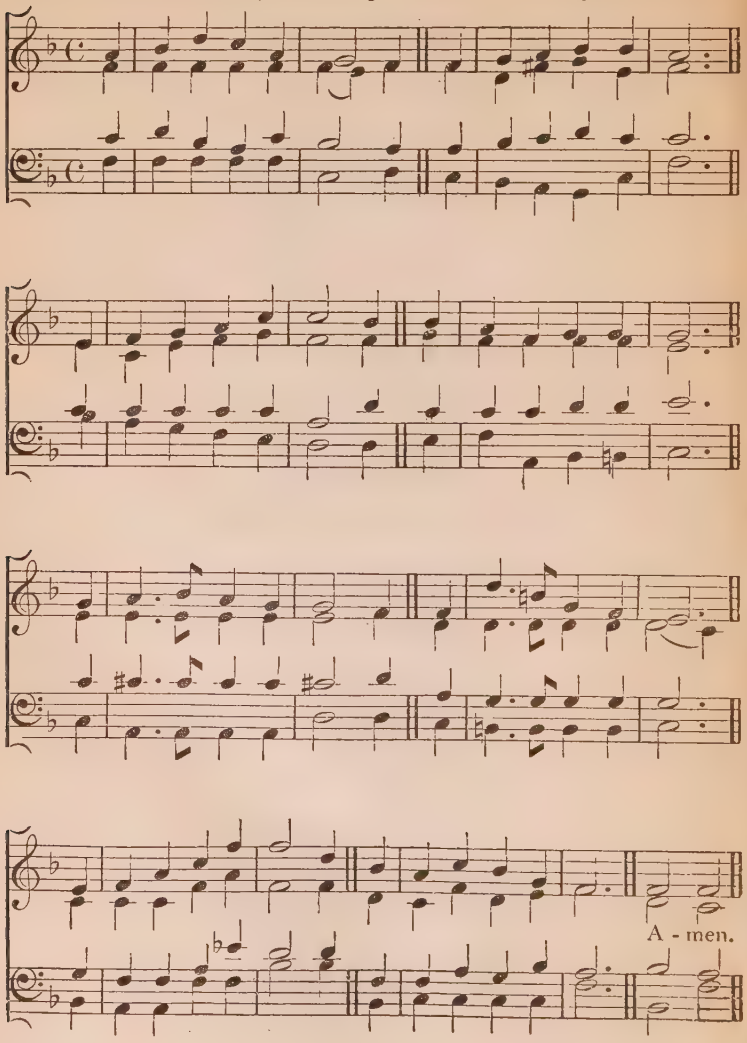
JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Oh, sweet and blessèd country,
The home of GOD'S elect!
Oh, sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER
And SPIRIT, ever Blest. AMEN.

202.—King's Pyon. [*2nd Tune.*] 7.6.7.6. D. Rev. James Boultbee.



"And the city was pure gold."

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Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
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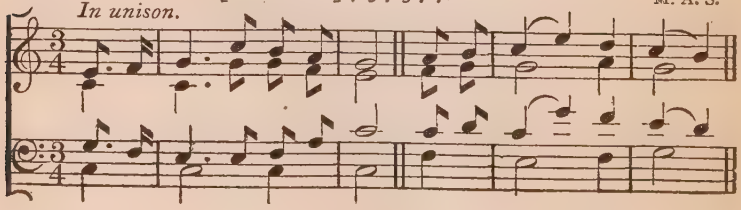
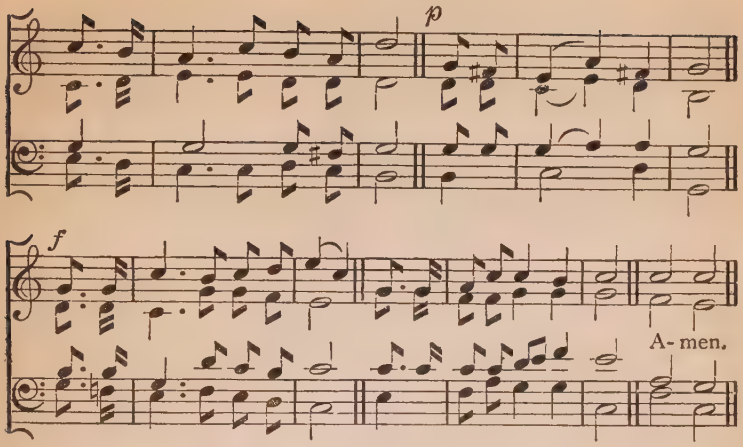
The home of GOD'S elect!
Oh, sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER
And SPIRIT, ever Blest. Amen.

203.—ETERNITY. [*1st Tune.*] 7.5.7.5.7.7. L. J. HUTTON.

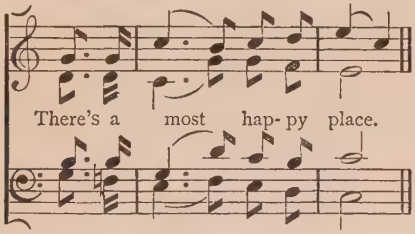
203.—RHUABON. [*2nd Tune.*] 7.5.7.5.7.7. M. A. S.

In unison.





Line 5, *verse* 4, *to be sung thus:*



"A better country, that is, an heavenly."

EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night:
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

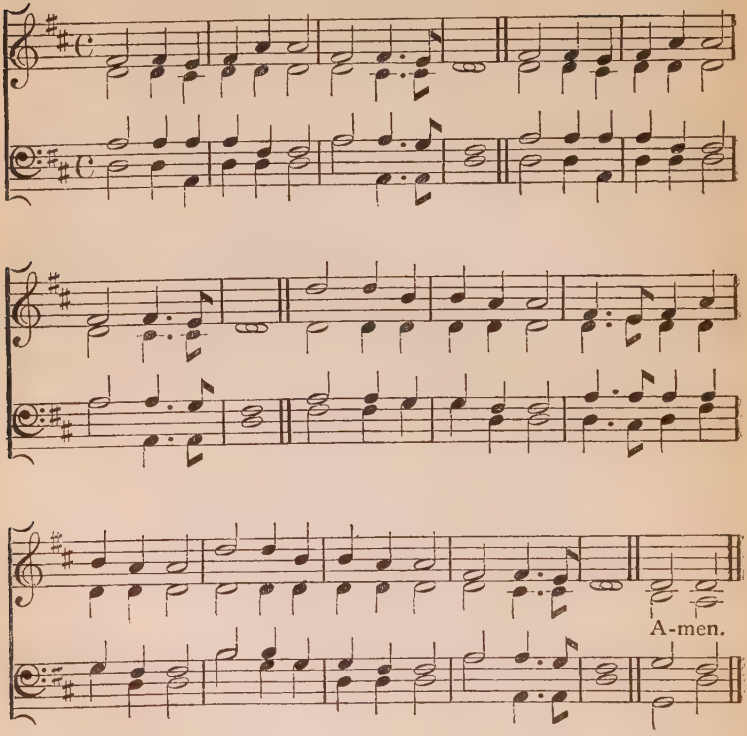
Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away:
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song:
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

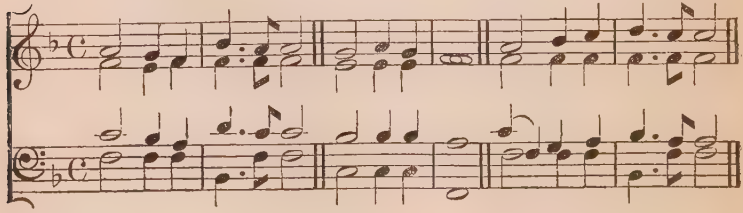
CHRIST our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim:
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His Face.

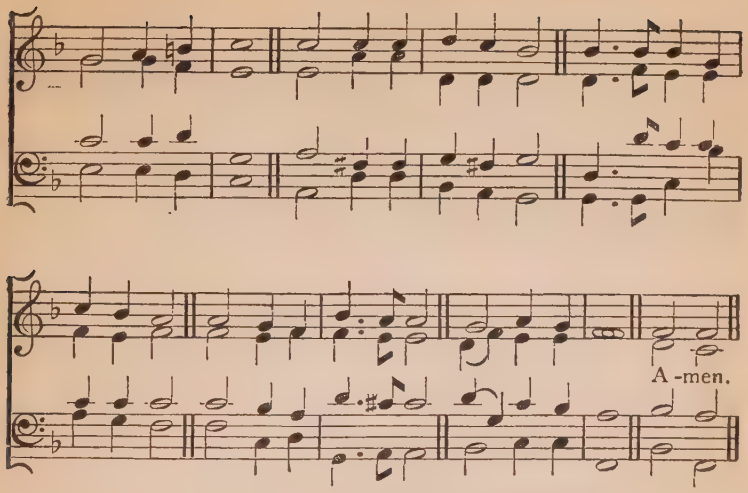
Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right:
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white;
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest. Amen.

204.—Happy Land. [*1st Tune.*] 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4. Indian Air.



204.—Ivy Gates. [*2nd Tune.*] 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4. J. Downing Farrer.





"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us."

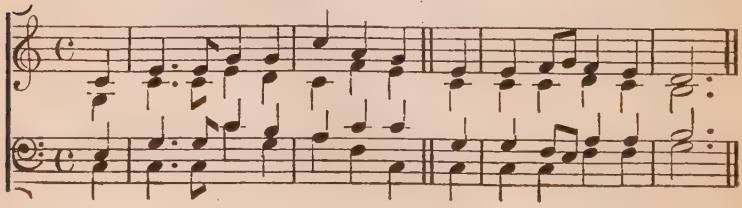
THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King!
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

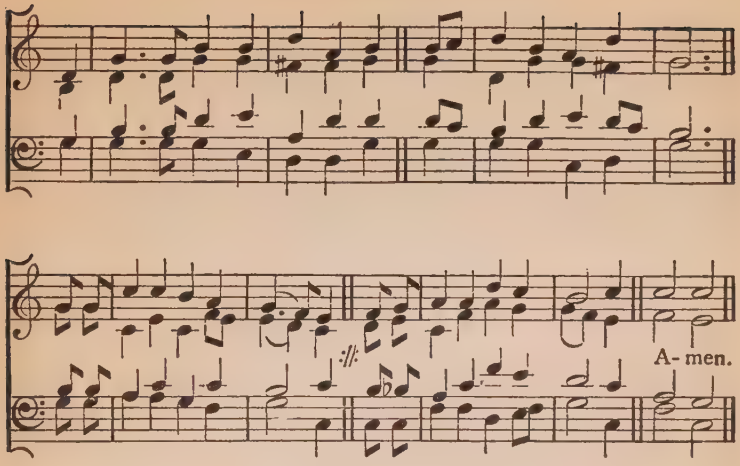
Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with Thee!
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye,
Kept by a FATHER'S Hand
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye. Amen.

205.—Glory. [*1st Tune.*] 8.6.8.6.8.

205.—Aymestrey. [*2nd Tune.*] 8.6.8.6.8. M. A. S.





"He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them."

AROUND the Throne of GOD in Heaven
Shall countless children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

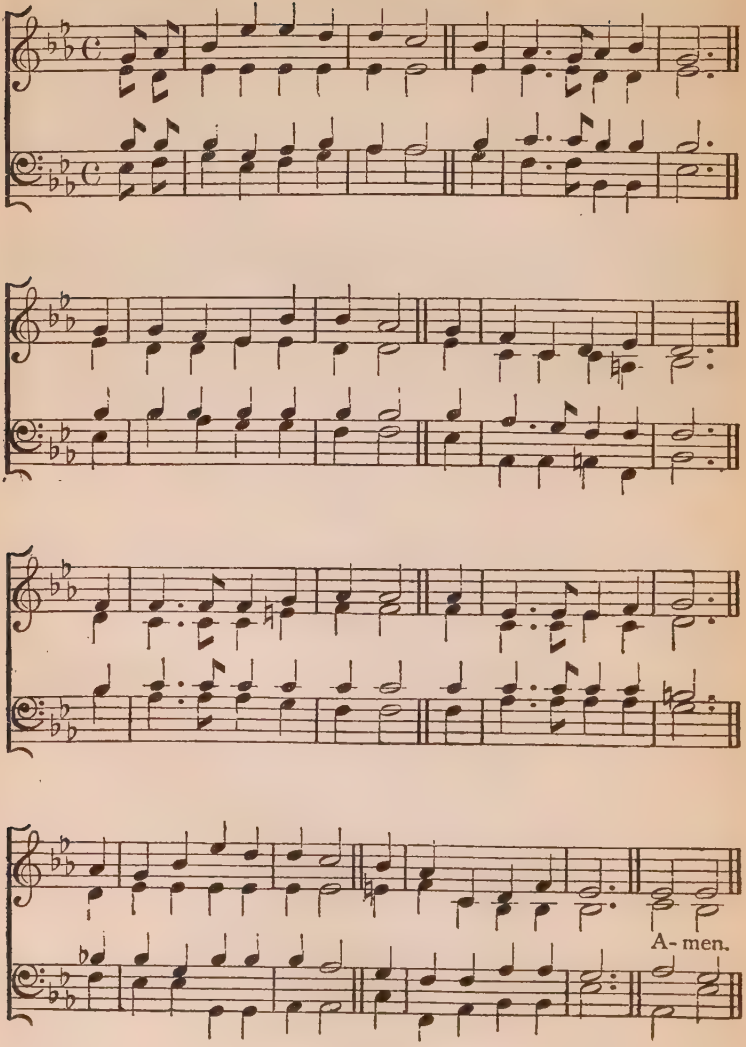
In flowing robes of spotless white
Each one shall be arrayed;
Shall dwell in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade;
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

How shall they reach that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

Because the Saviour shed His Blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name.
At last they see His blessèd Face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory. Amen.

206.—EDENGROVE. 7.6.7.6. D. SAMUEL SMITH.



"Jesus took a child, and set him by Him."

THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend Who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear Name He bears.

There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour,
And to the FATHER cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

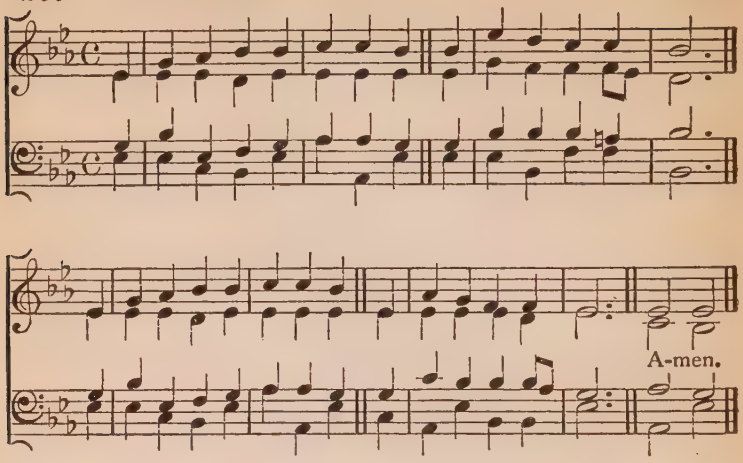
There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where JESUS reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for JESUS
Shall wear it by-and-by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favour,
And loved His Name below.

There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not CHRIST as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
And palms of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in CHRIST alone;
LORD, grant Thy little children
May know Thee as their own. Amen.

207.—Tallis's Ordinal. C.M. Tallis.



"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

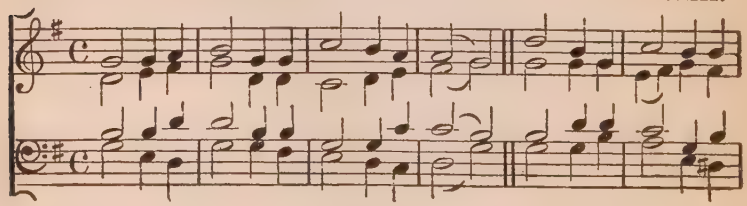
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

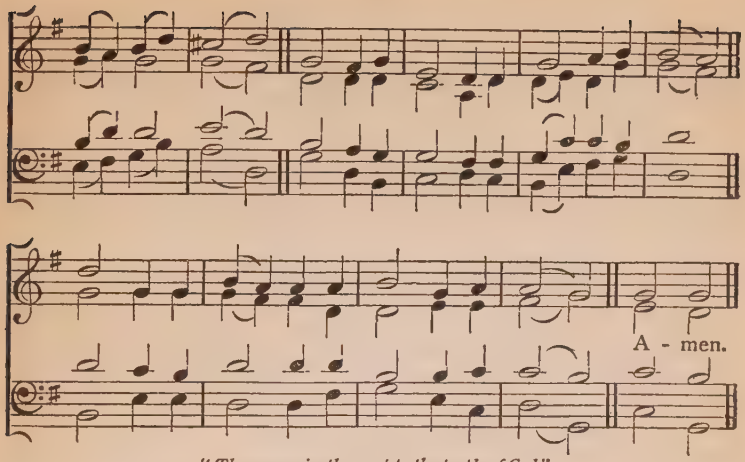
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. Amen.

208.—O Quanta Qualia. 10. 10. 10. 10. From La Feuillée.





"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."

OH, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see!
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest:
GOD shall be All and in all ever blest.

What are the Monarch, His Court, and His Throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

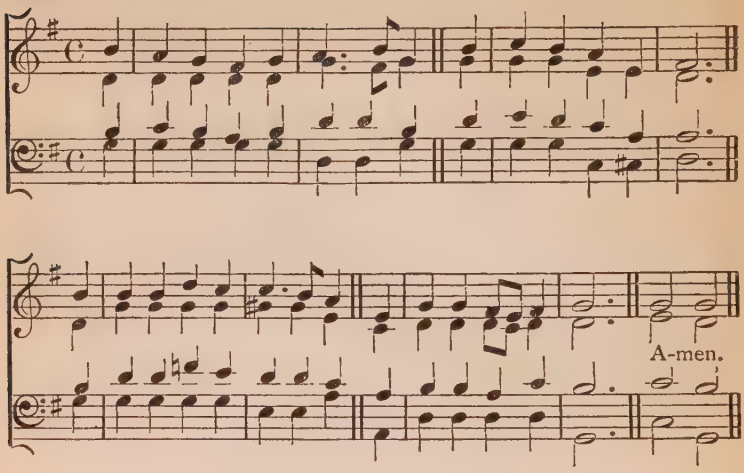
There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion thall sing;
While for Thy grace, LORD, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the FATHER; and in Whom, the SON;
Through Whom, the SPIRIT, with them ever ONE. Amen.

209.—St. Cyril. C.M. Arthur Patten.



*"Thy **will** be done in earth as it is in Heaven."*

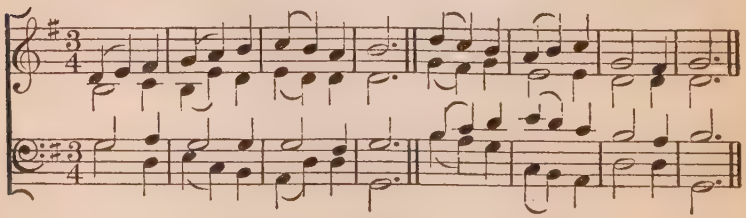
BEFORE the Throne of God above
The glorious Angels stand;
Their only wish, their only joy,
To do their Lord's command.

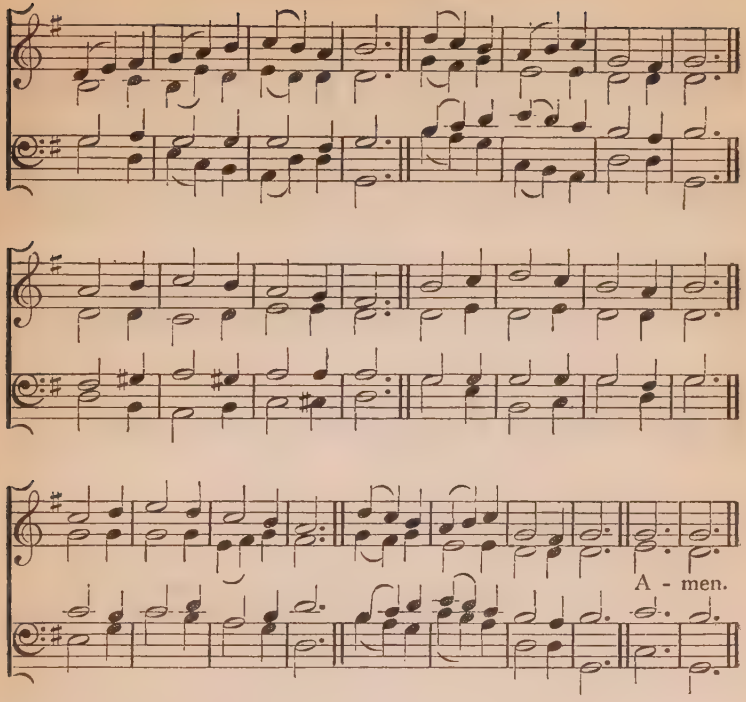
Some ever bow before His Face,
And praise Him all day long,
And sing in never-ending strains
Their blessèd joyous song.

These holy Angels never choose,
And never wish nor ask
For other work than what God gives
To be their daily task.

And we must like the Angels be—
Not choosing good or ill,
But humbly striving day by day
To do God's holy will. Amen.

210.—Maidstone. 7.7.7.7.D. W. B. Gilbert





"O how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts."

PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy Face,
For Thy fulness, GOD of grace.

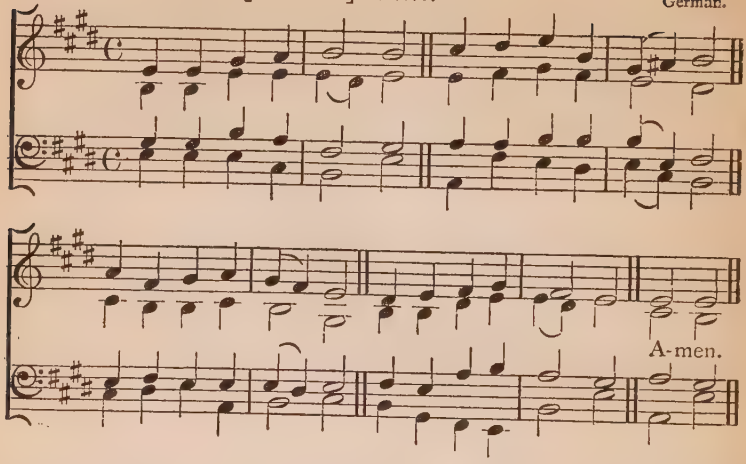
Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly FATHER'S Breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe,
Waters in the deserts rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy Throne at length,
At Thy Feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

LORD, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy Side a place.
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh, shower them, LORD, on me!
Amen.

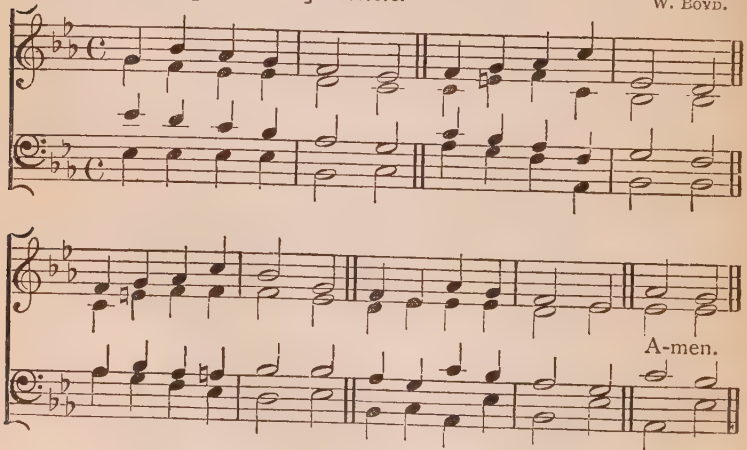
211.—RAVENSHAW. [*1st Tune.*] 6.6.6.6.

German.



211.—PETROX. [*2nd Tune.*] 6.6.6.6.

W. BOYD.



"Thy word is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths."

LORD, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

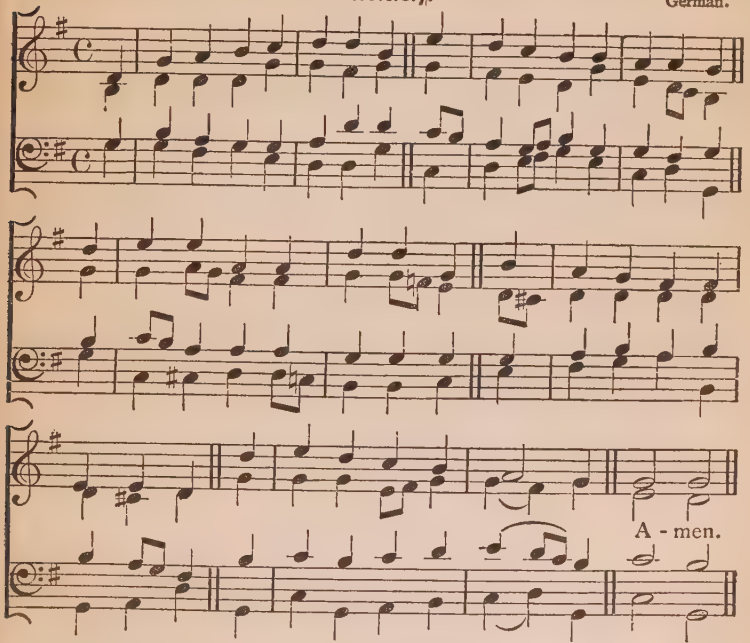
When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
LORD, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

212.—BADEN. 8.8.8.8.7. German.



"Hosanna in the highest"

HOSANNA to the living LORD!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To CHRIST, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let Heaven Hosanna sing,
Hosanna in the highest!

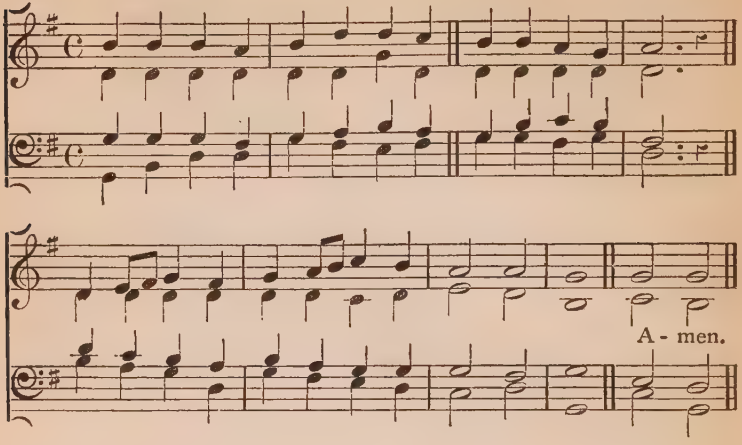
O Saviour, with protecting care
Abide in this Thy House of Prayer,
Where we Thy parting promise claim,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name.
Hosanna in the highest!

But chiefest, in our cleansèd breast
Bid Thine Eternal SPIRIT rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna in the highest!

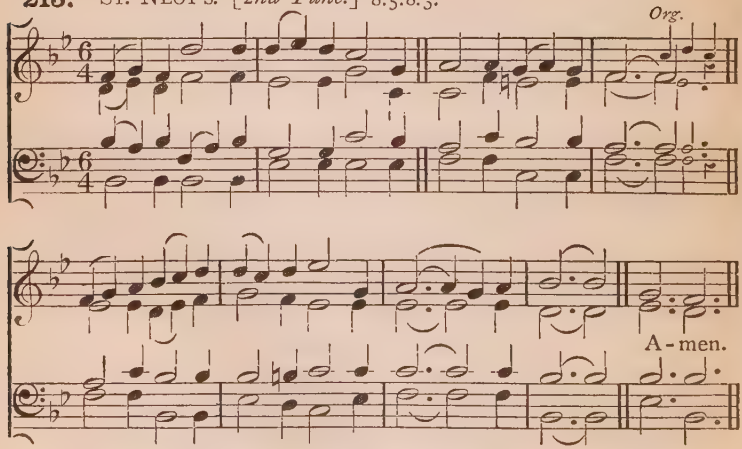
To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in Heaven.
Hosanna in the highest! Amen.

213.—Stephanos. [*1st Tune.*] 8.5.8.3.

Rev. Sir H. Baker, Bart.
Arr. Prof. Monk.



213.—St. Neot's. [*2nd Tune.*] 8.5.8.3.



"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints,
And His Side."

Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

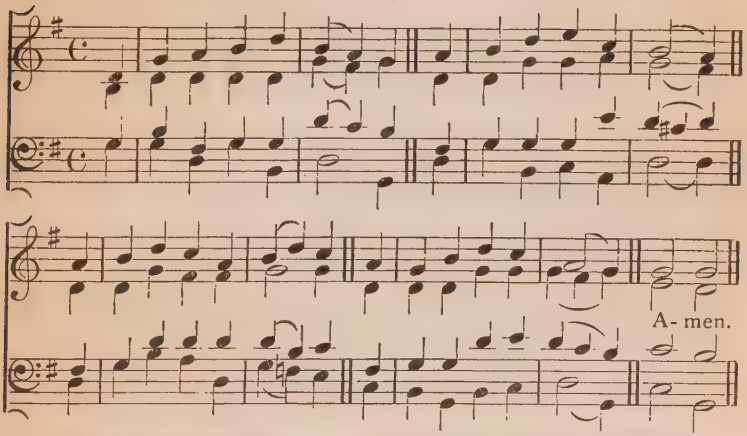
If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, Yes!" Amen.

214.—Rex Amoris. 7.6.7.6. Rev. E. W. Bullinger.



"Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thy heart be hasty to utter anything before God."

WHEN we in holy worship
Would to our God draw near,
Let us rejoice with trembling,
And serve the Lord in fear.

The nearer we approach Him,
The clearer we shall see,
How awful is His beauty,
And how defiled are we.

His Eye is resting on us
When most we feel alone;
He notices each gesture,
Each word, and look, and tone.

He watches in what spirit
His holy Word we hear,
If with all loving reverence,
Or with dull heart and ear.

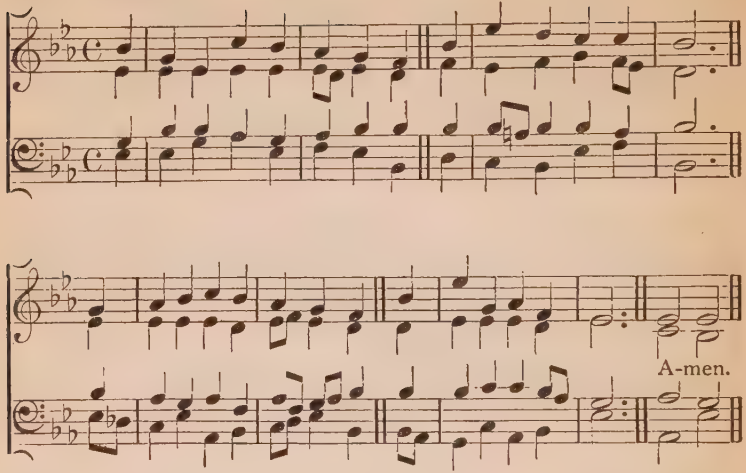
He hears when for a blessing
Upon our knees we pray,
If we, indeed, are thankful,
Or think not what we say.

He hears when we use lightly
His holy, awful Name;
He will not count us guiltless,
Though we may feel no shame.

Oh, Holy Lord, Almighty,
Thou biddest us draw near,
As Thine own sons and daughters,
Yet with all holy fear.

Thou art so great and holy,
So vile and weak are we;
Lord, fold Thine Arms around us,
And draw us unto Thee. Amen.

215.—BEDFORD. C.M. W. WHEAL.



"How amiable are Thy dwellings: O Lord of Hosts."

O GOD of hosts, the mighty LORD,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, shew'st
The brightness of Thy Face.

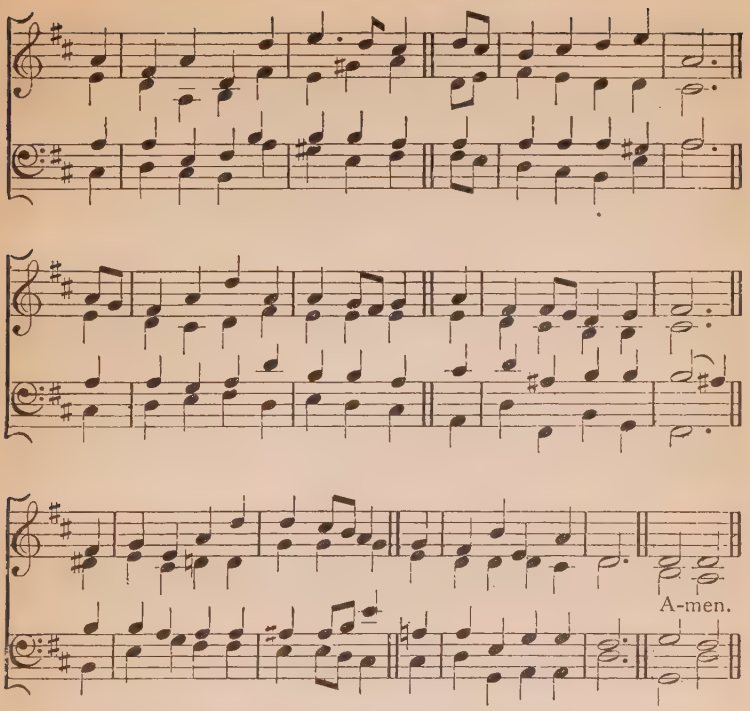
My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living GOD.

For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, LORD, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

O LORD of hosts, my King and GOD,
How highly blest are they,
Who in Thy Temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display!

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

216.—FLENSBURG. [*1st Tune.*] D.C.M. L. SPOHR



"He that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst."

I HEARD the Voice of JESUS say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy Head upon My Breast."
I came to JESUS as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the Voice of JESUS say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to JESUS, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the Voice of JESUS say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to JESUS, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done. Amen.

216.—WINTHORPE. [*2nd Tune.*] D.C.M. REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.

"He that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst."

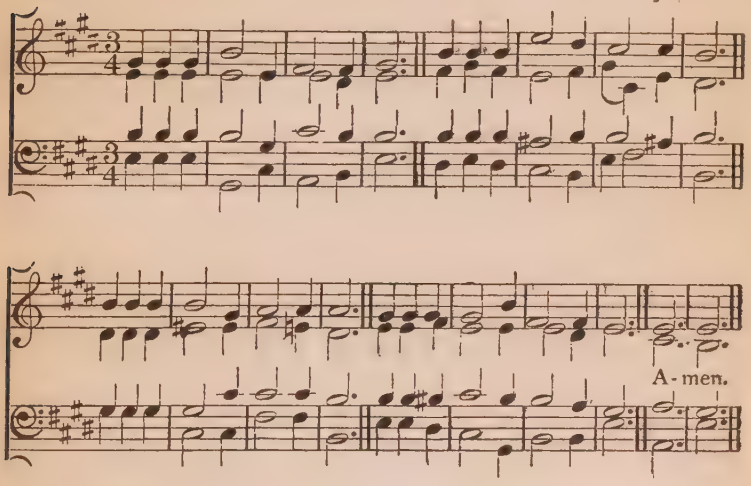
I HEARD the Voice of JESUS say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy Head upon My Breast."

I came to JESUS as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the Voice of JESUS say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to JESUS, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the Voice of JESUS say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to JESUS, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done. Amen.

217.—ST. CRISPIN. * L.M. SIR G. J. ELVEY.



"Quit you like men; be strong."

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
CHRIST is thy strength, and CHRIST thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

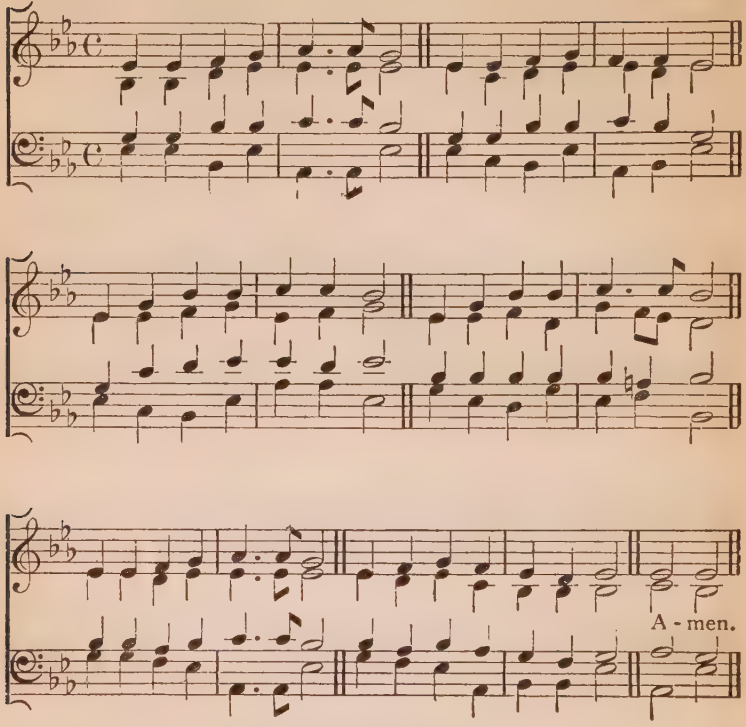
Run the straight race, through GOD's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes and seek His Face:
Life with its way before thee lies,
CHRIST is the path, and CHRIST the prize.

Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
CHRIST is its life, and CHRIST its love.

Faint not, nor fear, His Arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That CHRIST is all in all to thee. Amen.

* SIR G. J. ELVEY's permission to use ST. CRISPIN as a long metre tune has been kindly given.

218.—Redhead, No. 76. 7.7.7.7.7.7. R. Redhead.



"That Rock was Christ."

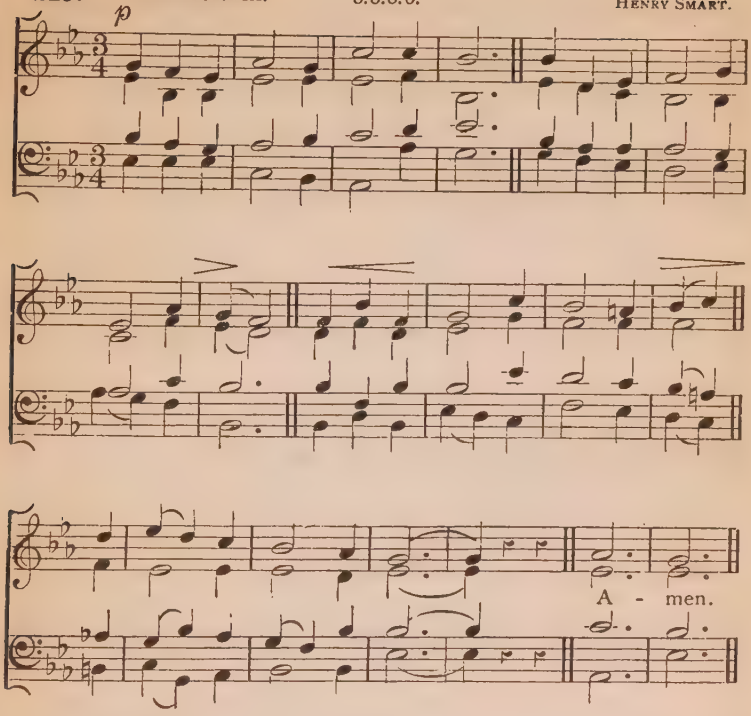
ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

219.—MISERICORDIA. 8.8.8.6. HENRY SMART.



" Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of GOD, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of GOD, I come.

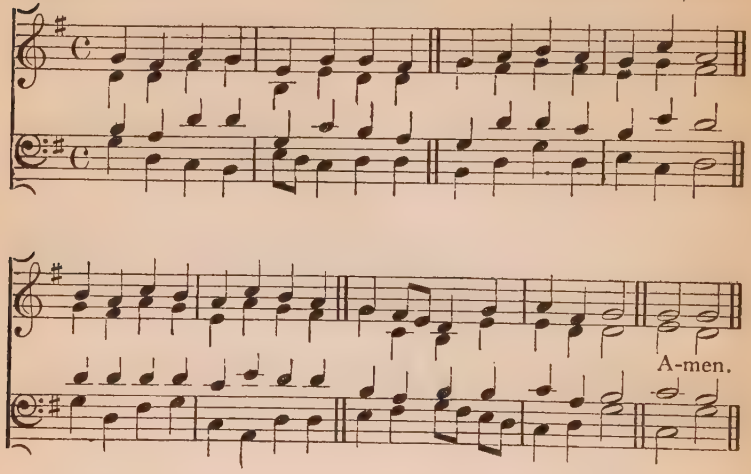
Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of GOD, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of GOD, I come.

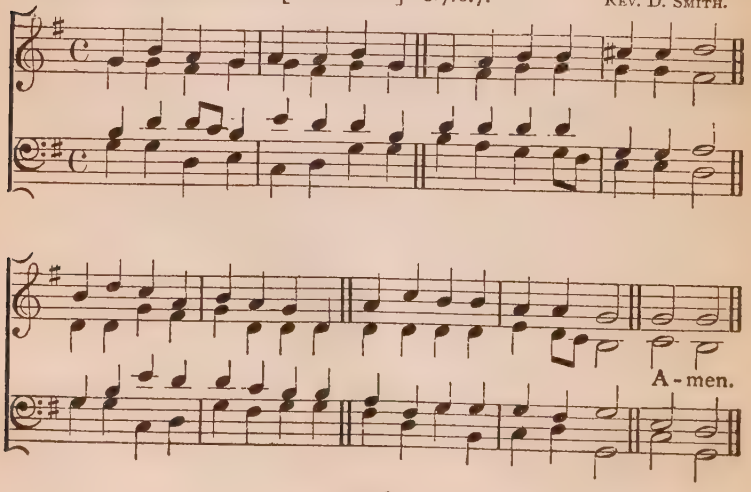
Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of GOD, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of GOD, I come. Amen.

220.—YARNTON. [*1st Tune.*] 8.7.8.7. REV. P. MAURICE, D D.



220.—KIMBERWORTH. [*2nd Tune.*] 8.7.8.7. REV. D. SMITH.



"Leaving us an example, that ye shall follow His steps."

JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
Oh, that in my whole behaviour
He my pattern still might be!

All my nature is unholy;
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

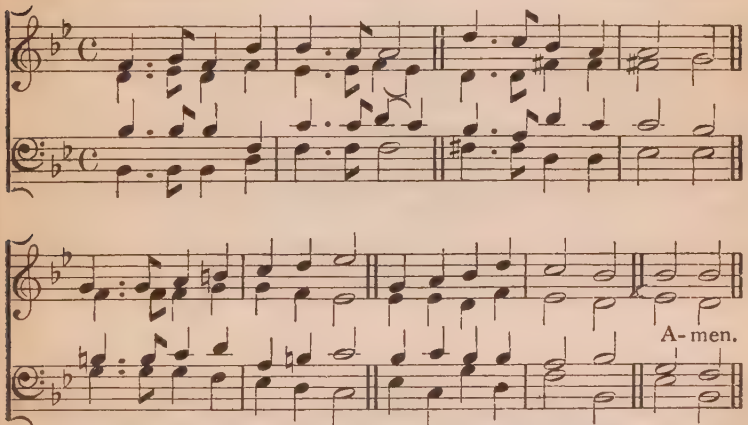
While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,
Patient in His worst distress.

Let me never be forgetful
Of His precepts any more;
Idle, passionate, and fretful,
As I've often been before.

Lord, though now Thou art in glory,
I have Thine example still;
I can read Thy sacred story,
And obey Thy holy will.

Help me by that rule to measure
Every word and every thought,
Thinking it my greatest pleasure
There to learn what Thou hast taught.
Amen.

221.—WIMBLEDON. 7.6.7.6. HENRY LAHEE.



"Reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

LOOKING upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces;
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places.

Growing every day in awe,
For Thy Name is holy;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly.

Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.

Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder.

LORD, so pray we every day
Hear us in Thy pity,
That we enter in at last
To the Holy City. Amen.

222.—SCARBOROUGH.* 6.6.6.6.8.8. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.

* The Composer is not answerable for the varied accent in the second line of the stanzas.

'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.

BEHOLD a little Child,
Laid in a manger bed;
The wintry blasts blow wild
Around His infant Head.
But who is this so lowly laid?
'Tis He by Whom the worlds were made.

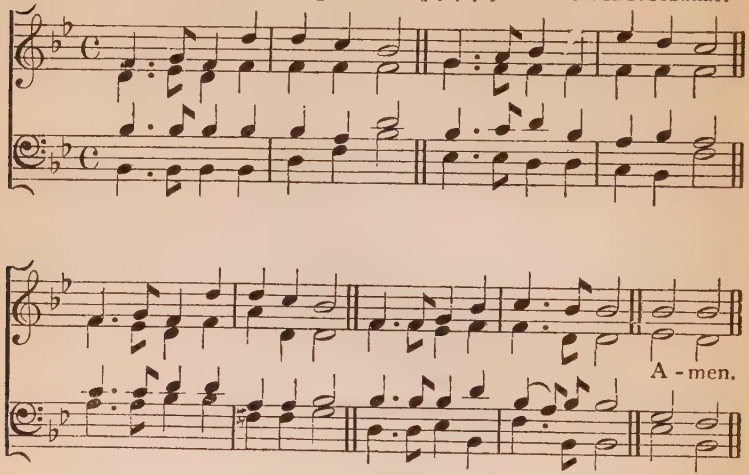
Alas! in what poor state
The SON of GOD is seen;
Why doth the Lord so great
Choose out a home so mean?
That we may learn from pride to flee,
And follow His humility.

Where Joseph plies his trade,
Lo! JESUS labours too;
The Hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue,
That weary men in Him may rest,
And faithful toil through Him be blest.

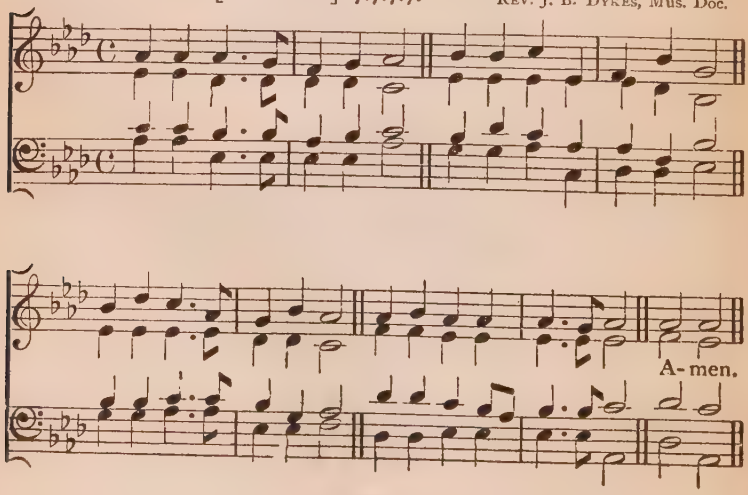
Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace;
Say, wherefore taketh He
The scholar's lowly place?
That Christian boys with reverence meet,
May sit and learn at JESUS' Feet.

CHRIST! once Thyself a Boy,
Our boyhood guard and guide;
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide,
That Thy dear love, so great and free,
May draw us evermore to Thee. Amen.

223.—Pilgrimage, No. 2. [*1st Tune.*] 7.7.7.7. *Harr.* Sir R. P. Stewart.



223.—St. Bees. [*2nd Tune.*] 7.7.7.7. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs."

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

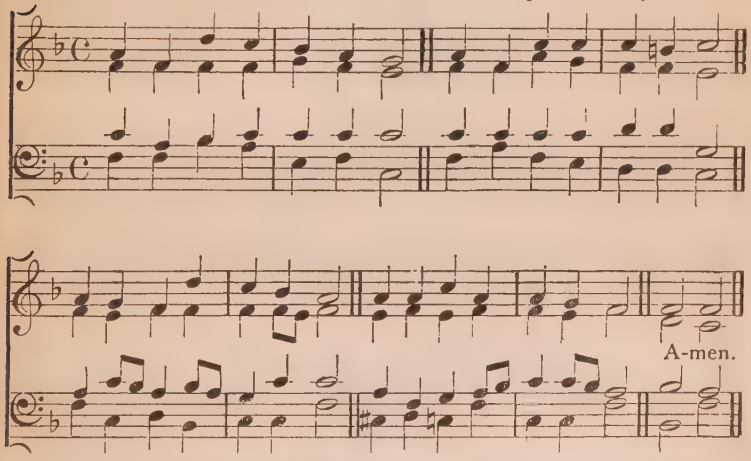
We are travelling home to GOD,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
JESUS CHRIST, the FATHER'S SON,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Hymns of glory and of praise,
FATHER, unto Thee we raise;
Praise to Thee, O CHRIST, our King,
And the HOLY GHOST, we sing. Amen.

224.—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7.7.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.



"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

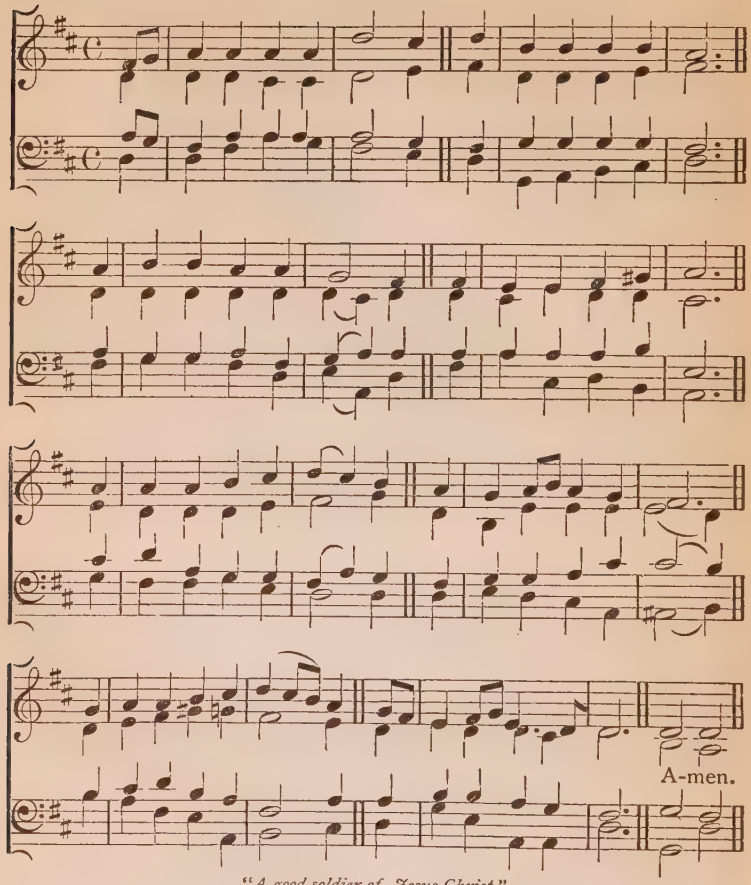
Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then to glory move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Hymns of glory and of praise,
FATHER, unto Thee we raise;
Holy JESUS, praise to Thee,
With the SPIRIT ever be. Amen.

225—St. Alkmund. 7.6.7.6. D. Rev. J. S. Sidebotham.



"A good soldier of Jesus Christ."

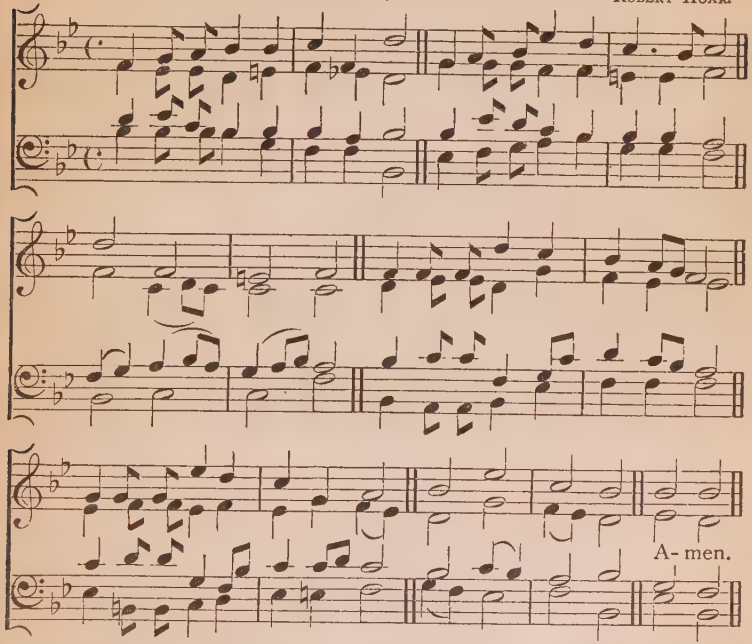
GO forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true;
The Lord Himself thy Leader
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foresees thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with Bread of Heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier;
Fear not the secret foe;
For more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

Go forward, Christian soldier ;
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And Heaven is all possessed ;
Till CHRIST Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier ;
Fear not the gathering night ;
The Lord has been thy shelter ;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His Face revealeth
Thy dangers all are past ;
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last ! Amen.

226.—CHURCH MILITANT. 8.8.4. D. ROBERT HOAR.



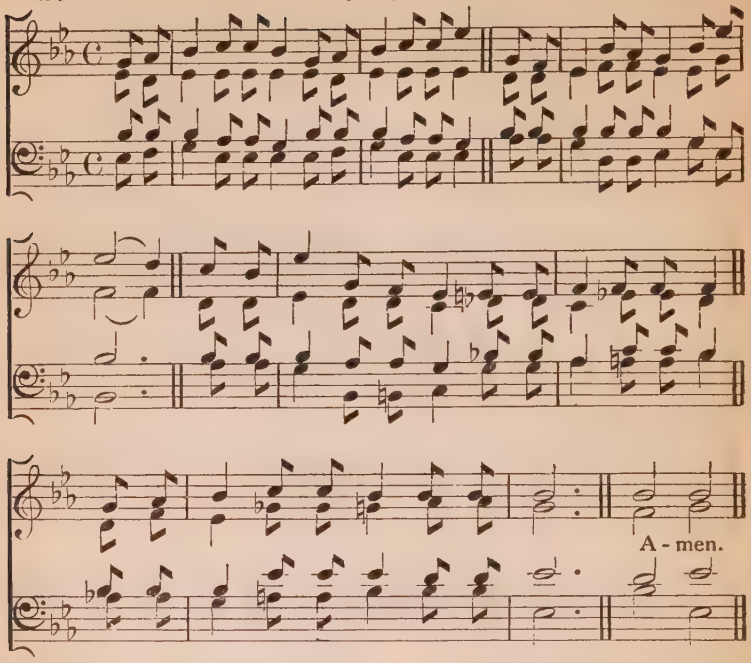
" Fear not, little flock ; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

FEAR not the foe, thou flock of GOD ;
Fear not the sword, the spear, the rod ;
Fear not the foe !
He fights in vain who fights with thee ;
Soon shalt thou see his armies flee,
Himself laid low.

Come, cheer thee to the toil and fight :
'Tis GOD, thy GOD, defends the right ;
He leads thee on.
His sword shall scatter every foe,
His shield shall ward off every blow :
The crown is won.

His is the battle, His the power,
His is the triumph in that hour :
In Him be strong.
So round thy brow the wreath shall twine,
So shall the victory be thine,
And thine the song. Amen.

227—MONT DOL. 12.9.12.9. E. C. A. CHEPMELL.



"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

WE are soldiers of CHRIST, Who is mighty to save,
And His banner the Cross is unfurled;
We are pledged to be faithful and steadfast and brave
Against Satan, the flesh and the world.

We are brothers and comrades, we stand side by side,
And our faith and our hope are the same;
And we think of the Cross on which JESUS has died,
When we bear the reproach of His Name.

At the font we were marked with the cross on our brow,
Of our grace and our calling the sign;
And the weakest is strong to be true to his vow;
For the armour we wear is Divine.

We will watch ready armed if the tempter draw near,
If he come with a frown or a smile;
We will heed not his threats, nor his flatteries hear,
Nor be taken by storm or by wile.

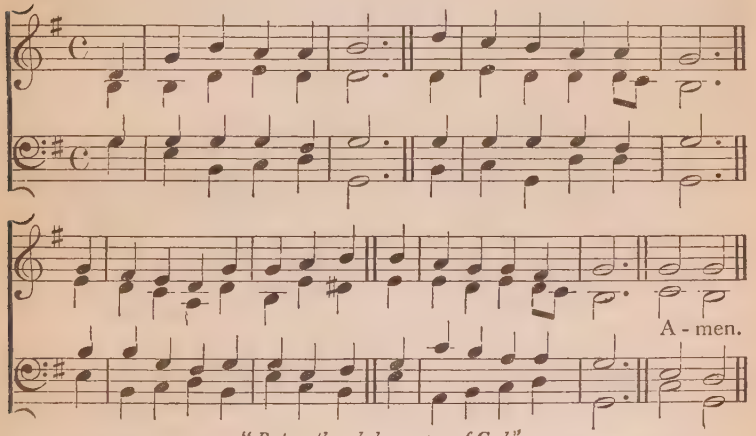
We will master the flesh, and its longings restrain,
We will not be the bondslaves of sin,
The pure SPIRIT of GOD in our nature shall reign,
And our spirits their triumph shall win.

For the world's love we live not, its hate we defy,
And we will not be led by the throng;
We'll be true to ourselves, to our FATHER on high,
And the bright world to which we belong.

Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,
While we follow where CHRIST leads the way,
'Twere dishonour to yield, or the battle to shun,
We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.

Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,
In the might of our GOD we will stand;
Oh, what joy to be crowned and be pure evermore
In the peace of our own Fatherland! Amen.

228.—ST. MICHAEL. S.M. DAYE'S Psalter, 1563.



"Put on the whole armour of God."

SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which GOD supplies
Through His Eternal SON.

Strong in the LORD of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts
Is more than conqueror.

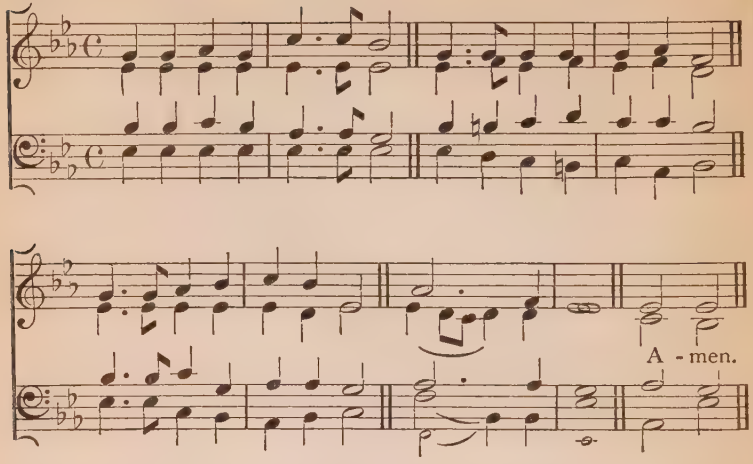
Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of GOD.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may obtain, through CHRIST alone,
A crown of joy at last.

JESU, Eternal SON,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with GOD the FATHER ONE
And SPIRIT, evermore. Amen.

229.—VIGILATE. 7.7.7.3. PROF. W. H. MONK.



"Watch and pray."

"CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian Angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
"Watch and pray."

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
"Watch and pray."

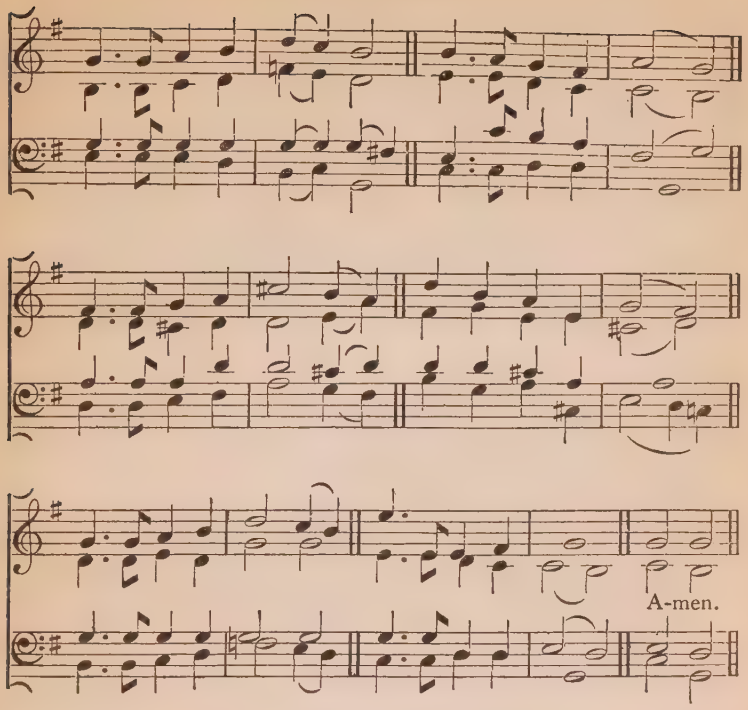
Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
"Watch and pray."

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

Hear, above all, hear Thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His Word,
"Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
"Watch and pray." Amen.

230.—"WHILE THE SUN IS SHINING." 6.5.6.5. D. WALTER MACFARREN.



"Work while it is called to-day."

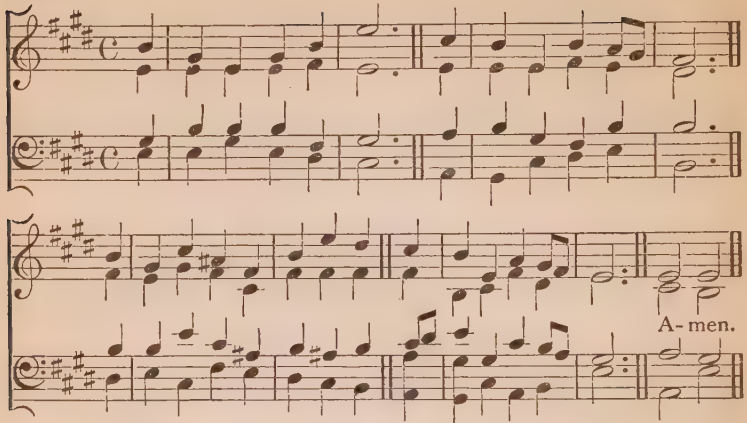
WHILE the sun is shining
Brightly in the sky,
Ere his rays declining
Tell that night is nigh;
Ere the shadows falling,
Lengthen on our way,
Hark! a voice is calling,
"Work while it is day."

Work for GOD in Heaven,
Seek the Saviour's Face,
Plead to be forgiven,
Strive to grow in grace;
Watch against temptation,
Watch, and fight, and pray,
Each in his own station,
"Work while it is day."

Work, but not in sadness,
For your Lord above;
He will make it gladness
With His smile of love.
When that Lord returning
Knocketh at the gate,
Let your lights be burning,
Be like men who wait.

Happy then the meeting,
When you see His Face;
Welcome then the greeting
From the Throne of grace—
"Good and faithful servant,
Of My FATHER blest,
Now your work is ended,
Enter into rest." Amen.

231.—SUNDERLAND. S.M. HENRY SMART.



"I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day."

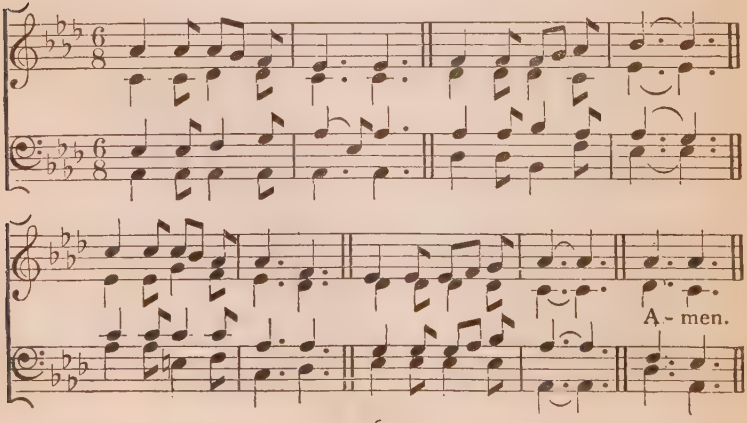
A CHARGE to keep I have,
A GOD to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
A rest to gain on high.

From youth to hoary age
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And now Thy servant, LORD, prepare
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
And still on Thee rely;
Oh, let me not my trust betray
But press to realms on high! Amen.

232.—WARFARE. 6.5.6.5. L. J. HUTTON.



" Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

DO no sinful action,
Speak no sinful word;
Ye belong to JESUS,
Children of the Lord.

CHRIST is kind and gentle,
CHRIST is pure and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

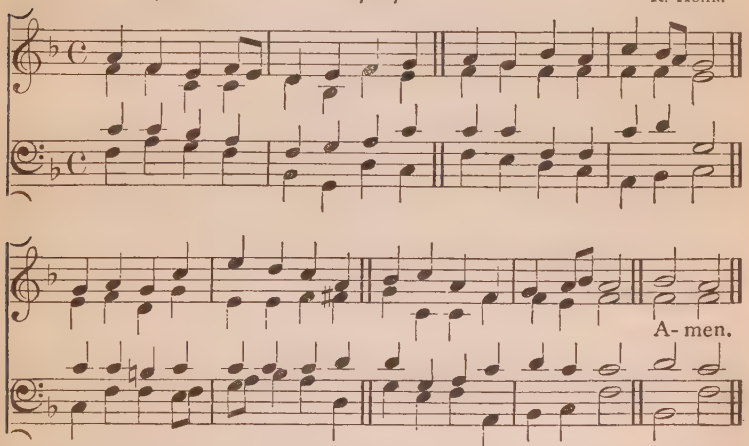
But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

For ye promised truly,
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
And forsake his ways.

Ye are new-born Christians;
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

CHRIST is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too. Amen.

233.—OTHAM. 8.7.8.7. R. HOAR.



" Ye are not your own."

SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.

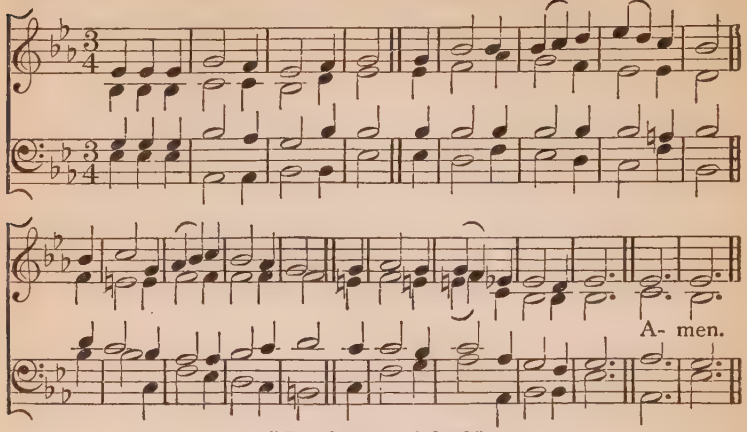
Take me now, Lord JESUS, take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine:
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love Divine.

Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

Let me do Thy will or bear it,
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart. Amen.

234.—NE DERELINQUAS ME. L.M. CHARLES H. LLOYD, M.A., Mus. Bac. Oxon.



"Forsake me not, O Lord"

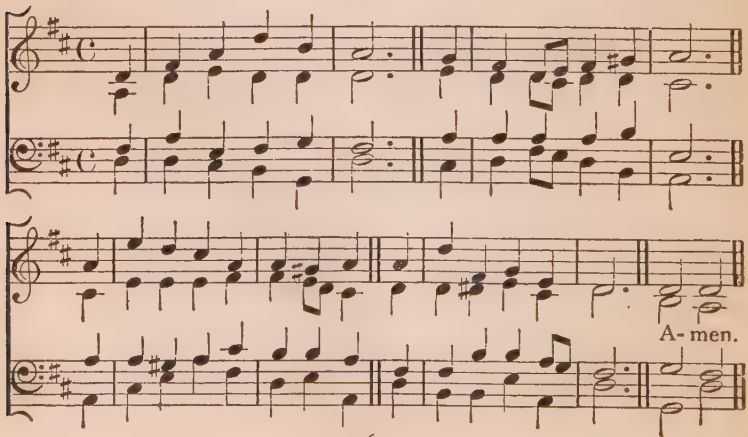
IN the fair morning of our youth,
O LORD, be Thou our GOD and Guide,
Direct us in the way of truth,
And may we never turn aside.

In manhood's hour be with us still,
Director of our every way,
Keep us devoted to Thy will,
Steadfast through life's advancing day.

And in the chilly eve of age,
'Mid failing strength and drooping power,
Still may Thy love our hearts engage,
And sanctify life's closing hour.

Thus when we come to yield our breath,
Prepared for that last mortal strife,
May we be faithful unto death,
And then receive a crown of life. Amen.

235.—MORAVIA. S.M. L. WEST.



"Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits."

FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When, full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

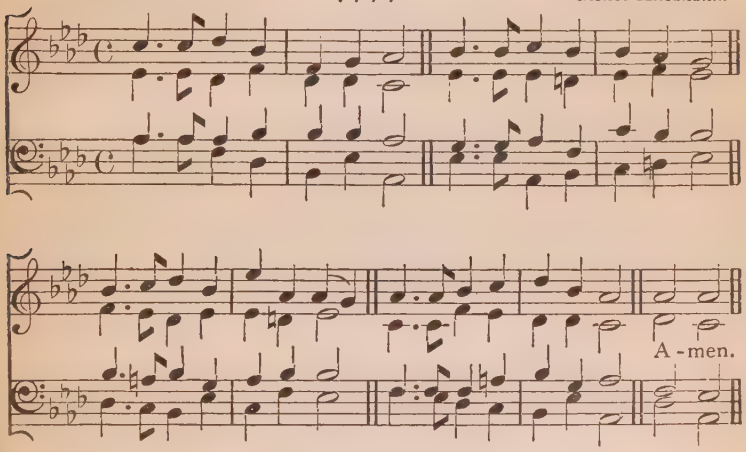
To GOD, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour;
Then carry to His Temple gate
The choicest of their store.

Like Israel, LORD, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in Heaven. Amen.

236.—NEWINGTON. 7·7·7·7. BISHOP MACLAGAN.



"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

THINE for ever! GOD of love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

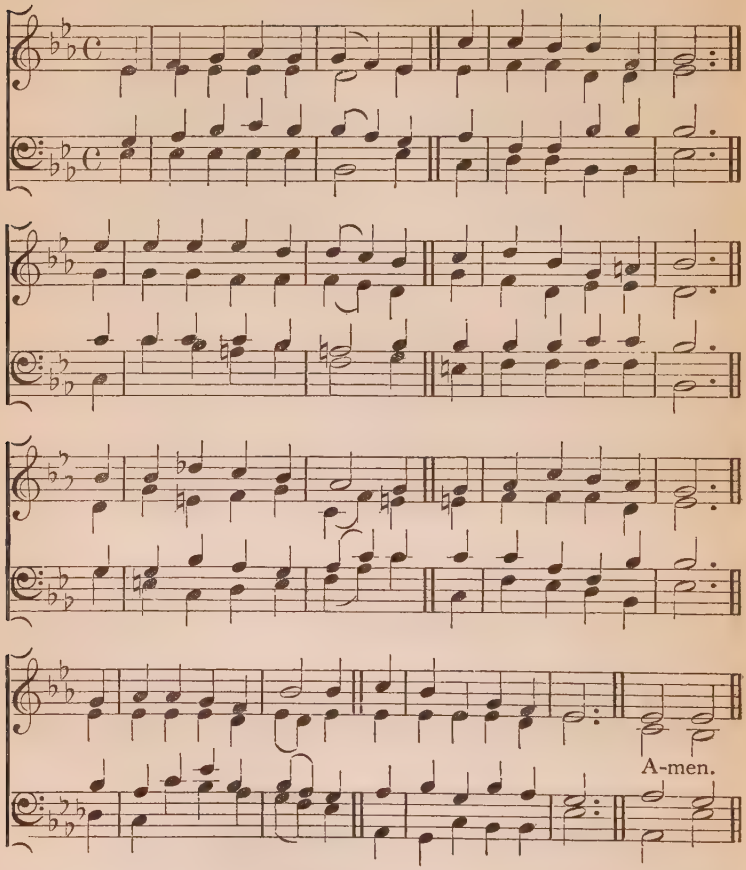
Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife,
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
Us Thy weak and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide;
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven!
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven! Amen.

237.—WELLESLEY. 7.6.7.6. D. SIR G. J. ELVEY.



"Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

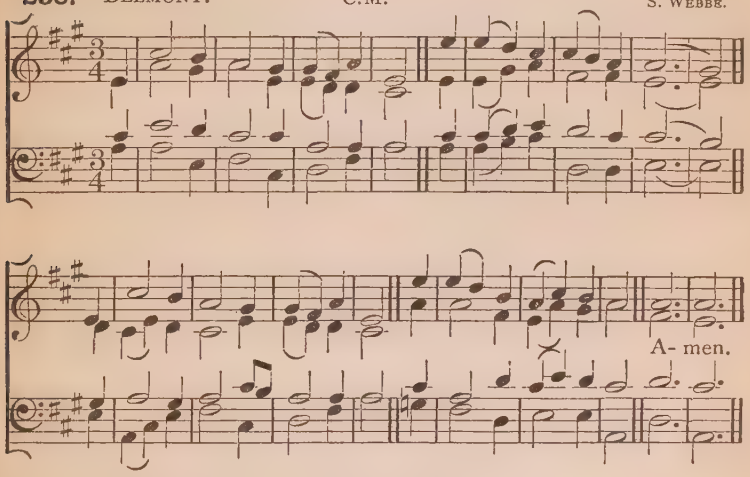
Oh, let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, JESUS, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
Oh, speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

O JESUS, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

Oh, let me see Thy Footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone;
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend. Amen.

238.—BELMONT. C.M. S. WEBBE.



"I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valley."

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows,
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

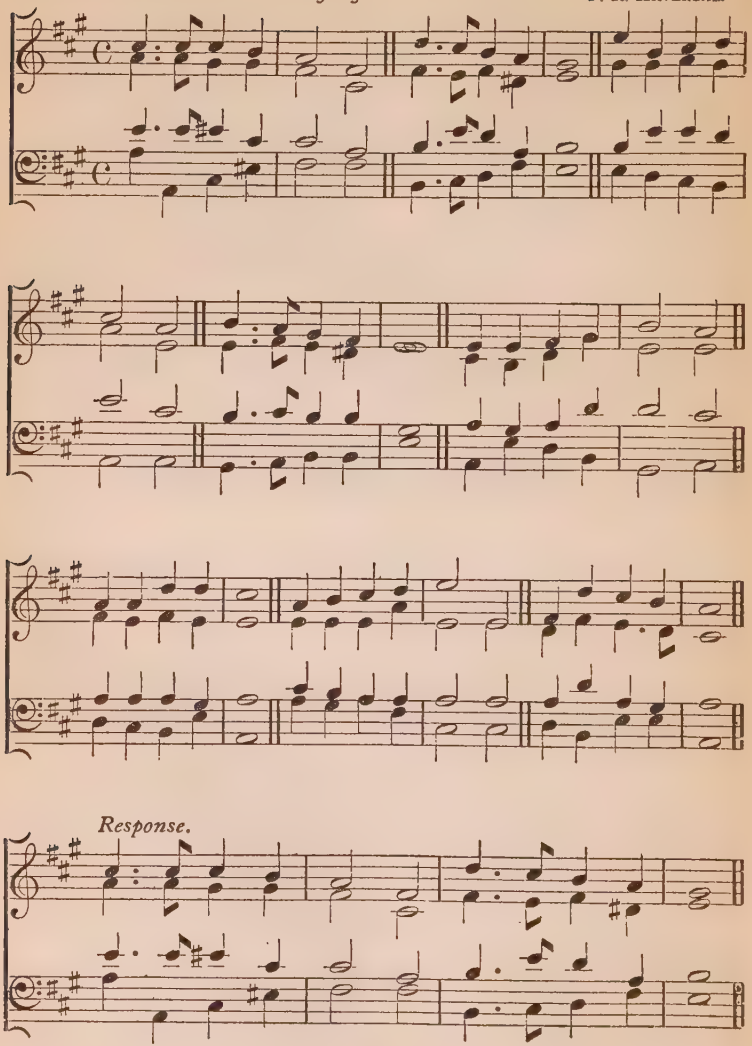
Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose tender heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to GOD.

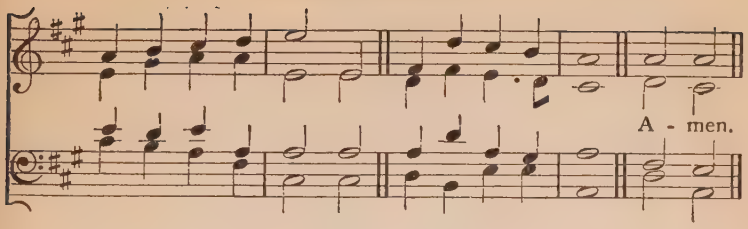
By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

O Thou, Whose infant Feet were found
Within Thy FATHER'S shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike Divine.

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. Amen.

239.—HERMAS. 6.5.6.5. 12 lines. F. R. HAVERGAL.





"Who is on the Lord's side?"

WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm.
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom JESUS nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

JESUS, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own Life-Blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
"Chosen, called, and faithful"
For our Captain's band.
In the service royal;
Let us not grow cold,
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace Divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine! Amen.

240.—Thy Life was given for me. 6.6.6.6.6.6.

Prof. G. A. Macfarren, Mus. Doc.

"What reward shall I give unto the Lord for all the benefits that He hath done unto me."

THY Life was given for me,
Thy Blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
Thy life was given for me:
What have I given for Thee?

Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know;
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

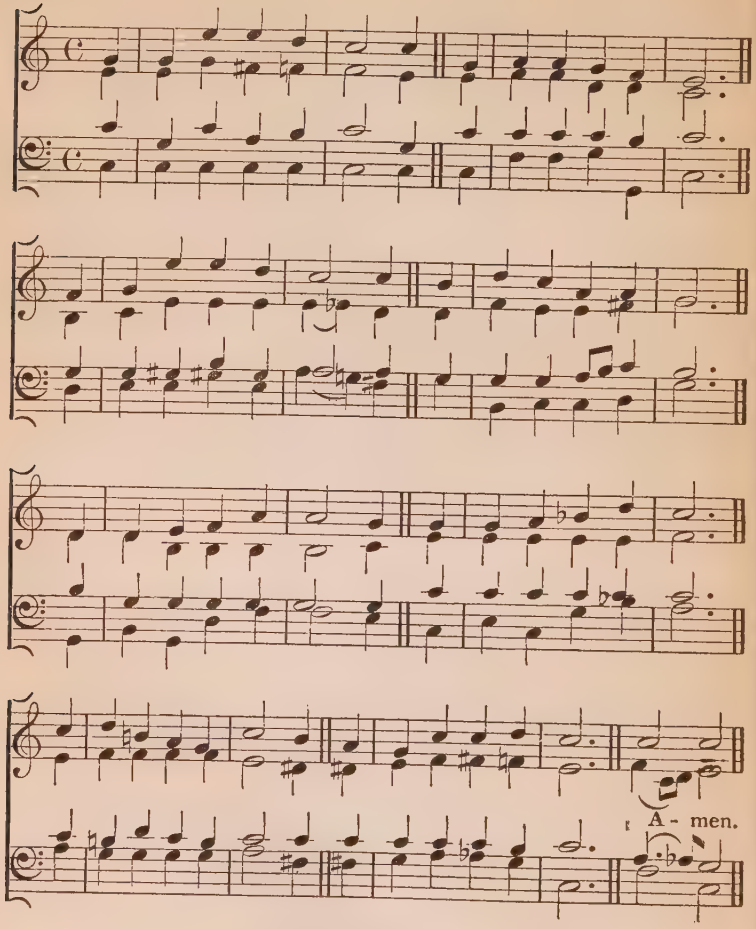
Thy FATHER'S home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled Throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou suff'redst all for me:
What have I borne for Thee?

And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love;
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
I give myself to Thee. Amen.

241.—Waltham Abbey. 7.6.7.6. D. Cameron W. H. Brock.



"I press toward the mark."

MY Lord, in glory reigning
Upon the glassy sea,
By Angel hosts surrounded,
Is thinking still of me.

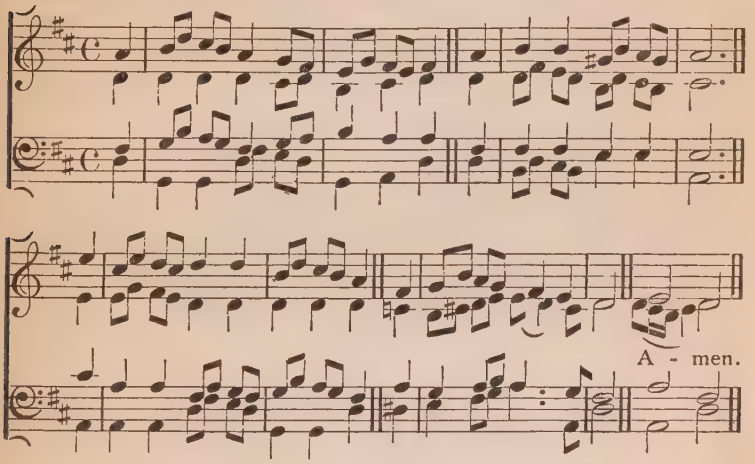
My heart for joy is dancing,
My lamp I trim and clear,
The Bridegroom bids me enter
If I but persevere.

My Lord a land is ruling,
The land of pure delight,
Whence hate and might are banished,
And all is love and light.
What though my lot be lowly,
What though my way be drear;
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that kingdom,
If I but persevere.

My Lord a home is building,
A mansion passing fair,
Of pearl and gold all burnished,
Of jewels, costly, rare;
A home where nothing lacketh,
Away with doubt and fear!
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that mansion,
If I but persevere.

My Lord a song is teaching
The Angel choirs on high;
They strike their harps and cymbals,
And sound the psaltery.
A song to greet the wanderer,
To Heaven's gate drawing near;
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, the welcome,
If I but persevere. Amen.

242.—St. Chrysostom. C.M. Rev. W. H. Havergal.



"Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off?"

THERE is an Eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an Ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

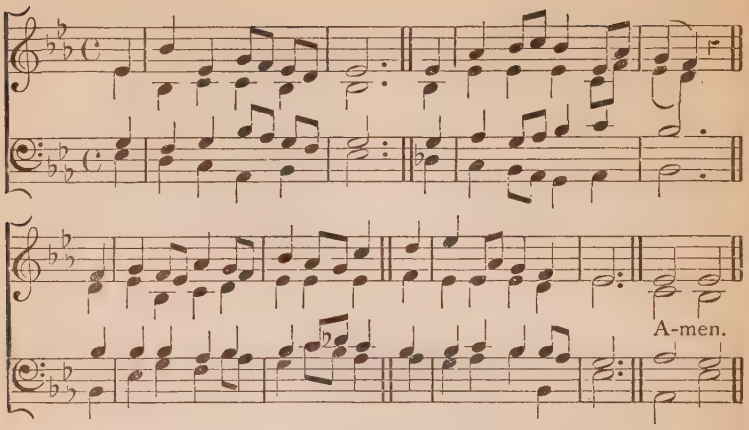
There is an Arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a Love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That Eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That Arm upholds the sky;
That Ear is filled with Angel-songs;
That Love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,
That list'ning Ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high
Through Jesus to the Throne,
And moves the Hand, which moves the world,
To bring salvation down. Amen.

243.—CARLISLE. S.M. LOCKHART.



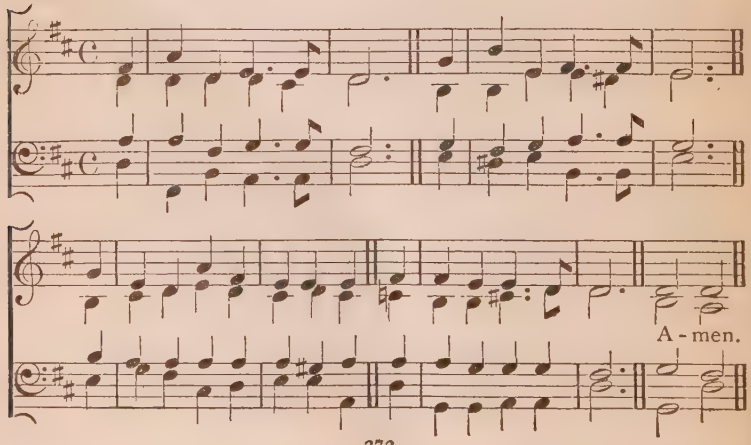
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our GOD;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is CHRIST's abode.

The Lord, who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King,
He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart!
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy Presence seek;
May ours this blessing be:
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

244.—DIPPENHALL. S.M. E. A. SYDENHAM.



"Behold, O Lord, how that I am Thy servant."

MAKE use of me, my GOD,
Let me not be forgot,
Let not Thy child be cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not.

Thou usest all Thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak, and little hill,
My GOD, oh, use me too!

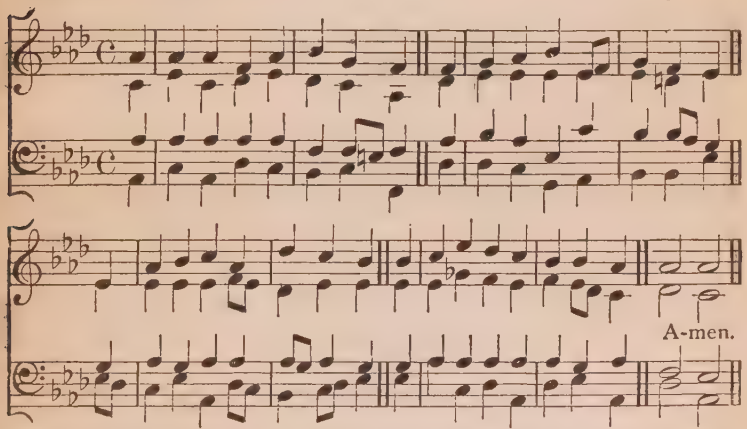
Thou usest tree and flower,
The river vast and small;
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,
The little hidden lake,
The pine upon the alpine cliff,
The lily in the brake.

The huge rock in the vale,
The sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve Thee here,
All creatures great and small;
Make use of me, of me, my GOD,
The weakest of them all. Amen.

245.—BRESLAU. L.M. German.



"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me."

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou would'st My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

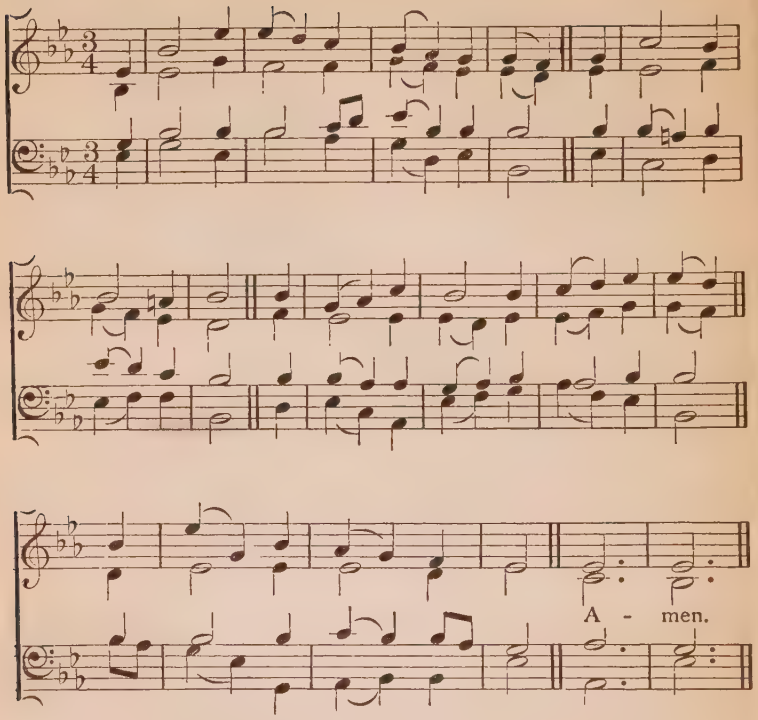
Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up Thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow CHRIST,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

To Thee, great LORD, the ONE in THREE,
All praise for evermore ascend;
Oh, grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end.
Amen.

246.—ABRIDGE. C.M. ISAAC SMITH.



"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heaven.

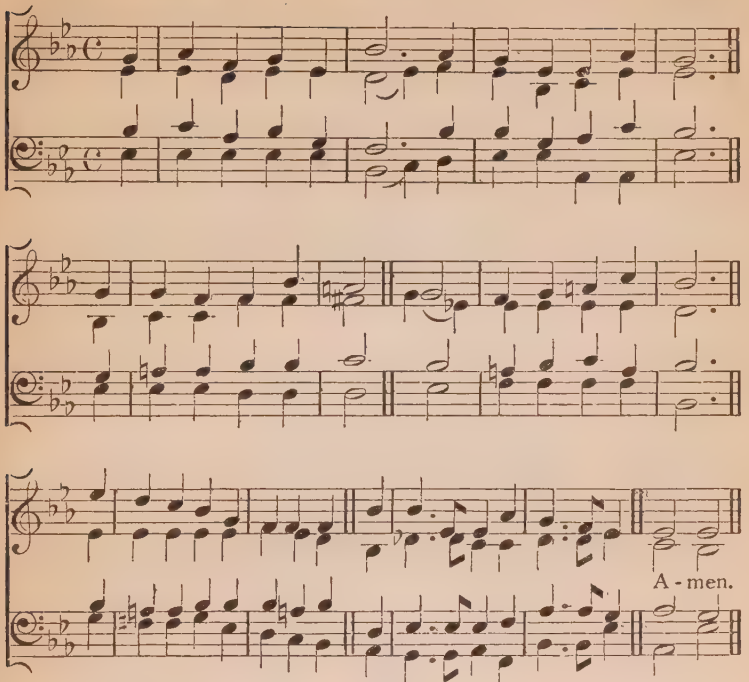
Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our FATHER's Will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"FATHER, Thy Will be done."

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heaven. Amen.

247.—FRENSHAM. 6.6.6.6.8.8. E. A. SYDENHAM.



"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice Divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

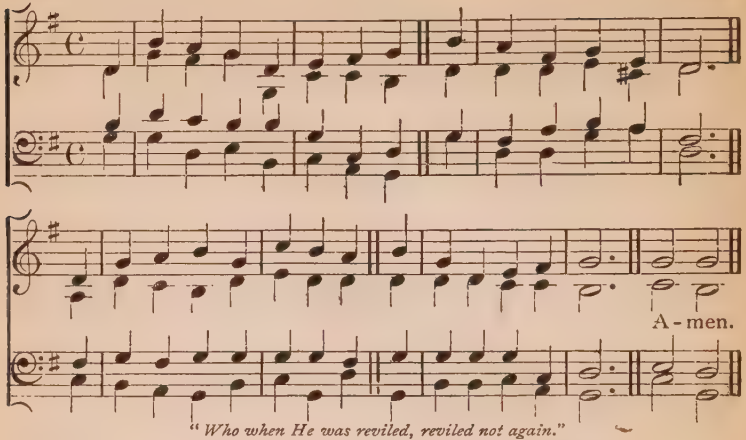
The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The LORD to Hannah's son revealed.

Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O LORD!
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy Word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh, give me Samuel's heart!
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy House Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy Will.

Oh, give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
Amen.

248.—St. Mildred. C.M. Dean Alford.



"Who when He was reviled, reviled not again."

WHEN, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from Heaven,
And bore His injuries.

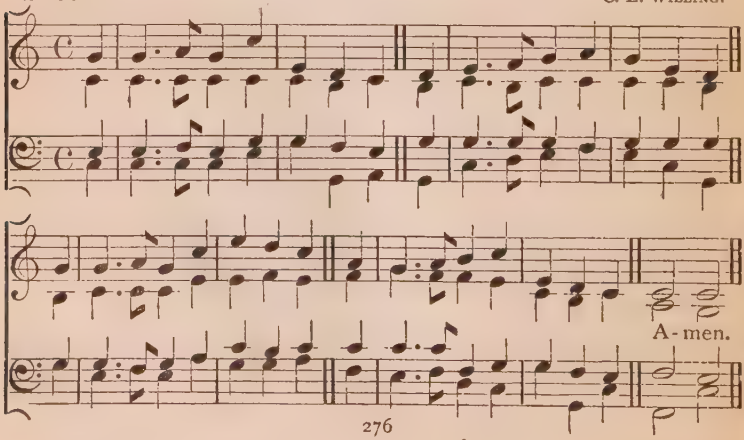
He was insulted every day,
Though all His words were kind:
But nothing men could do or say
Disturbed His heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs he heard
Against the truths He taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the Cross He bled,
With all His foes in view,
"Father, forgive them," Jesus said,
"They know not what they do."

Dear Saviour, may I learn of Thee
My temper to amend;
And speak that pardoning word for me,
Whenever I offend. Amen.

249.—Alstone. L.M. C. E. Willing.



"Even a child is known by his doings."

WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for JESUS' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

We know the holy innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life,
And martyrs brave and patient saints
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learned like vows to make;
We need not die, we cannot fight;
What may we do for JESUS' sake?

Oh, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for JESUS' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

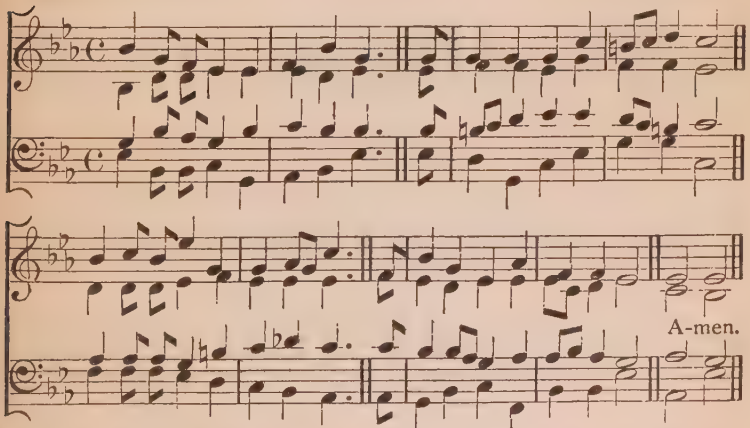
When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there;
And still do all for JESUS' sake.

There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take;
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for JESUS' sake. Amen.

250.—BOWDLER, No. 27. L.M. CYRIL BOWDLER.



"Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me, My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth?"

GREAT GOD, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my FATHER and my Friend?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The LORD of earth and air and sky?

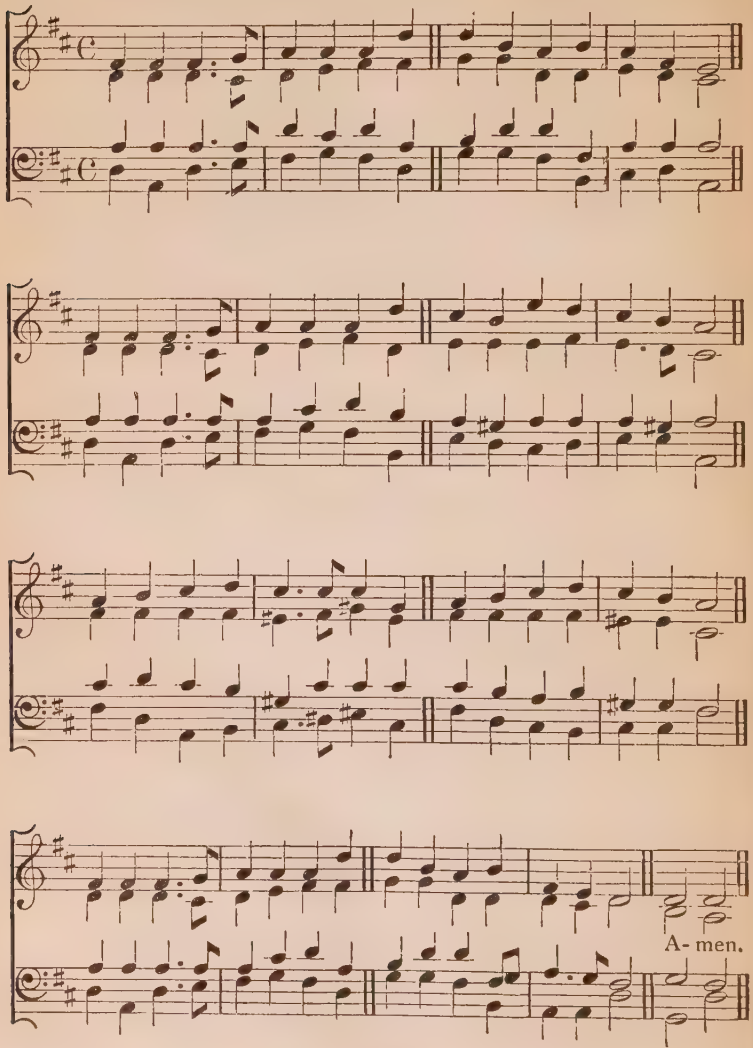
Art Thou my FATHER? Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

Art Thou my FATHER? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

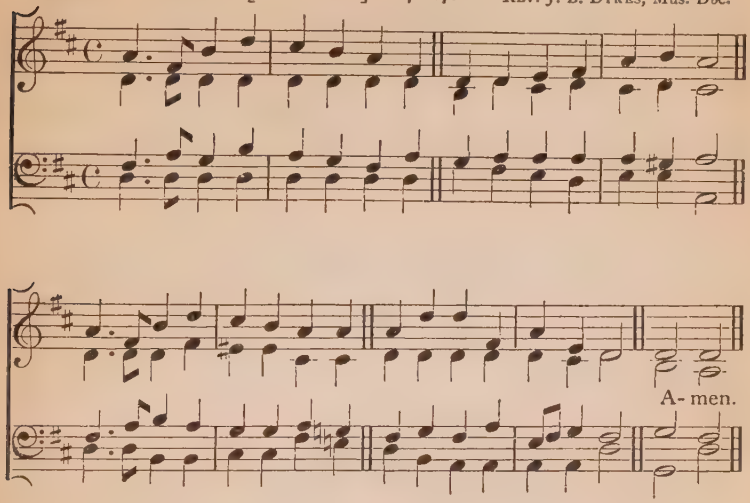
Art Thou my FATHER? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

Art Thou my FATHER? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above. Amen.

251.—St. Asaph. [*1st Tune.*] 8.7.8.7. D. William S. Bambridge.



251.—St. Oswald. [*2nd Tune.*] 8.7.8.7. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



"One hope of your calling."

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

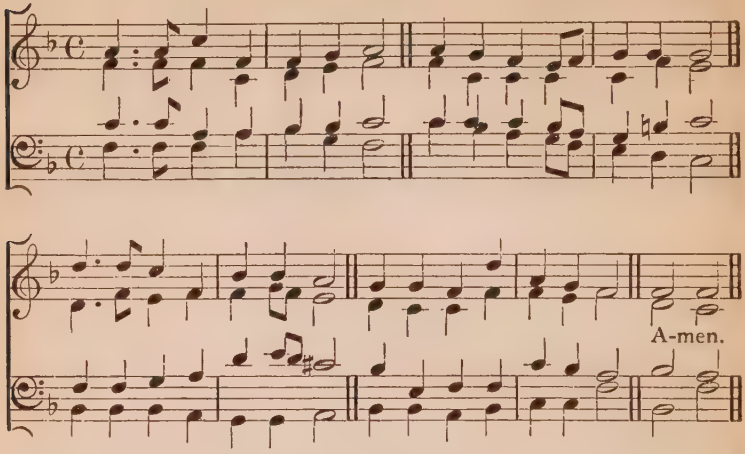
One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom. Amen.

252.—St. John's Mentone. 7.7.7.7. Rev. Henry Sidebotham.



"All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord."

ALL that's good, and great, and true,
All that is and is to be,
Be it old or be it new,
Comes, O Father, all from Thee.

Mercies dawn with every day,
Newer, brighter, than before,
And the sun's declining ray
Layeth others up in store.

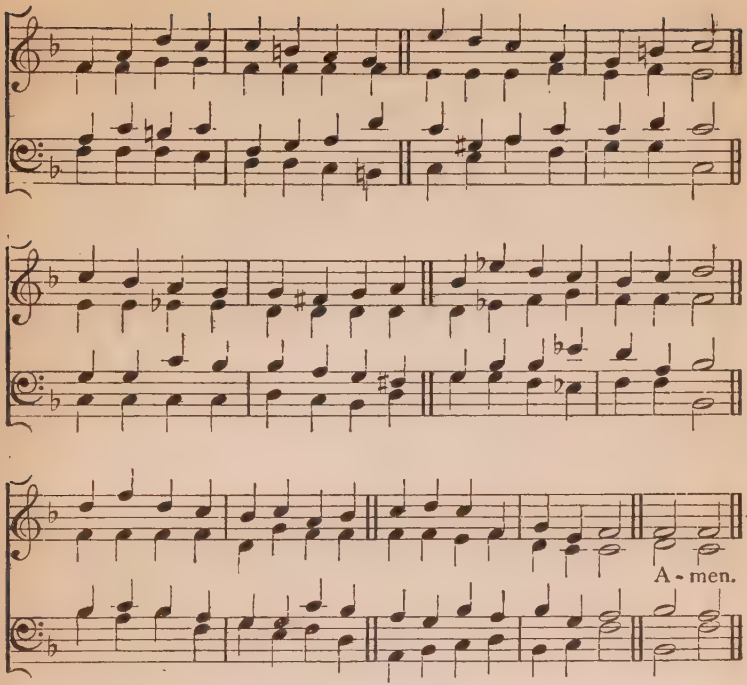
Not a bird that doth not sing
Sweetest praises to Thy Name,
Not an insect on the wing
But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain top and wooded dell,
All in singing, sing of Thee,
Songs of love ineffable.

Fill us then with love Divine;
Grant that we, though toiling here,
May, in spirit being Thine,
See and hear Thee everywhere.

May we all with songs of praise,
Whilst on earth, Thy Name adore,
Till with Angel choirs we raise
Songs of praise for evermore. Amen.

253.—Iona. [*1st Tune.*] 8.7.8.7. D. J. Stainer, Mus. Doc.



" Be ye followers of God as dear children."

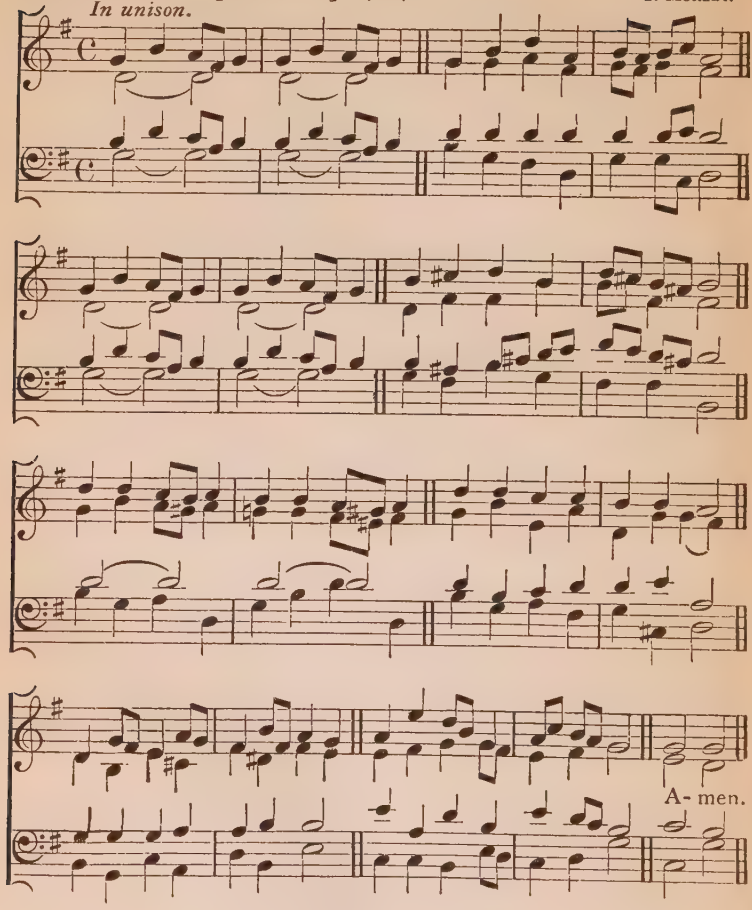
HEAVENLY FATHER, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here;
May they all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear.
May they be like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure,
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

Holy Saviour, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee.
Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine Arms and at Thy Breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
HOLY SPIRIT, Heavenly Dove;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love.
Temples of the HOLY SPIRIT,
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine. Amen.

253.—MURIEL. [*2nd Tune.*] 8.7.8.7. D. T. MORLEY.

In unison.



"*Be ye followers of God as dear children.*"

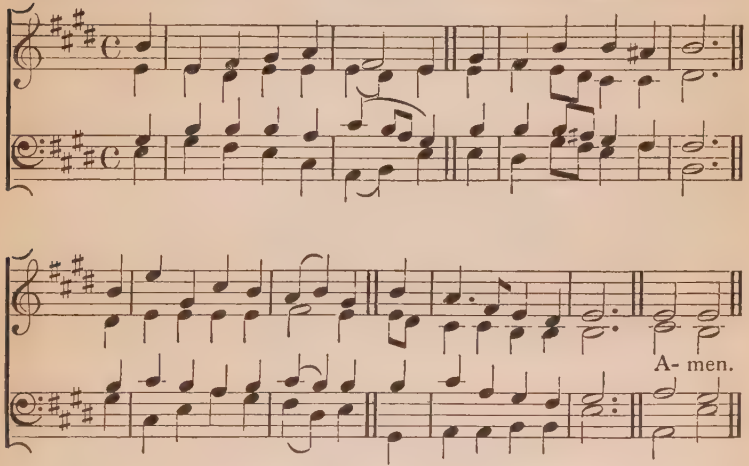
HEAVENLY FATHER, send Thy blessing,
On Thy children gathered here;
May we all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear.

May we be like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure,
And our faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

Holy Saviour, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide our steps and help our weakness,
Bless and make us like to Thee.
Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine Arms and at Thy Breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring us to Thy heavenly rest.

Spread Thy golden pinions o'er us,
Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove;
Guide us, lead us, go before us,
Give us peace, and joy, and love.
Temples of the Holy Spirit,
May we with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine. Amen.

254.—Walkelyn. 7.6.7.6. George B. Arnold, Mus. Doc.



"Be glad then, ye children of Zion."

O happy Christian children,
Who seek a home above,
And read in all creation
A heavenly Father's love.

What earthly foes can harm us,
What power can make us fear,
If God is watching o'er us
With succour ever near?

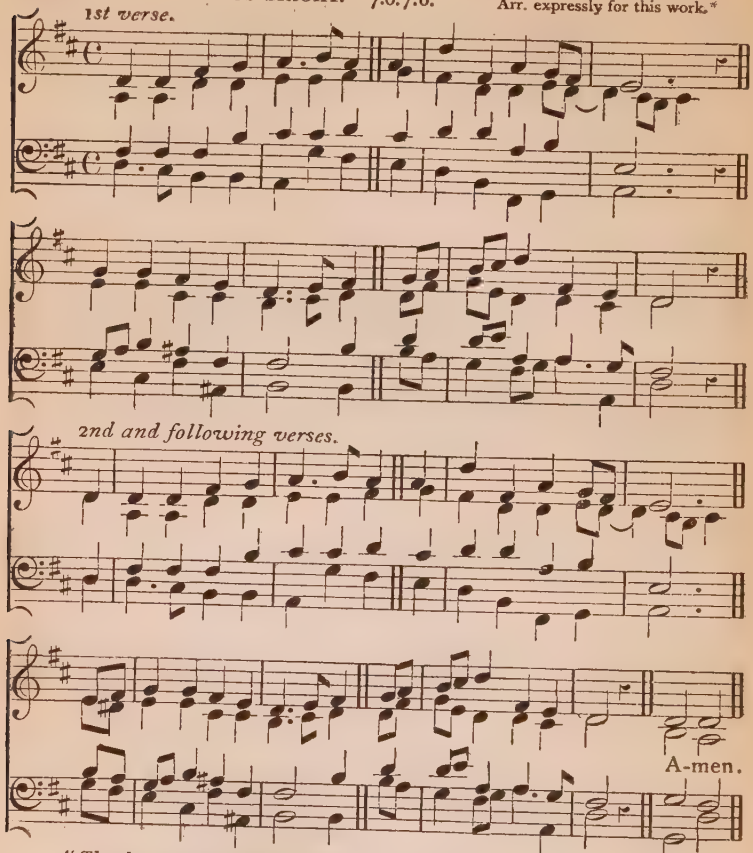
His Ear in all our dangers
Is listening when we call;
His Hand in all temptations
Will hold us lest we fall.

In joy we now approach Him,
In hope we kneel and pray;
For He Whose Blood redeemed us
Will wash our sins away.

When earth no help can find us,
And all its lights are gone,
He sends His blessèd Spirit
To lead us safely on.

And when at last our bodies
Must lay them down to rest,
With Him we trust our spirits
Will be for ever blest. Amen.

255.—"ALL THINGS BRIGHT." 7.6.7.6. REV. SIR. F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart. Arr. expressly for this work.*



"Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small;
All things wise and wonderful,
The LORD GOD made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings;
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate;
God made them high or lowly,
And ordered their estate,

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brighten up the sky.

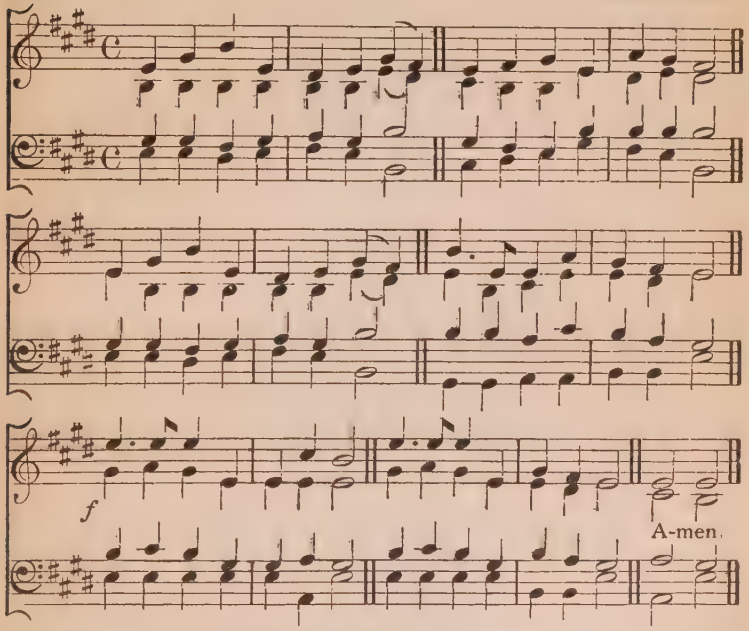
* This tune, in another form, is the copyright of MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & Co., and the present arrangement is printed with their permission.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun;
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play;
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is GOD ALMIGHTY,
Who has made all things well. Amen.

256.—ALL SAINTS, No. 2. 7.7.7.7.7.7. HENRY LAHEE.



"Giving thanks always for all things unto God."

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

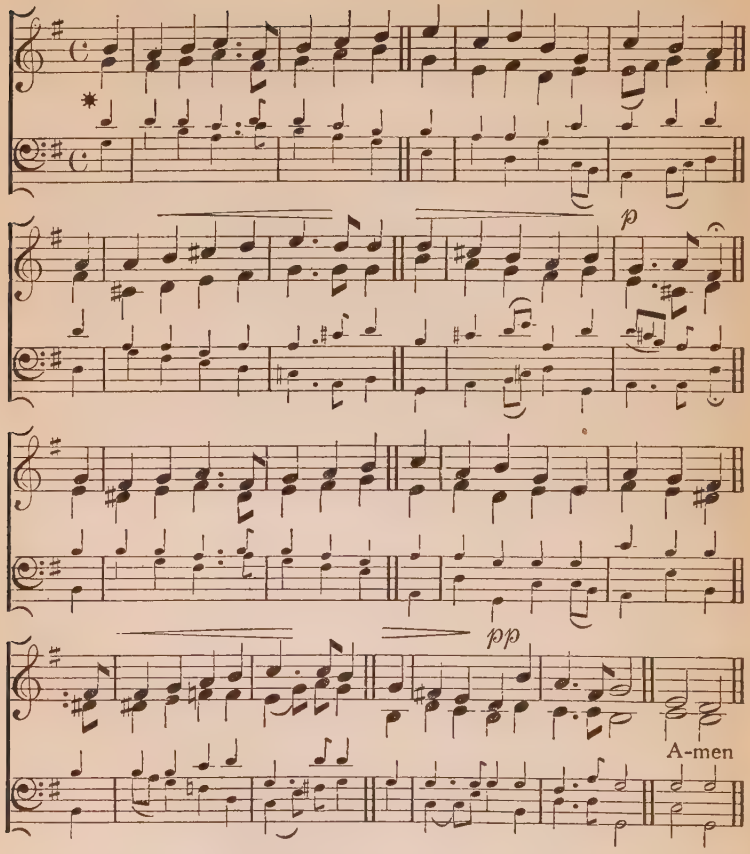
For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasure pure and undefiled,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise!

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

Amen.

257.—ITALIA. D.L.M. SIR HERBERT OAKELEY.



"Lord, what is man, that Thou takest knowledge of him?"

WE thank Thee, LORD, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory come from Thee.

Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that weave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

* The two upper parts are constructed so that they may be sung as a choral duet, independently of, or with, tenor and bass.

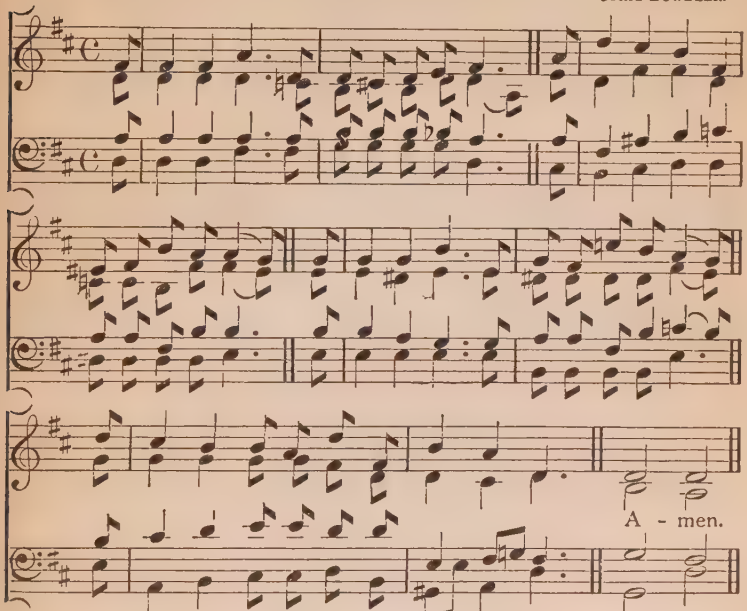
Other words for this tune were originally sent to the Composer.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
Thou glorious FATHER, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy SPIRIT's might.

So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to Heaven.
Amen.

258.—THE DAY WAS DONE. 10.10.10.10.

CYRIL BOWDLER.



"And when the even was come, He saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side."

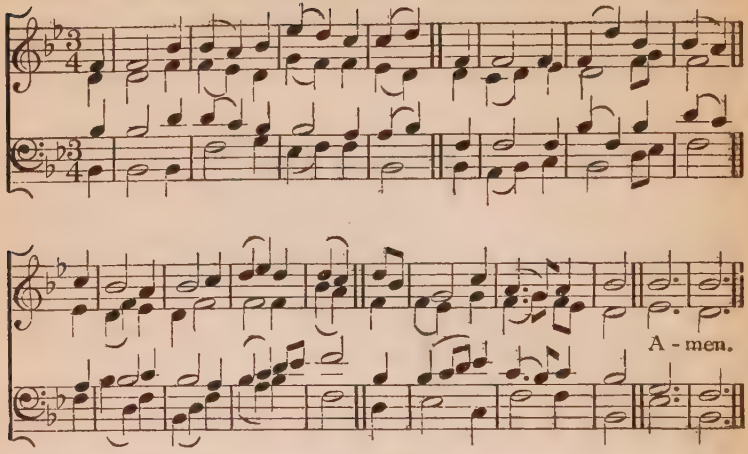
THE day was done; beside the sultry shore
The cooling shadows kissed the restless sea;
The words of wondrous wisdom now were o'er
That made thy waves so sacred, Galilee!

The throngings multitudes, from far and nigh,
All day around the Master's bark had pressed;
And as He taught, the hours sped swiftly by,
And many a weary heart found peace and rest.

The shadows lengthened, softly fell the dew,
And the long day, with all its toil, was o'er;
Then spake the Master to His chosen few,
"Let us pass over to the other shore."

So, when life's day is ended, and we stand
At even on the brink of death's dark tide,
Oh, may we firmly grasp the Saviour's Hand,
And "pass" in safety to the "other side."

259.—WILTSHIRE. C.M. SIR GEORGE SMART.



"I will always give thanks unto the Lord: His praise shall ever be in my mouth."

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my GOD shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Oh, magnify the LORD with me!
With me exalt His Name!
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of GOD encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

Oh, make but trial of His love!
Experience will decide,
How blessed are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

260.—GRASMERE. 8.6.4. D. CAMERON W. H. BROCK.

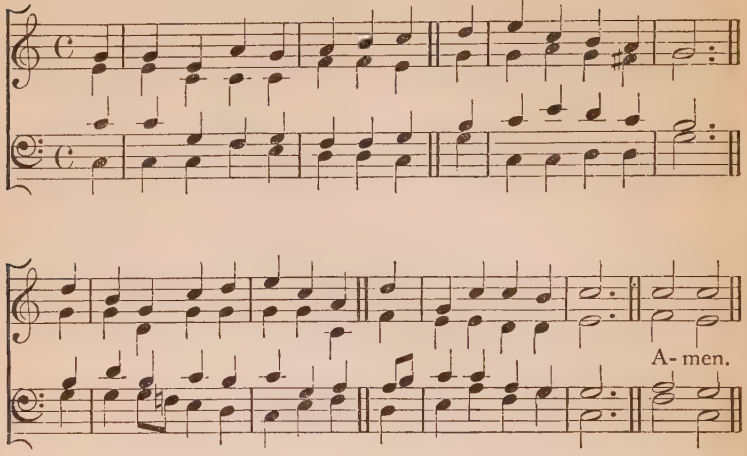
"Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail."

THE flowers that bloom in sun and shade,
And glitter in the dew;
The flowers must fade.
The birds that build their nest and sing,
When lovely spring is new
Must soon take wing.

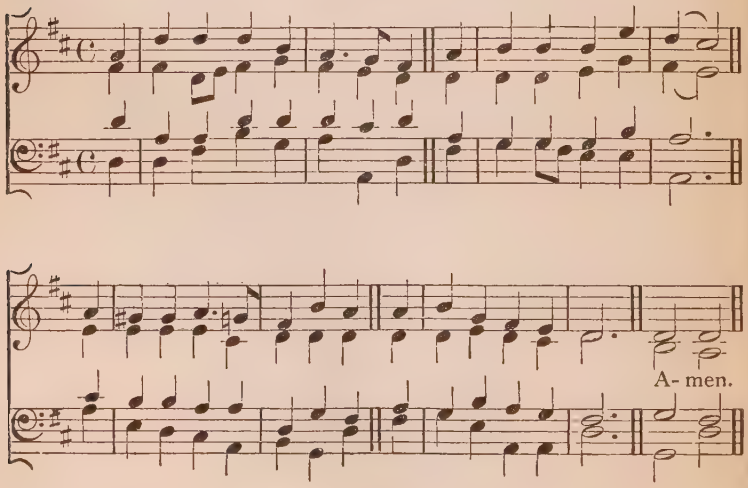
The sun that rises in his strength,
To wake and warm the world,
Must set at length.
The sea that overflows the shore,
With billows frothed and curled,
Must ebb once more.

All come and go, all wax and wane,
O LORD, save only Thou,
Who dost remain
The same to all eternity.
All things which fail us now
We trust to Thee. Amen.

261.—St. Leonard. [*1st Tune.*] C.M. Henry Smart.



261.—Zwingle. [*2nd Tune.*] C.M.



"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

ALL hail the power of JESUS' Name;
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your GOD,
Who from His Altar call;
Praise Him whose Blood-stained path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

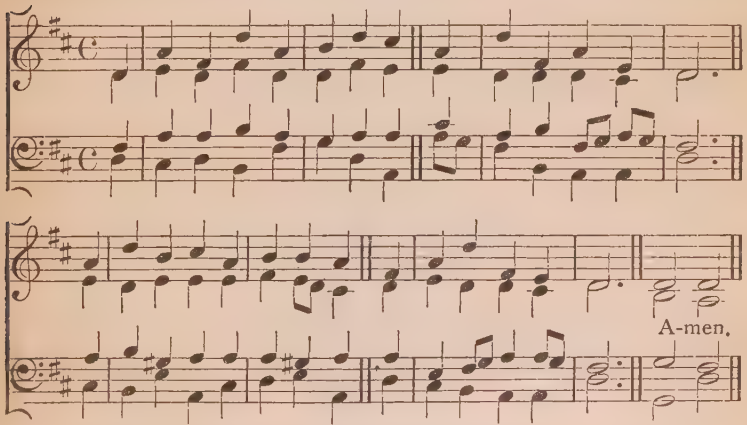
Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The GOD Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His Feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song
The crownèd Lord of all. Amen.

262.—LONDON NEW. C.M. DR. CROFT.



"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

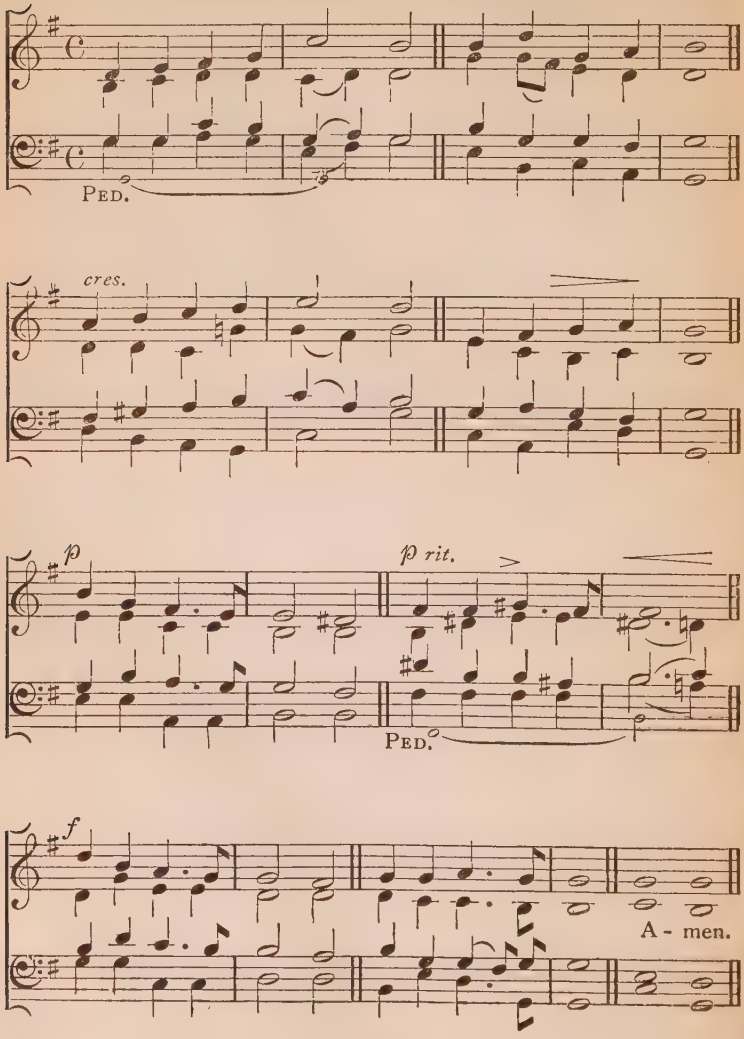
"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply;
"For He was slain for us."

JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and power Divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

263.—EDINA. [*1st Tune.*] 6.5.6.5.D. SIR HERBERT OAKELEY, M.A., Mus Doc.



"Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, and praise Thy holy Name."

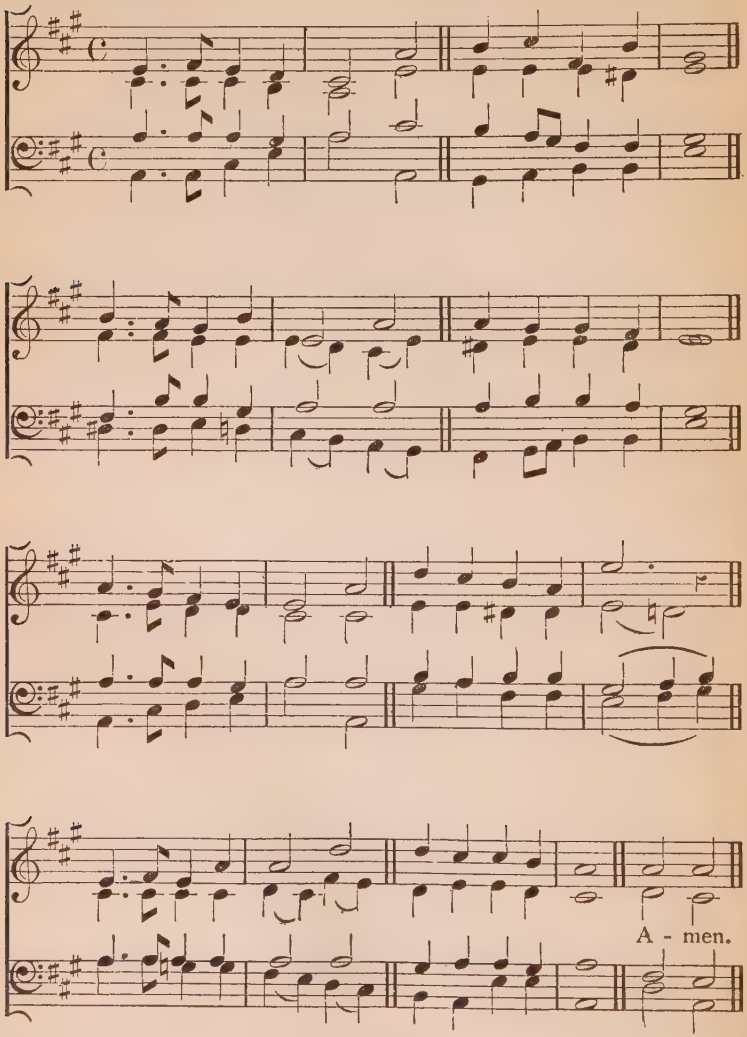
SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
CHRIST, we draw to Thee;
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to GOD;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with Angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

263.—GLADNESS. [*2nd Tune.*] 6.5.6.5. D. J. DOWNING FARRER.



"Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, and praise Thy holy Name."

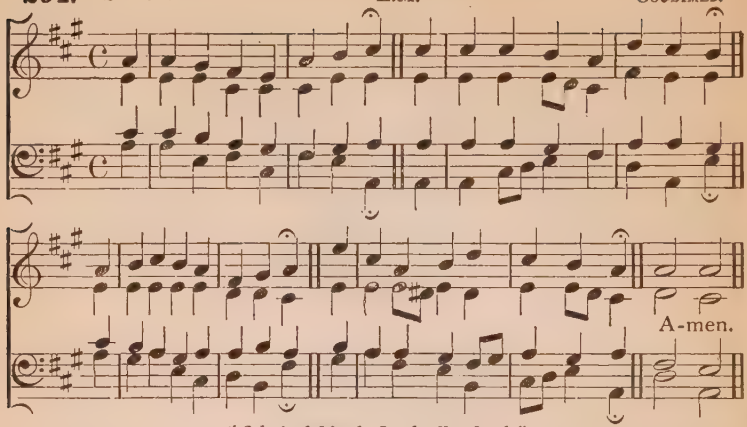
SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
CHRIST, we draw to Thee;
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to GOD;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with Angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

264.—Savoy. L.M. Goudimel.



"O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands."

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

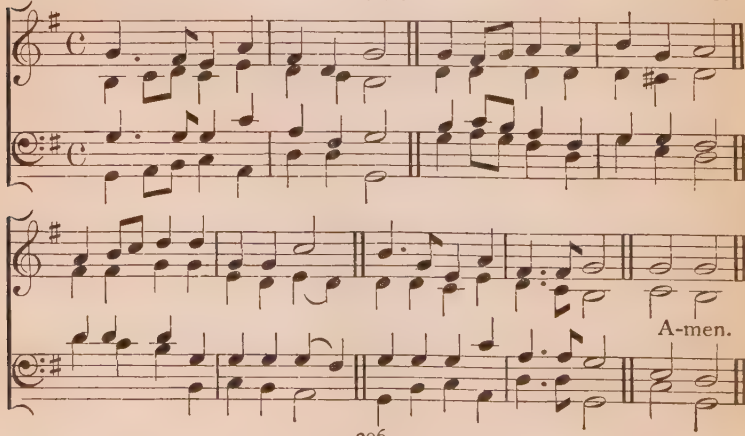
The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
The God Whom Heaven and earth adore;
From men, and from the Angel host,
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

265.—Litania. 7.7.7.7. D. G.



"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

GOD Eternal, Mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
All the earth doth worship Thee,
We amid the throng would be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! cry
Angels round Thy Throne on high:
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

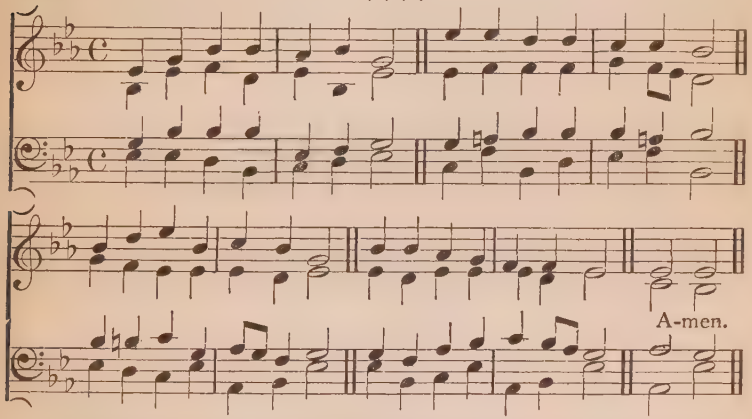
Glorified Apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast not Thou a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

With the Prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the Cross are heard to boast;
Oh, that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear.

GOD Eternal, Mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
To the FATHER, and the SON,
And the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE.
Amen.

266.—CULBACH. 7·7·7·7. German.



"When I laid the foundations of the earth, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

SONGS of praise the Angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When creation was begun,
When GOD spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
GOD will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
FATHER, unto Thee we raise;
JESU, glory unto Thee,
With the SPIRIT ever be. Amen.

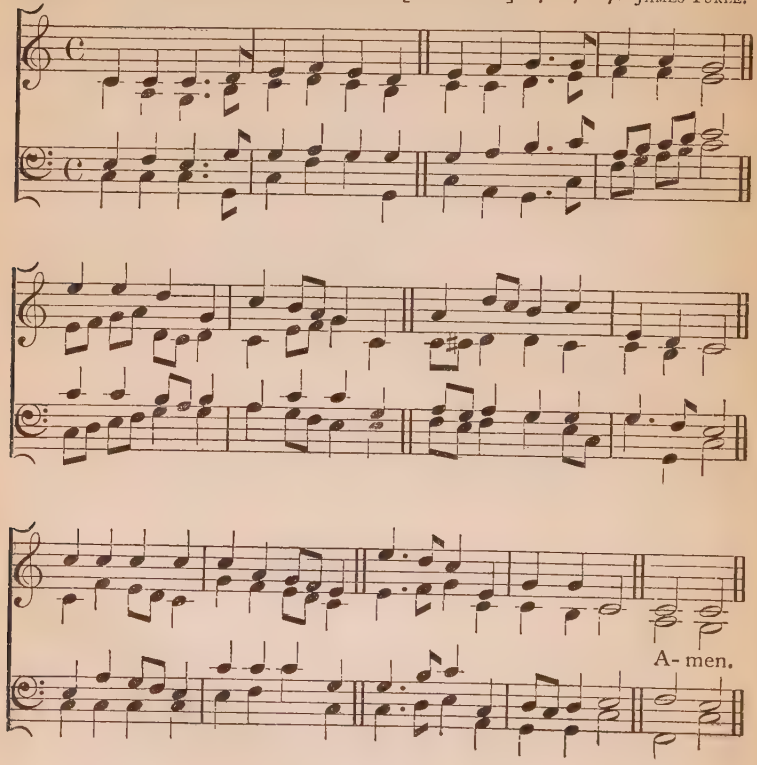
267.—HOSANNA WE SING. Irregular. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS, DOC.

"The children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna."

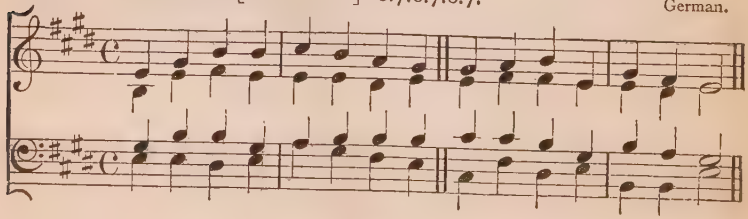
f
1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the
2. Ho - san - na we sing; for He bends His Ear, And re -
old - - en days when the Lord lived here;
joi - ces the hymns of His own to hear;
p
cres.
He blessed lit - tle children, and smiled on them, While they
We know that His Heart will ne-ver wax cold To the
chant - ed His praise in Je - - ru - - sa - lem.
lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold.

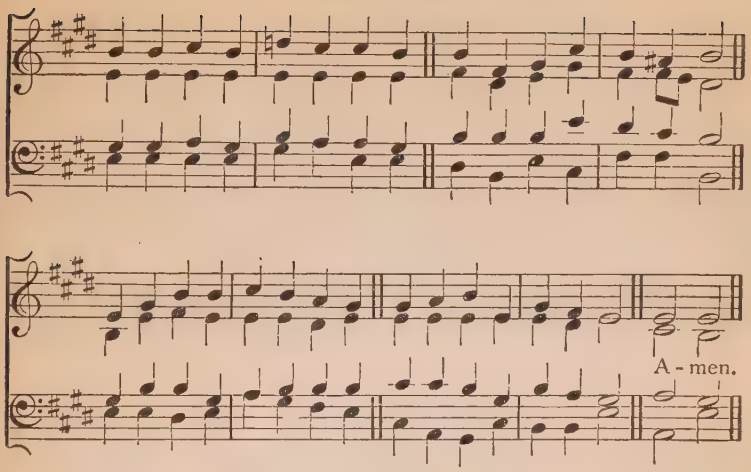
ff
pp
Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the chil - dren bright, With their
Al - le - lu - ia we sing in the Church we love, Al - le -
harps of gold and their rai - ment white,
- - lu - ia re - sounds in the Church a - bove;
cres.
f
As they fol - low their Shep-herd with lov - ing eyes Thro' the
To Thy lit - tle ones, LORD, may such grace be given, That we
beau - ti - ful val - leys of Pa - ra - - dise.
lose not our part in the song of heaven.
A - men.

268.—St. Peter's, Westminster. [*1st Tune.*] 8.7.8.7.8.7. James Turle.



268.—Mannheim. [*2nd Tune.*] 8.7.8.7.8.7. German.





"*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.*"

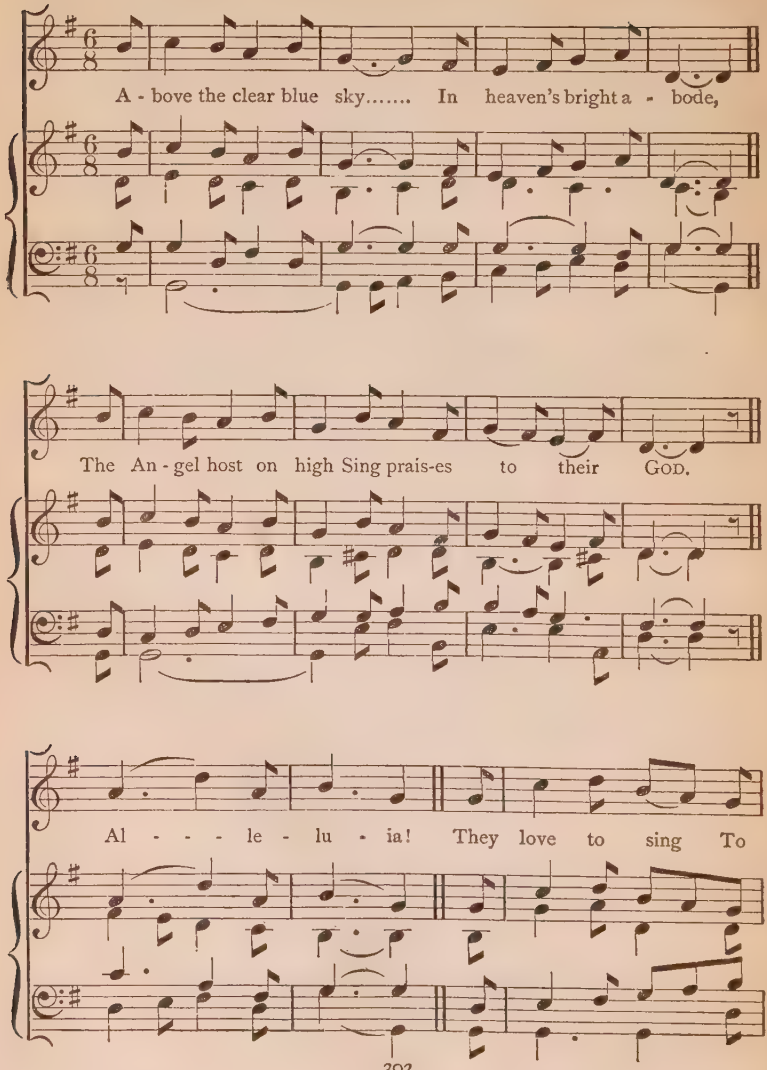
PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His Feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

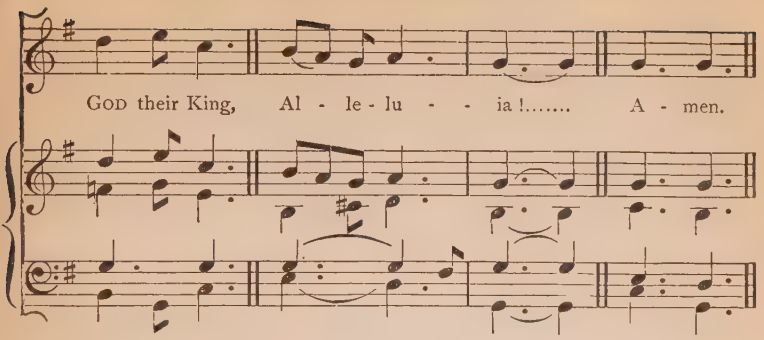
Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His Hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face:
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the GOD of grace! Amen.

269.—CHILDREN'S VOICES. 6.6.6.6.4.4 4.4. E. J. HOPKINS


A - bove the clear blue sky..... In heaven's bright a - bode,
The An - gel host on high Sing prais-es to their GOD.
Al - - - le - lu - ia! They love to sing To



" Praise our God, all ye His servants ; and ye that fear Him, both small and great."

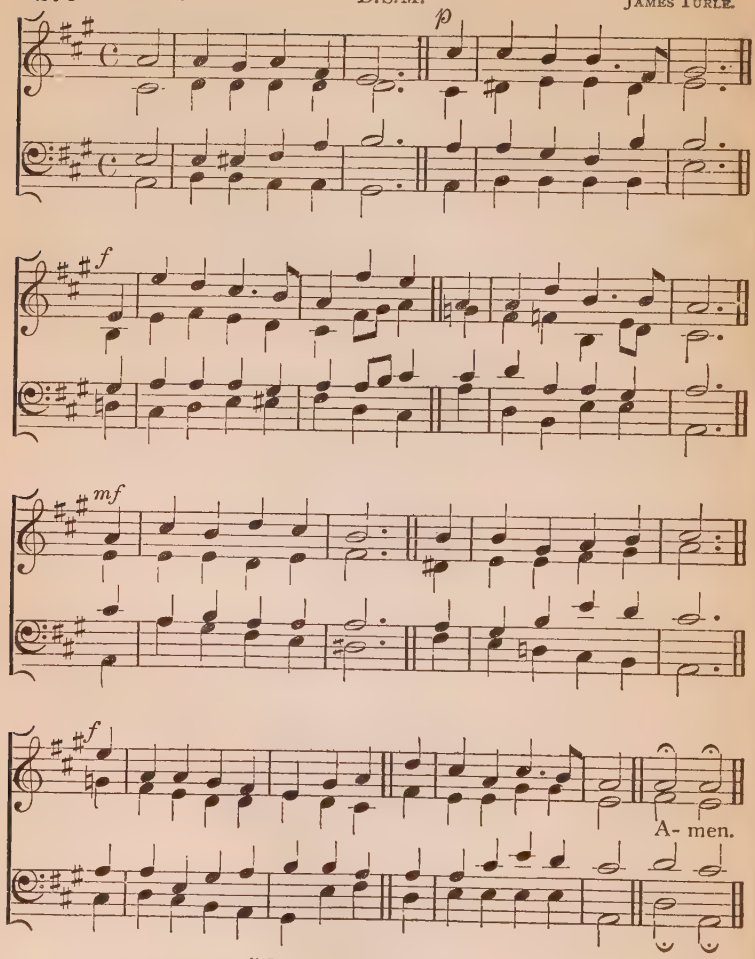
ABOVE the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The Angel host on high
Sing praises to their God,
Alleluia !
They love to sing
To God their King,
Alleluia !

But God from infant tongues,
On earth receiveth praise,
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise,
Alleluia !
We too will sing
To God our King,
Alleluia !

O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art,
Alleluia !
Then shall we sing
To God our King,
Alleluia !

Oh, may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around,
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound,
Alleluia !
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia ! Amen.

270.—HADDO. D.S.M. JAMES TURLE.



"Serve the Lord with gladness."

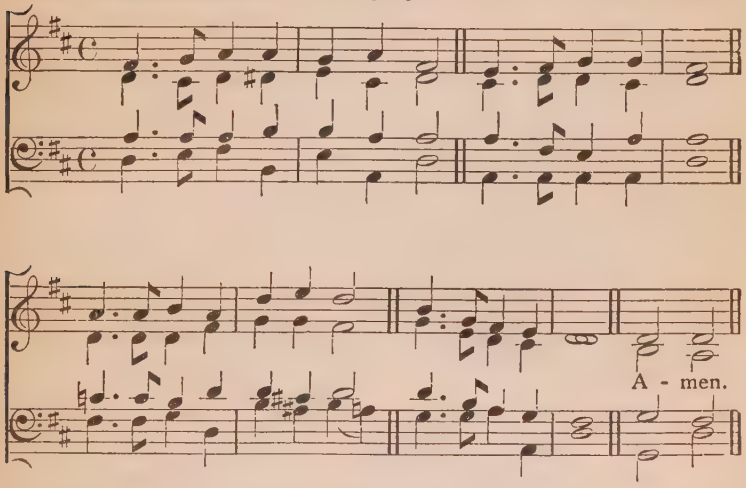
ABOVE the clear blue sky,
Beyond our feeble sight,
The GOD of glory dwells on high,
In everlasting light.

Around His glorious Throne
The Holy Angels stand,
In songs of praise their King they own,
Or fly at His command.

And we may praise Him too,
And serve Him here below;
He stoops to mark what children do,
Their inmost thought to know.
And though He reigns above,
Where Angels ceaseless praise,
He will accept our humble love,
And lead us in His ways.

Oh, may we humbly seek
To do His holy Will,
And try with thankful hearts and meek
To sing His praises still!
And then for JESUS' sake,
Who came for us to die,
Our happy spirits He will take,
To praise Him in the sky. Amen.

271.—COLLEGE HOUSE. 7·5·7·5. E. A. CURTEIS.



"God be merciful unto us, and bless us."

HEAR Thy children's hymn of praise,
LORD of earth and sea,
Which our joyful voices raise,
FATHER, unto Thee.

Gentle JESUS, Thou didst love
Little children here;
Bid Thine angels guard us well
From all harm and fear.

Blessèd SPIRIT, be Thou near
When temptations rise;
Keep Thy little ones from sin,
Fix their wandering eyes.

Thy dear Cross, salvation's sign,
On our brow we bear;
CHRIST's own infant soldier-band,
CHRIST's own cross should share.

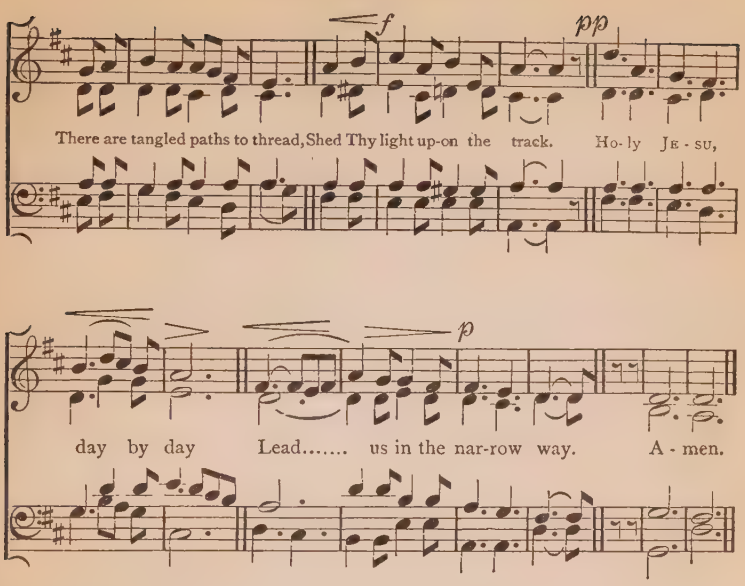
When the battle's fought and won,
Weary warfare o'er,
Angels bright will bear us home
Safe to heaven's shore.

Alleluia! let us sing
To the FATHER, SON,
With the HOLY SPIRIT blest,
Ever THREE in ONE. Amen.

272.—"Lord, Thy Children guide and keep."

7·7·7·7·7·7. Prof. Macfarren, Mus. Doc.

1st verse only.
mf
Lord, Thy children guide and keep, As with feeble steps they press
f
On the pathway, rough and steep, Thro' this wea - ry wil-der-ness.
pp
p
Ho-ly Je-su, day by day Lead..... us in the narrow way.
2nd and following verses.
There are sto -ny ways to tread; Give the strength we sorely lack:



"For Thy Name's sake lead me and guide me."

LORD, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway, rough and steep,
Through this weary wilderness.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

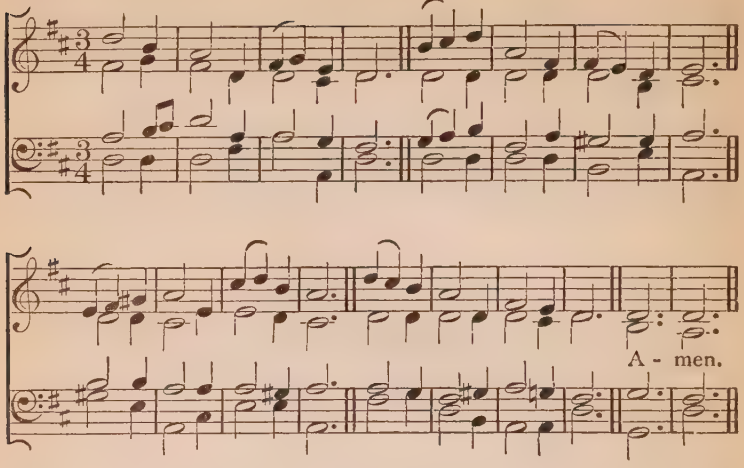
There are stony ways to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack:
There are tangled paths to thread;
Shed Thy light upon the track.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees
Sunny slopes, and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease,
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way. Amen.

273.—LOWESTOFT. 7.7.7.7. F. A. MANN.



"Be glad, and sing for joy."

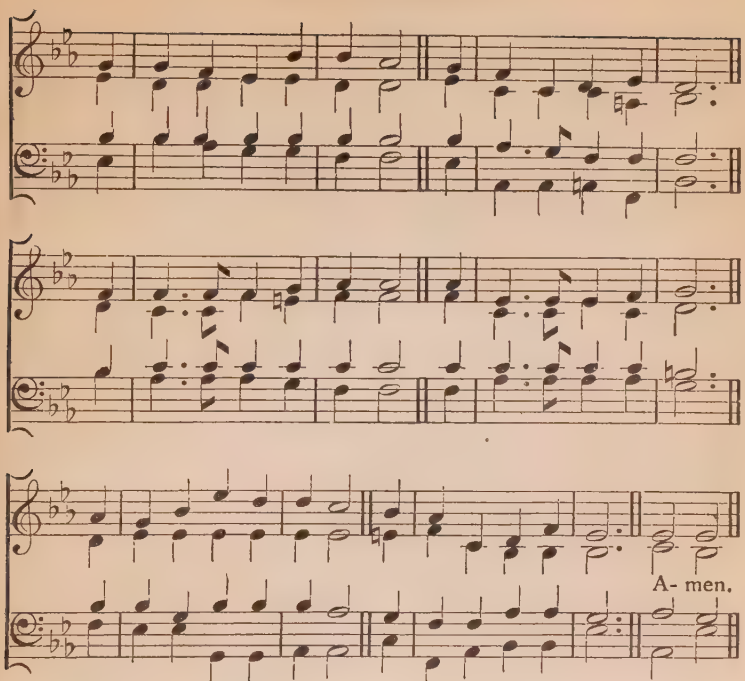
LET us sing! the Angels sing,
High above the cloudless sky,
Where they see their heavenly King
In His holy majesty.

Let us sing! the children sang,
When to Sion JESUS rode;
And the stately temple rang
With hosannas to their GOD.

Let us sing! rejoice, rejoice!
JESUS listens while we sing,
JESUS loves an infant's voice,
And the praises children bring.

Let us sing our hymns below!
Sing at morn, at noon, at even,
Till, through JESUS CHRIST, we go,
Sweeter songs to sing in heaven.
Amen.

274.—EDENGROVE. 7.6.7.6. D. SAMUEL SMITH.



"While I live will I praise the Lord."

COME, praise your Lord and Saviour
In strains of holy mirth;
Give thanks to Him, O children,
Who lived a Child on earth.
He loved the little children,
And called them to His side,
His loving Arms embraced them,
And for their sake He died.

(BOYS ONLY.)

O JESU, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy;
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless Boy.
Make us like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee from sin-stains free,
Like Thee in GOD's own Temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

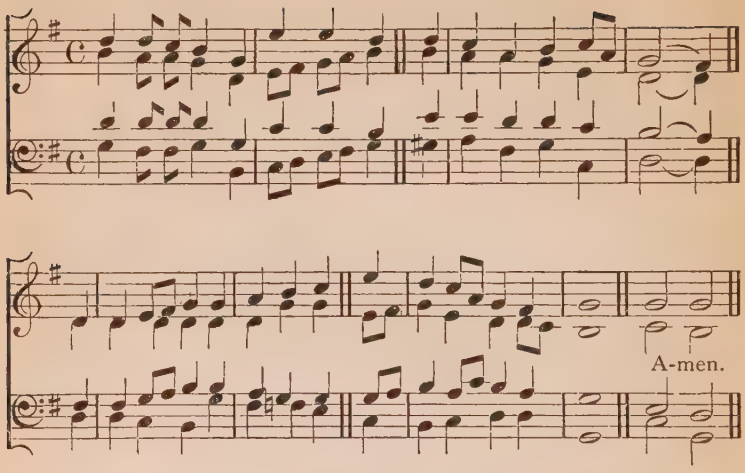
(GIRLS ONLY.)

O JESU, we too praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's Son;
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
Oh, give that best adornment
That Christian maid can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair!

(ALL.)

O Lord, with voices blended
We sing our songs of praise;
Be Thou the Light and Pattern
Of all our childhood's days;
And lead us ever onward,
That, while we stay below,
We may, like Thee, O JESU,
In grace and wisdom grow. Amen.

275.—TOTTENHAM. C.M.



"Sing forth the honour of His Name; make His praise glorious."

COME, Christian children, come and raise
Your voice with one accord;
Come, sing in joyful songs of praise
The glories of your Lord.

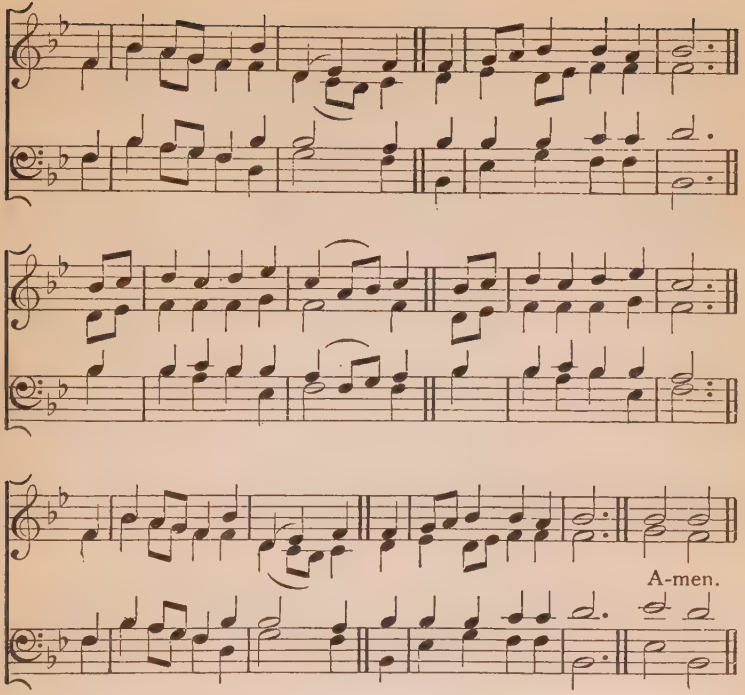
Sing of the wonders of His Love,
And loudest praises give
To Him Who left His Throne above,
And died that you might live.

Sing of the wonders of His Truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth
Fulfilled to latest age.

Sing of the wonders of His Power,
Who with His own Right Arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

Sing of the wonders of His Grace,
Who made and keeps you His,
And guides you to the appointed place
At His Right Hand in bliss. Amen.

276.—ELLACOMBE. 7.6.7.6. D.



"My song shall be alway of the loving-kindness of the Lord."

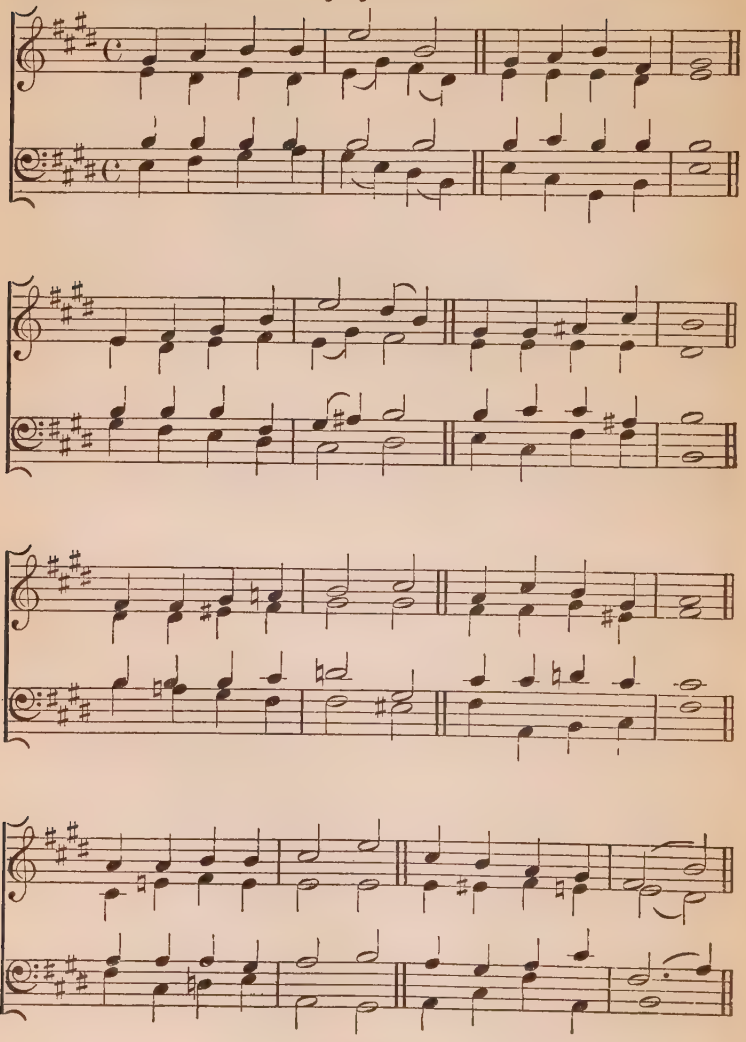
COME, sing with holy gladness,
High Alleluias sing;
Uplift your loud Hosannas
To JESUS, Lord and King:
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day;
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.

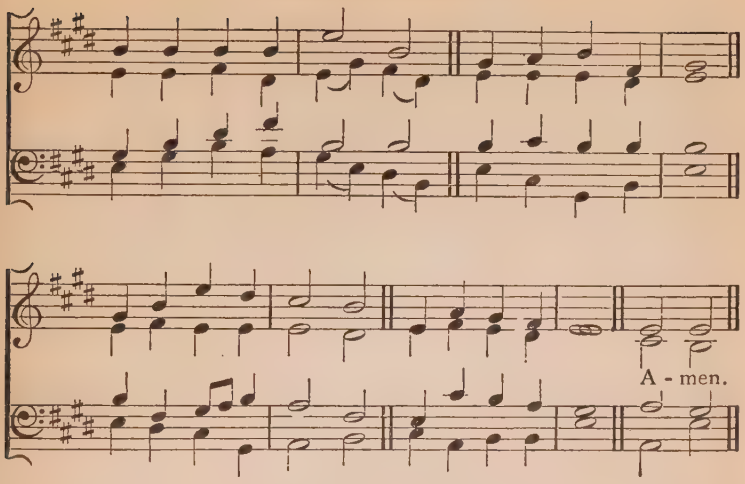
'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to CHRIST to sing;
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King;
For JESUS is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden
The one Redeemer Blest.

O boys, be strong in JESUS!
To toil for Him is gain;
And JESUS wrought with Joseph
With chisel, saw, and plane.
O maidens, live for JESUS,
Who was a maiden's Son!
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day.
O CHRIST, prepare Thy children
With that triumphant throng
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing the eternal song. Amen.

277.—VEXILLUM. 6.5 6.5. 12 lines. HENRY SMART.





" Lead me into the land of uprightness."

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on CHRIST's soldiers
To their home on high !
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still, with hearts united,
Singing on our way—
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on CHRIST's soldiers
To their home on high !

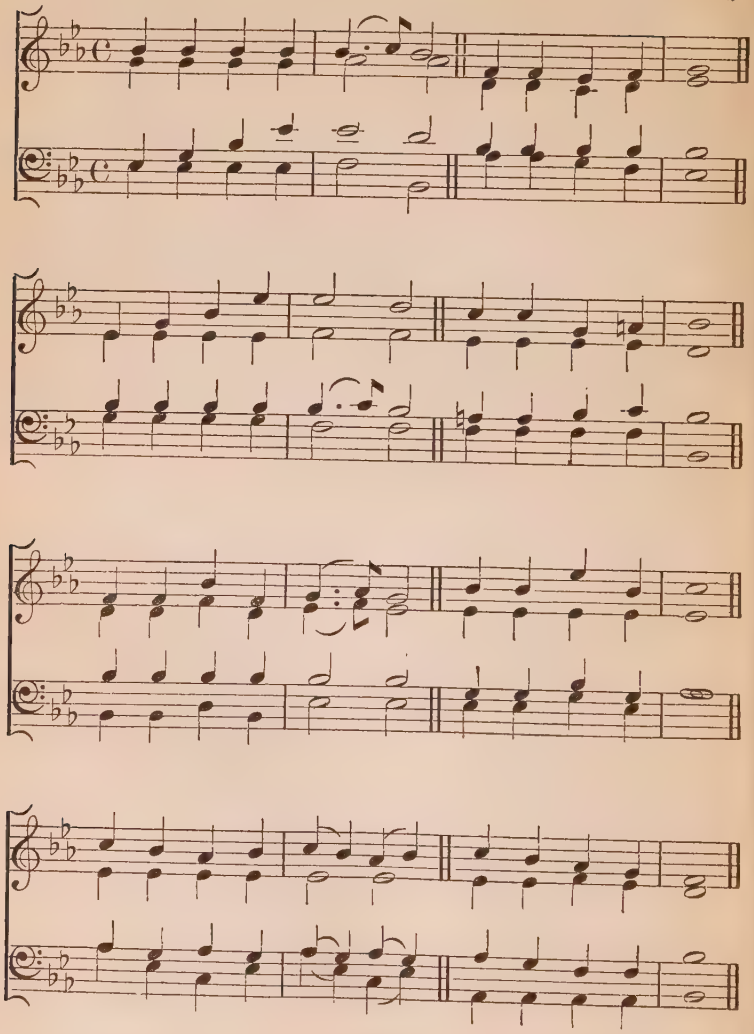
JESU, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred Feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray ;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, &c.

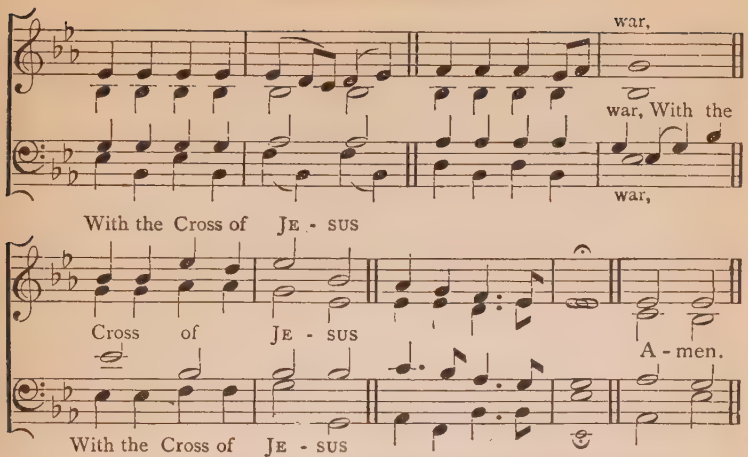
Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee ?
Brightly gleams, &c.

All our ways direct us
In the way we go ;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe :
Bid Thine Angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour ;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, &c.

Then with saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy Throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
JESUS in His beauty !
Songs that never cease !
Brightly gleams, &c. Amen.

278.—St. Gertrude. 6.5.6.5. 12 lines. A. Sullivan.





"Be strong and of a good courage . . . And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee."

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of JESUS
Going on before;
CHRIST, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
Do His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory;
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise,
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise,
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

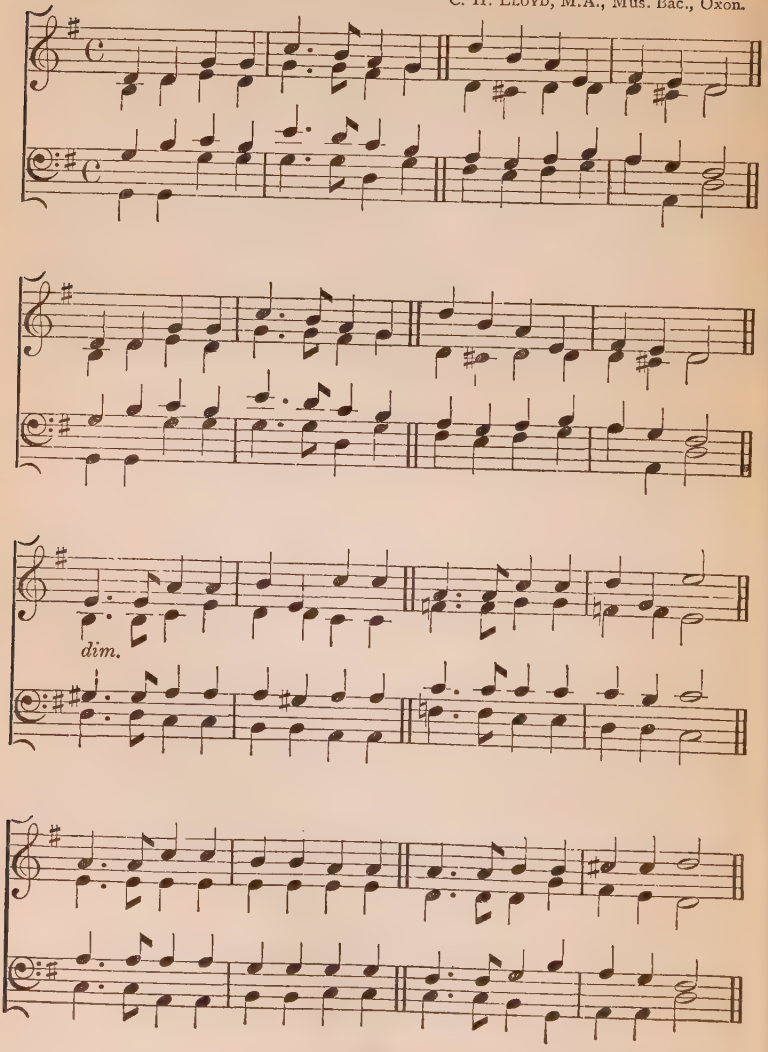
Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of GOD,
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

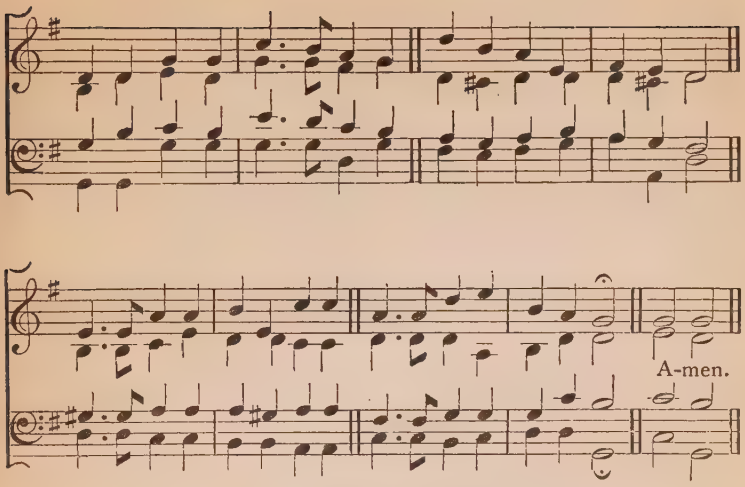
Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of JESUS
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have CHRIST'S own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song—
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto CHRIST the King,
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c. Amen.

279.—ONWARD, ONWARD! 8.7.8.7. 12 lines.

C. H. LLOYD, M.A., Mus. Bac., Oxon.





"Follow His steps."

ONWARD! onward! march to glory,
Tread each footprint of the Lord,
Who hath taught in gospel story
How to gain the great reward.
Here we pass through desert dreary,
Here are realms of starless night,
Yet, though weak our limbs, and weary,
We may win the City bright.
Onward! onward! march to glory,
Tread each footprint of the Lord,
Who hath taught in gospel story
How to gain the great reward.

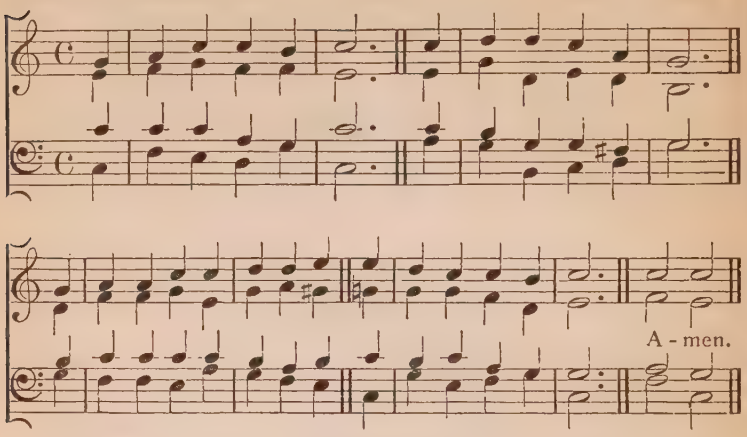
Though for sin our hearts must sorrow,
Though temptations round us throng,
Hymns of Angels let us borrow,
JESUS, Saviour, be our song.
And while loud our anthems ringing,
One harmonious strain upraise,
Let our lives be like our singing,
Let no discord mar our praise.
Onward! onward! &c.

Let us march to take our station
With the white-robed choirs on high,
Out of every age and nation
Who to GOD'S high Throne are nigh;
We on earth like worship leading
Lives like theirs must strive to live,
And, His merits always pleading,
Unto CHRIST our being give.
Onward! onward! &c.

First in earliest childhood's morning,
From our sins He sets us free,
And, with all His grace adorning,
Chooses us His own to be;
Then, when Satan's hosts would steal us
From His fold with envious might,
With His SPIRIT He doth seal us,
Strengthen, arm us for the fight.
Onward! onward! &c.

Onward then, nor faint, nor falter,
Onward to the rest above;
CHRIST His promise will not alter,
But will meet us in His love.
Now with voice and understanding,
Psalms and hymns of joy upraise,
And with choirs of Angels banding,
FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT praise.
Onward! onward! &c. Amen.

280.—PETERBOROUGH. S.M. PROF. W. H. MONK.



"*Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Name of the Lord.*"

REJOICE, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice! give thanks and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of CHRIST, your King.

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
GOD'S wondrous praises speak.

Yes, onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Through gate, and porch, and columned aisle,
The hallowed pathways throng.

With all the Angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

Yes, on through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their FATHER'S house,
Jerusalem the blest.

Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of CHRIST, your King.

Praise Him Who reigns on high,
The LORD Whom we adore,
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One GOD for evermore. Amen.

BAPTISM.

281.—St. Raphael. 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. Hopkins.

"What have I done to thee?"

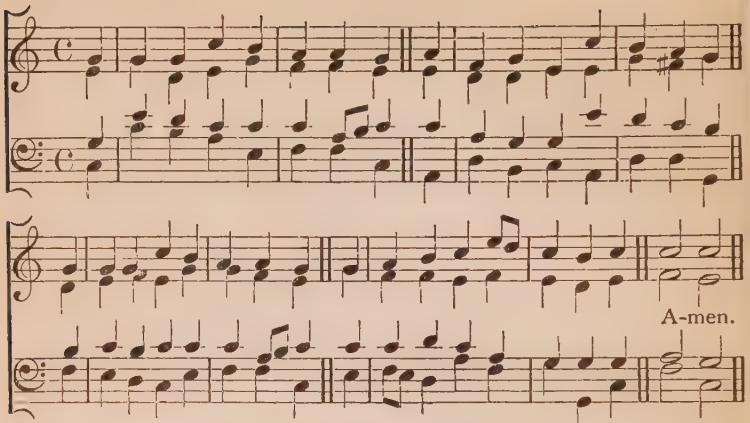
JESU, now Thy new-made soldier
From the font hath gone *his* way,
Now before *him* lies *his* trial
In the life-long doubtful fray;
Blessèd Saviour,
Keep *him* through the weary day.

May *he* bravely fight Thy battle,
And, through Thee, subdue the foe
Shun his wiles, escape his malice,
And repel his cruel blow;
Mighty Captain,
Thy salvation may *he* know.

Full of hope *his* day is breaking,
May *he* never know the night;
Thou who shinest on *his* morning,
Be at eventide *his* Light;
Sun of Glory,
Lose *him* never from Thy sight.

Unto Thee all praise and blessing,
Thou who evermore art ONE
With the FATHER and the SPIRIT;
Thou, the everlasting SON,
Throned in glory,
While the endless ages run. Amen.

282.—MAINZER. L.M. DR. MAINZER.



"As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."

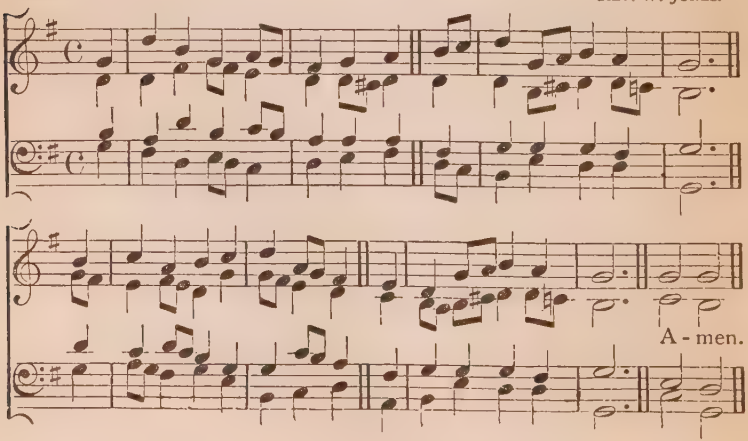
GOD of that glorious gift of grace,
By which Thy people seek Thy Face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of JESUS' Throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given,
To be received and reared for Heaven.

Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon *his* head,
And on *his* soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon *his* face.

Make *him* and keep *him* Thine own child;
Meek follower of the Undefiled;
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of Heaven above. Amen.

283.—ST. STEPHEN'S. C.M. REV. W. JONES.



Baptism.

"Be not thou ashamed of the testimony of our Lord."

IN token that thou shalt not fear
CHRIST crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thy brow,
And stamp thee His alone.

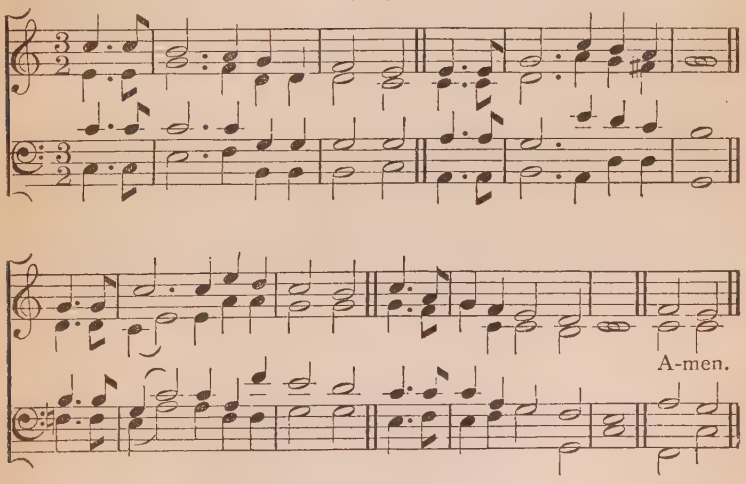
In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
CHRIST'S quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His cross,
Hereafter share His Crown! Amen.

284.—SUNNYSIDE. 8.7.8.7. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



"Suffer little children to come unto Me."

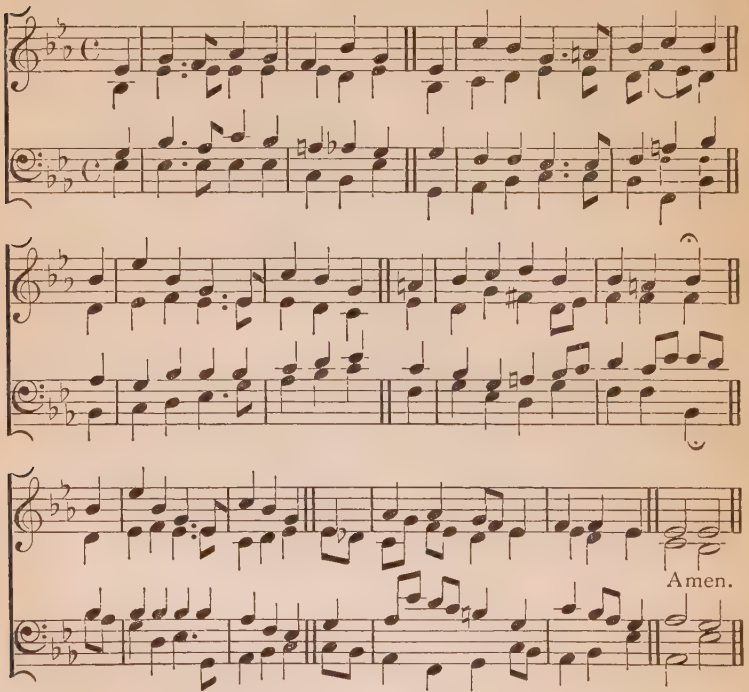
SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy Bosom share.

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious Arm;
There, we know, Thy Word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

Then within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

285.—MUNDI REDEMPTOR. 8.8.8.8.8.8. T. WORSLEY STANIFORTH.



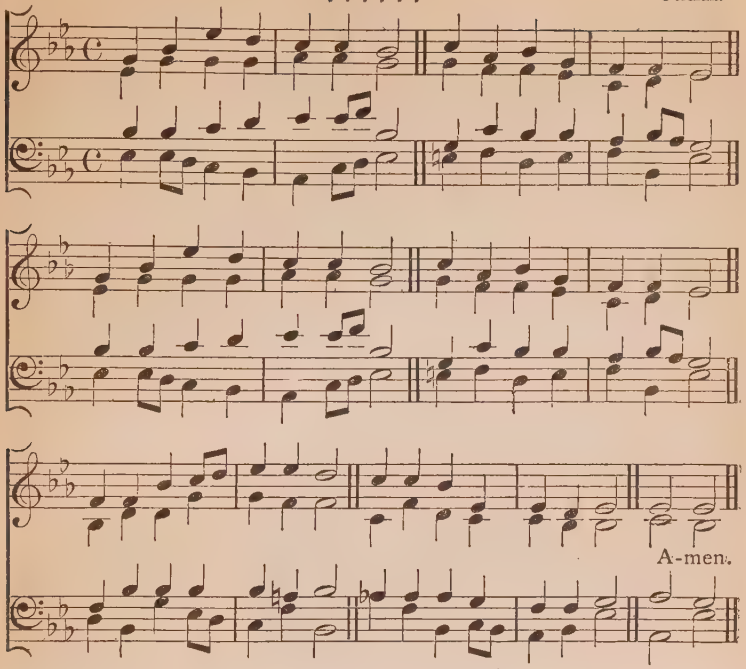
"The child grew, and the Lord blessed him."

LORD JESU CHRIST, our Lord most dear,
As Thou wast once an Infant here,
So give this child of Thine, we pray,
Thy grace and blessing day by day.
O Holy JESU, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee guard this child of Thine

As in Thy heavenly kingdom, Lord,
All things obey Thy sacred Word,
Do Thou Thy mighty succour give,
And shield this child by morn and eve.
O Holy JESU, Lord Divine, &c.

Their watch let Angels round it keep
Where'er it be, awake, asleep;
Thy Holy Cross now let it bear,
That it Thy Crown with saints may wear.
O Holy JESU, Lord Divine, &c. Amen.

286.—St. Eustatius. 7.7.7.7.7.7. German.



"Ask, and it shall be given you."

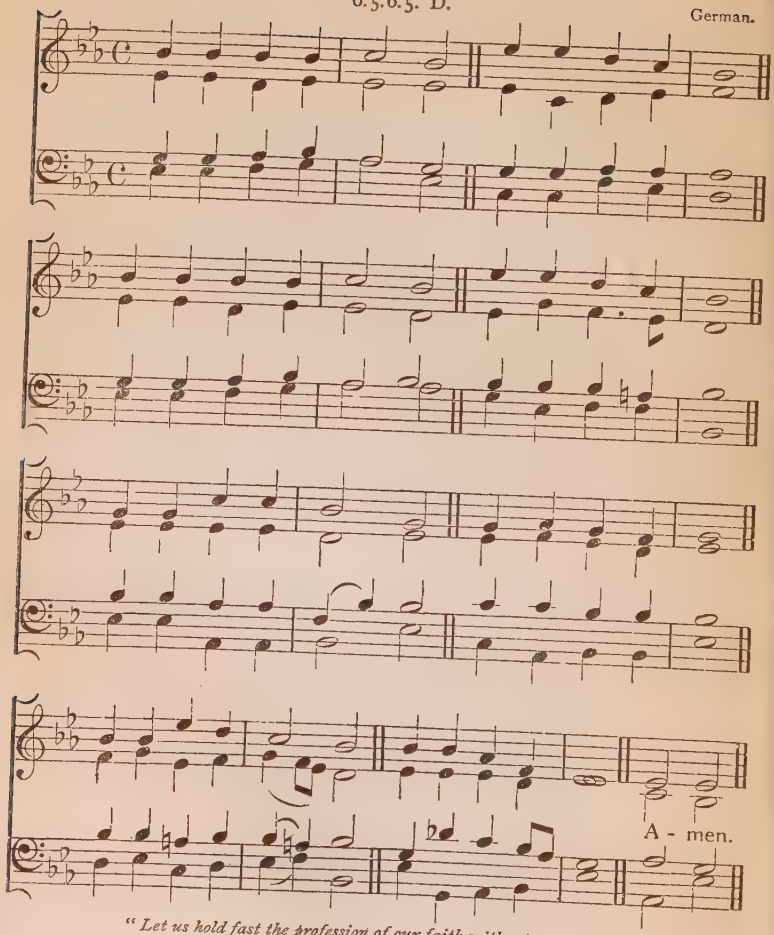
NOW, Eternal Father, bless,
This Thy child, we claim for Thee;
May *his* future life confess
Thine *he* is, and loves to be:
All *his* journey hold *him* fast,
Bring *him* safely home at last.

Keep, O Shepherd good and kind,
This Thy lamb, we mark to-day:
May *he* follow, all resigned,
Where Thy wisdom guides *his* way;
Hear, O Saviour, when *he* calls,
Raise and heal *him* if *he* falls.

Holy Spirit, Light of Love,
Fill Thy living temple now;
Let *his* hope be firm above,
Pure and calm *his* course below:
Faithful through the coming strife,
May *he* win the crown of life. Amen.

CATECHISM.

287.—Bohemia. 6.5.6.5. D. German.



"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering."

I WAS made a Christian
When my name was given,
One of God's dear children,
And an heir of Heaven.

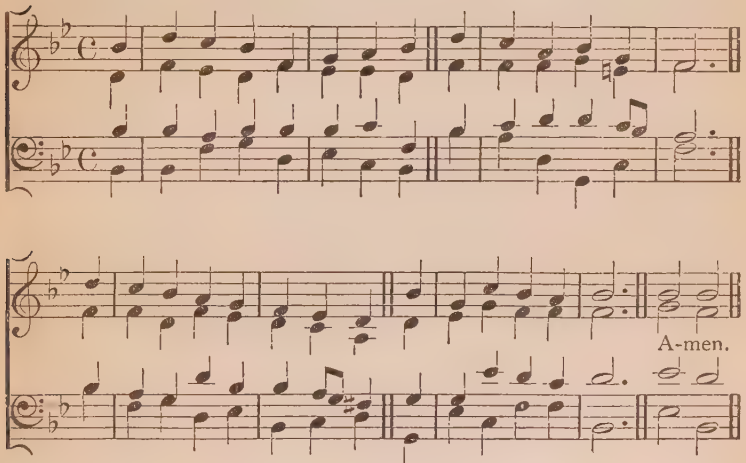
In the name of Christian
I will glory now,
Evermore remember
My Baptismal vow.

I must, like a Christian,
Shun all evil ways,
Keep the faith of JESUS,
Serve Him all my days.
Called to be a Christian,
I will praise the Lord,
Seek for His assistance
So to keep my word.

All a Christian's blessings
I will claim for mine:
Holy work and worship,
Fellowship Divine.
FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
Give me grace, that I
Still may live a Christian,
And a Christian die. Amen.

CONFIRMATION.

288.—ABENDLIED. C.M. German.



"We will serve the Lord."

BEFORE Thine awful presence, LORD,
Thy sinful servants bow;
Trembling to speak the solemn word,
To frame the sacred vow.

The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
The vain things loved before,
The wanton deed and word and thought,
LORD, we renounce once more.

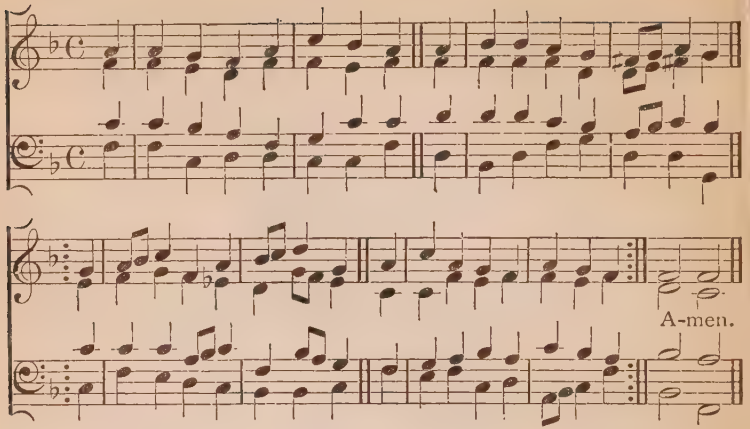
Once more we vow the holy Faith
To keep unstained and true;
Once more we promise unto death
Thy holy will to do.

Again we gird us to the fight,
Again we face the foe,
Resolved, beneath Thy banner bright,
Where Thou shalt lead to go;

O FATHER, pardon all the past;
Give back Thy wasted grace;
And strengthen us, while life shall last,
To run the heavenward race.

Still let Thy blessèd SPIRIT's aid
Our strength and comfort be;
Then, though we sometime be afraid,
We still will trust in Thee. Amen.

289.—Benison. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Old Tune.



"Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."

BEHOLD us, Lord, before Thee met,
Whom each bright Angel serves and fears,
Who on Thy Throne rememberest yet
Thy spotless Boyhood's quiet years;
Whose Feet the hills of Nazareth trod,
Who art true Man and perfect God.

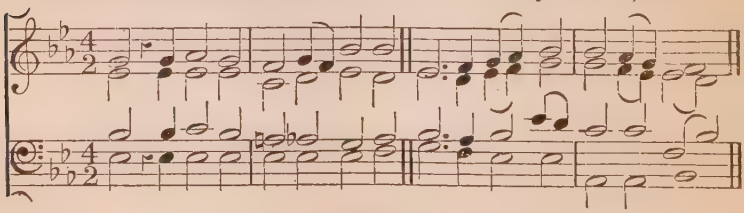
To Thee we look, in Thee confide;
Our help is in Thine own dear Name;
For who on Jesus e'er relied,
And found not Jesus still the same?
Thus far Thy love our souls hath brought;
Oh, stablish well what Thou hast wrought!

From Thee was our baptismal grace,
The holy seed by Thee was sown;
And now before our Father's Face
We make the three great vows our own,
And ask, in Thine appointed way
Confirm us in Thy grace to-day.

We need Thee more than tongue can speak,
Mid foes that well might cast us down;
But thousands, once as young and weak,
Have fought the fight, and won the crown:
We ask the help that bore them through;
We trust the Faithful and the True.

So bless us with the gift complete
By hands of Thy chief pastors given,
That awful presence, kind and sweet,
Which comes in sevenfold might from Heaven;
Eternal Christ, to Thee we bow:
Give us Thy Spirit here and now. Amen.

290.—Our Father's Voice. 8.7.8.7. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that is athirst come."

COME! our FATHER's Voice is calling,
One by one, His children dear;
He will raise the weak, the falling,
He the fainting heart will cheer.

Come! our Shepherd waits to lead us,
He Who once for sinners died,
Where the Bread of Heaven will feed us,
Where the living streams abide.

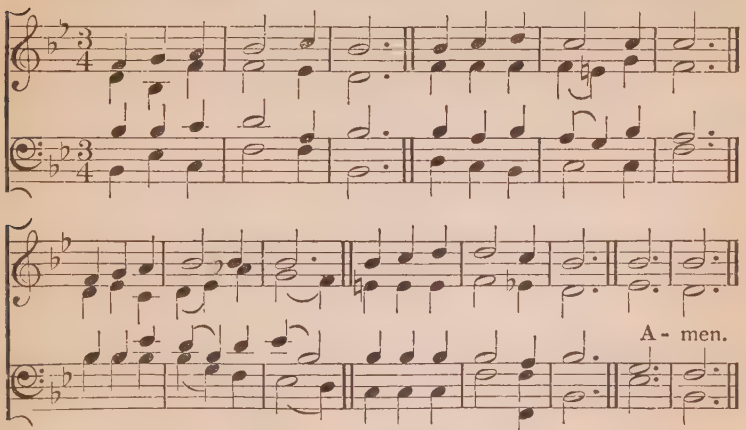
Come! the SPIRIT now will seal us,
Heirs of GOD for evermore;
Strong to help, and kind to heal us,
When our souls are weak and sore.

Come! our King Himself will arm us,
For the fight we must endure;
'Neath His shield, when foes alarm us,
He will keep our life secure.

Come! the Cross, our banner glorious,
Onward guides the host of GOD;
We may march, in hope victorious,
By the path our Saviour trod.

Come with awe, for GOD will hear us
When we speak our solemn vow;
Come with joy, for CHRIST is near us
When with contrite hearts we bow.
Amen.

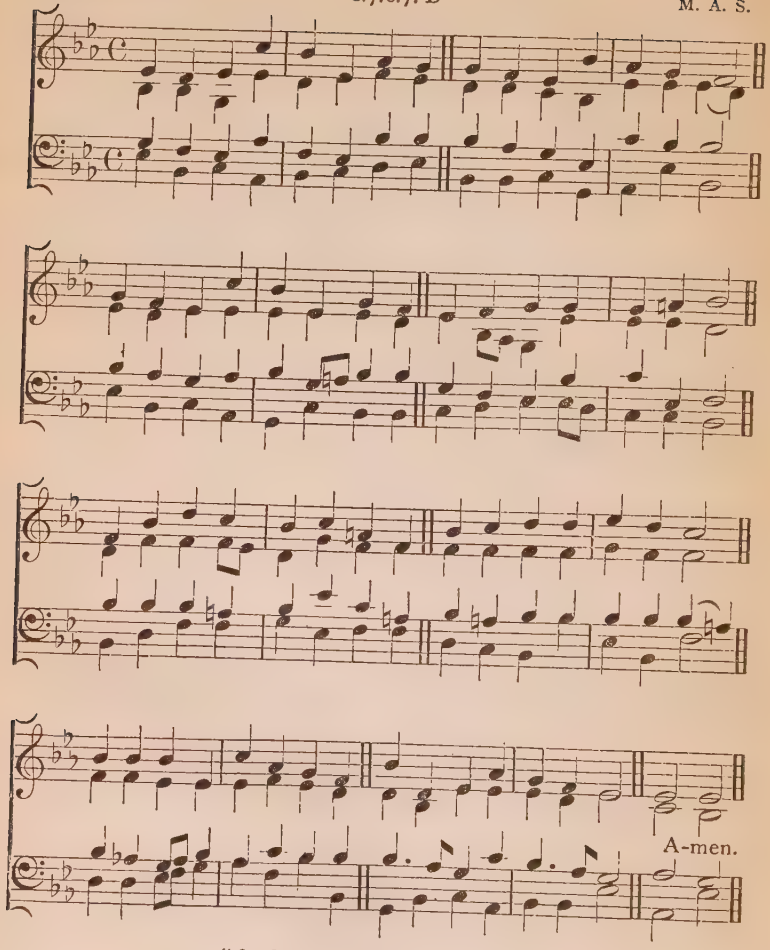
291.—WALTHAMSTOW. 6.6.6.6. REV. E. W. BULLINGER.



"I am thy exceeding great reward."

LORD, be Thy Word my rule,
In it may I rejoice;
Thy glory be my aim;
Thy holy will my choice.
Thy promises my hope;
Thy providence my guard;
Thine Arm my strong support;
Thyself my great reward. Amen.

292.—KILLINEY. 8.7.8.7. D M. A. S.



"Our help is in the Name of the Lord."

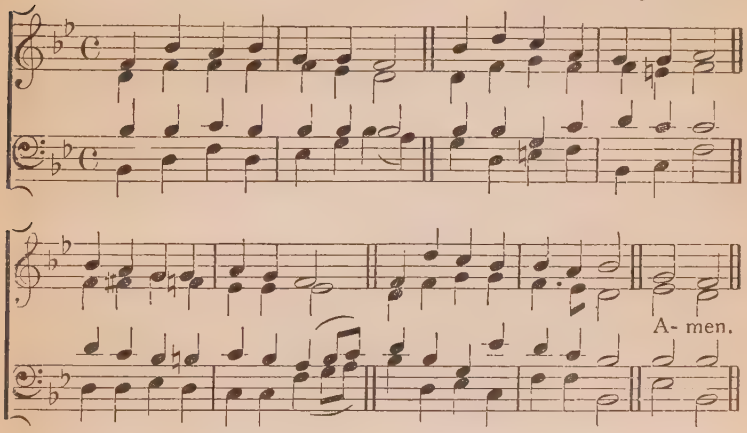
FATHER, look upon Thy children,
Who before Thy footstool bow,
Coming as Thy sons and daughters
To renew their solemn vow.

Thou Who knowest all our weakness,
Strengthen us with heavenly might,
Temples of the HOLY SPIRIT,
Fill us with His life and light.

Fill us with all understanding,
  Give us wisdom from above,
All the powers of ill to vanquish,
  Strong in faith, and hope, and love.
Give to us all heavenly knowledge,
  Fill us with Thy holy fear,
Hush our spirits, as Thy children,
  For Thy blessing we draw near.

Set Thy holy seal upon us,
  Write upon us Thy new Name,
Guide us wheresoe'er CHRIST leadeth,
  Undefiled and free from blame.
Steadfast to the end enduring
  May we win the blest reward,
Even an abundant entrance
  To the kingdom of our LORD. Amen.

293.—LONSDALE. 7·7·7·7. REV. F. A. J. HERVEY.



"Our help is in the Name of the Lord."

FATHER! Name of love and fear!
  Lo! Thy children venture near;
Trembling at Thy footstool stand;
Lowly kneel beneath Thy Hand.

Stand—to speak the great "I do,"
And the threefold vow renew;
Kneel—to ask the gift Divine
Sealing us for ever Thine.

Thine we were, before our eyes
Opened first on earth and skies;
Thine before our lips could frame
This Thy dear and awful Name;

Thine, when on each infant face
Dropped the dewy pledge of grace,
Then, by JESUS' dying sign,
Marked, and claimed, and owned as Thine.

Through our childhood's joys and fears,
Through our school-tide's passing years,
Love Divine, unchanging, free,
Called and drew our hearts to Thee.

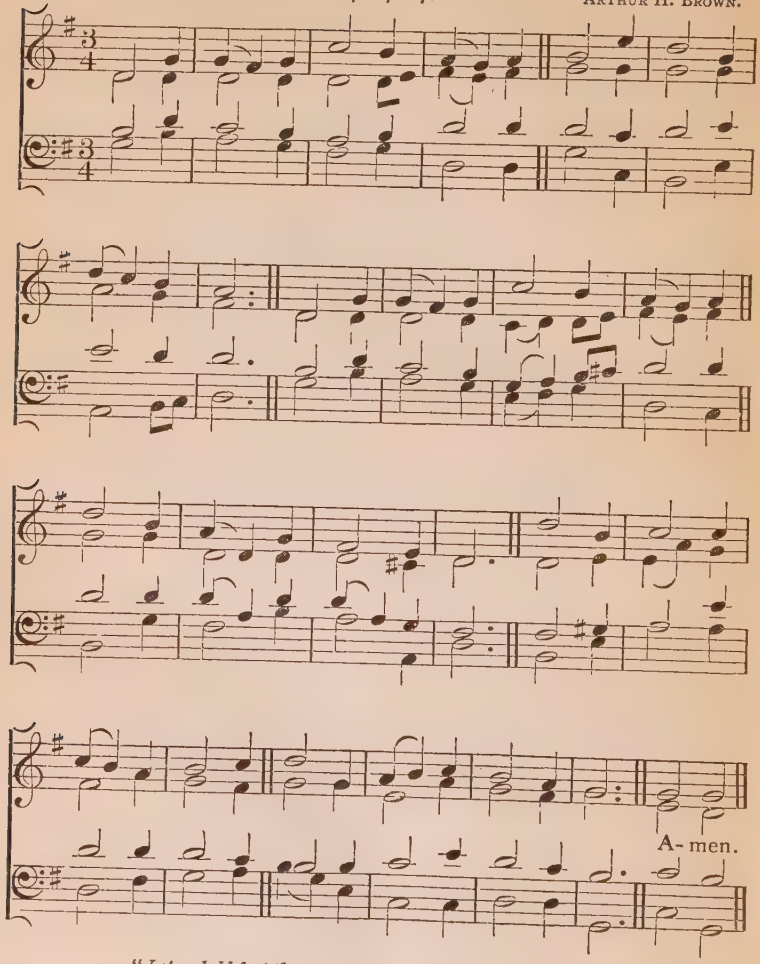
Thou hast helped us; Thou hast taught
All the works Thy love hath wrought;
All our lost and evil case;
All the marvels of Thy grace.

Sinful hearts indeed and weak
Here Thy promised blessing seek;
Small our might, and strong our foe;
Yet the saving Name we know.

In that Name our prayers we pour;
Send Thy Spirit down once more.
Let the Sevenfold Gift be shed
Largely on each bending head.

So, with strength renewed to-day,
Send us forth on life's rough way;
Bound to Thee by love's strong cords,
Living, dying, still our Lord s! Amen.

294.—INGATESTONE. 8.7.8.7.8.7. ARTHUR H. BROWN.



"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering.

HOLY SPIRIT, LORD of glory,
Look on us Thy flock to-day,
Meekly kneeling at Thy footstool
For Thy sevenfold gifts we pray;
Guide us all our earthly journey
In the true and narrow way.

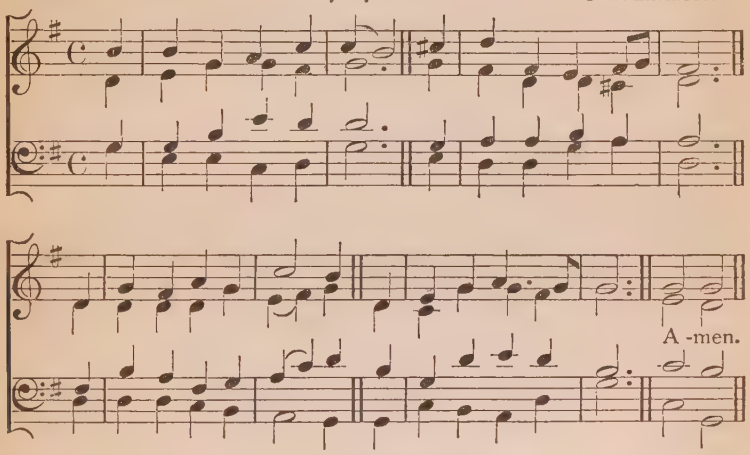
Foes on every hand are round us,
And our hearts are weak and frail;
Gird us with Thy heavenly armour;
Never let us yield or quail;
Give us victory in the struggle,
When the hosts of sin assail.

Blessèd JESU, draw Thou near us,
As before Thy Cross we bow;
Help us to be true and faithful,
Seal our sacramental vow;
We Thy soldiers are, and servants;
Hear our solemn promise now.

Lead us by Thy guiding presence
Through the waste with danger rife;
Feed us with the heavenly manna,
That we faint not in the strife;
Slake our weary spirits' thirsting
From the living well of life.

Looking ever unto JESUS,
Leaning on His staff and rod;
May we follow in His Footsteps,
Tread the path that JESUS trod,
Till we dwell with Him for ever
In the paradise of GOD! Amen.

295.—ECCLESIA. 7.6.7.6. C. W. LAVINGTON.



"*We will serve the Lord.*"

LORD JESU! on our forehead
Thy Cross was signed of old;
As soldiers in Thy army,
Our names Thou hast enrolled.

Now, faithful in Thy service,
We would go forth to fight,
Beneath Thy conquering banner,
Our only strength Thy might.

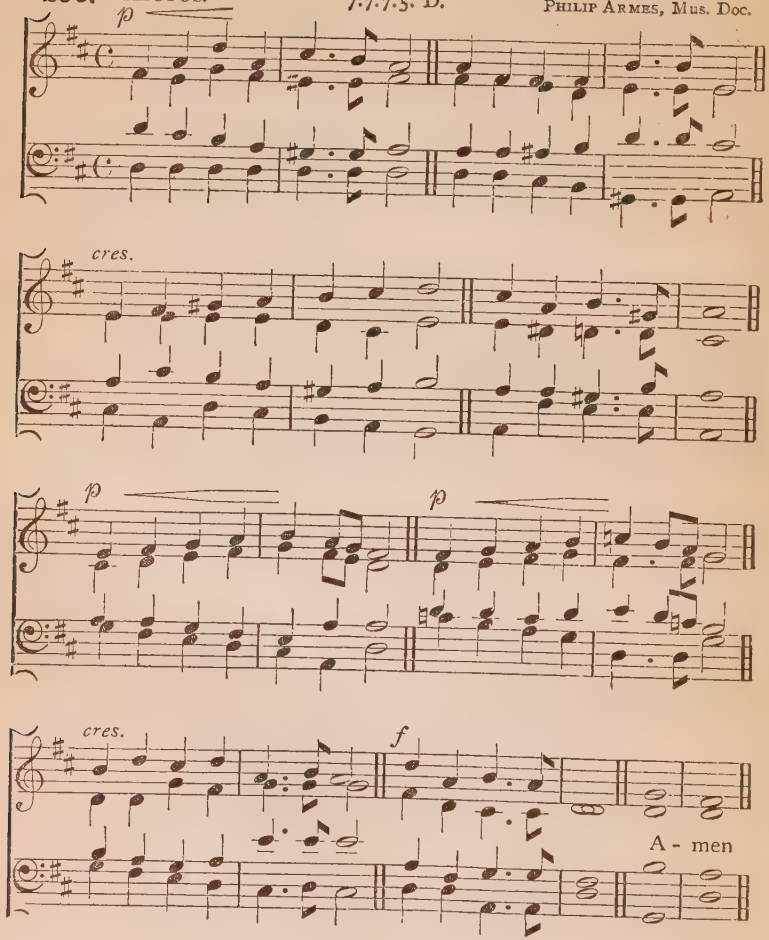
With Satan's hosts around us,
And traitor hearts within,
Great Captain of Salvation!
Nerve us the fight to win.

In time of fierce temptation,
When bitter foes assail,
Oh, give us help to conquer,
Nor suffer us to fail;

Nor waver from our duty,
Nor wander from Thy side;
Our life one act of service
For Thee, the Crucified!

Then, when our work is ended,
And all our warfare past,
Grant that within Thy kingdom
We may find rest at last. Amen.

296.—AZOTUS. 7.7.7.5. D. PHILIP ARMES, Mus. Doc.



"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

LORD, we stand before Thy Throne;
Thee our LORD and GOD we own,
And to Thee, and Thee alone,
All our lives resign!

Then, if Thou our Leader art,
Strengthen Thou the fainting heart,
Courage, patience, help impart;
Keep us wholly Thine.

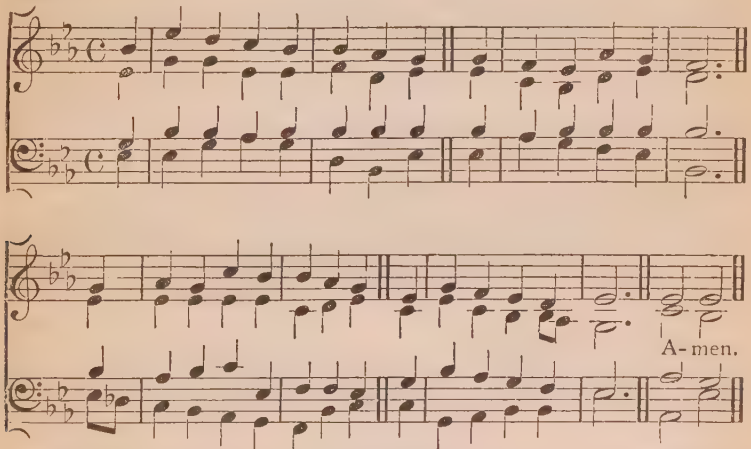
How can we, a feeble band,
Satan's gathered hosts withstand,
How resist, with sword in hand,
Hell's united powers?
Saviour, in Thy Name we go,
Thou hast conquered every foe;
And if Thou Thy strength bestow,
Saving Help is ours!

For above our mortal sight,
In the land of endless light,
Stand the victors robed in white,
Strike their harps and sing—

JESUS triumphed when He rose,
JESUS conquered all our foes;
Now His hand the Crown bestows,
Glory to our King!

Lord, if we Thy cross will bear,
We may hope Thy joy to share,
With Thy ransomed ones to wear
Crown and palm on high!
Hear us then, we humbly pray,
Take our hearts, our selves, to-day;
'Neath Thy banner may we stay
Faithful till we die. Amen.

297.—ST. PETER. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



"*With my whole heart have I sought Thee; O let me not go wrong out of Thy commandments.*"

MY GOD, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

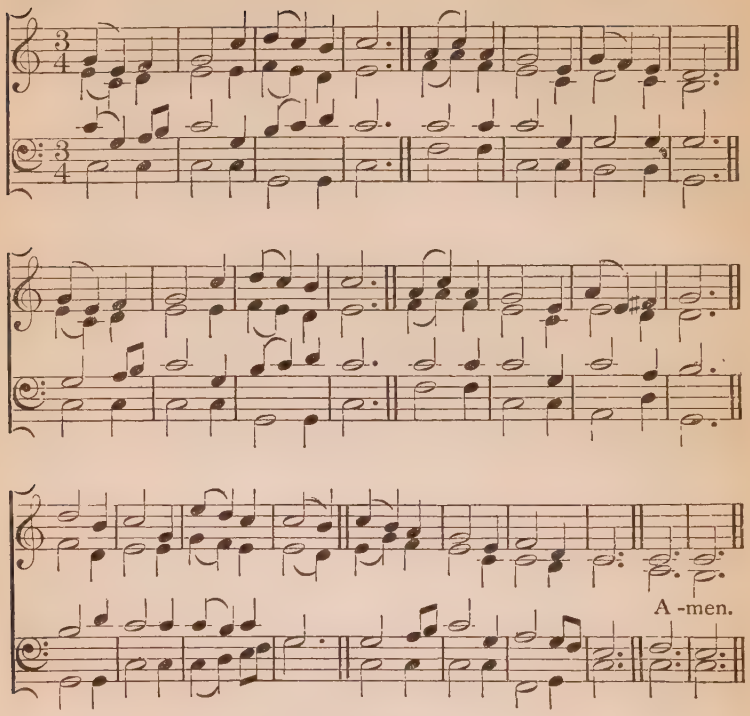
Before the Cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And CHRIST be all in all.

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious Face,
And worship near Thy Throne.

Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service. LORD,
And death the gate of Heaven.

All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

298.—WELLS. 7.7.7.7.7.7. BORTNIANSKY.



"I am thy Shield."

HOLY SPIRIT, Lord of Love,
Thou Who camest from above,
Gifts of blessings to bestow
On Thy waiting Church below;
Once again in love draw near
To Thy children gathered here.

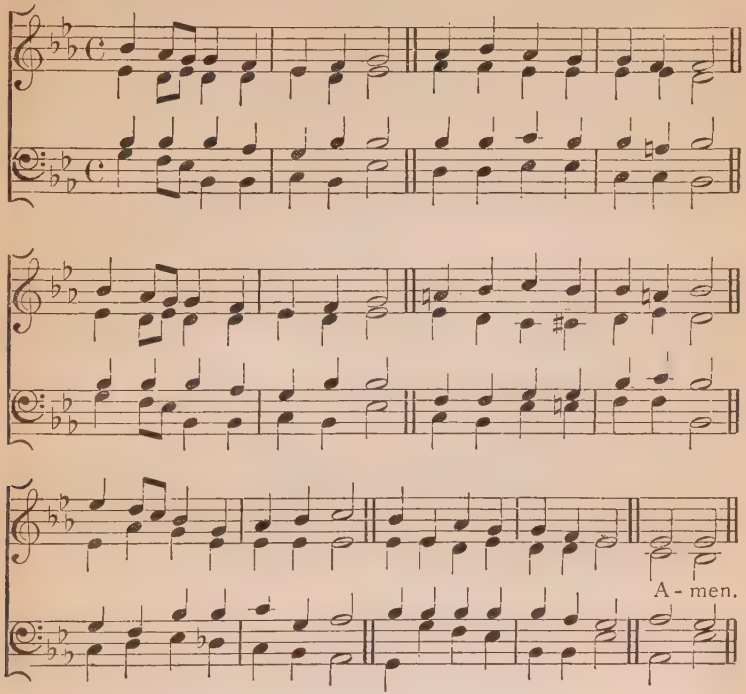
From their bright Baptismal day,
Through their childhood's onward way,
Thou hast been their constant guide,
Watching ever by their side;
May they now, till life shall end,
Choose and know Thee as their Friend.

Give them light, Thy truth to see,
Give them life to live for Thee,
Daily power to conquer sin,
Patient faith the crown to win;
Shield them from temptation's breath,
Keep them faithful unto death.

When the holy vow is made,
When the holy hands are laid,
Come in this most solemn hour,
With Thy seven-fold gifts of power,
Come, Thou blessèd SPIRIT, come,
Make each heart Thy happy home. Amen.

HOLY COMMUNION.

299.—Bread of Heaven. 7.7.7.7.7.7. The Bishop of Lichfield.

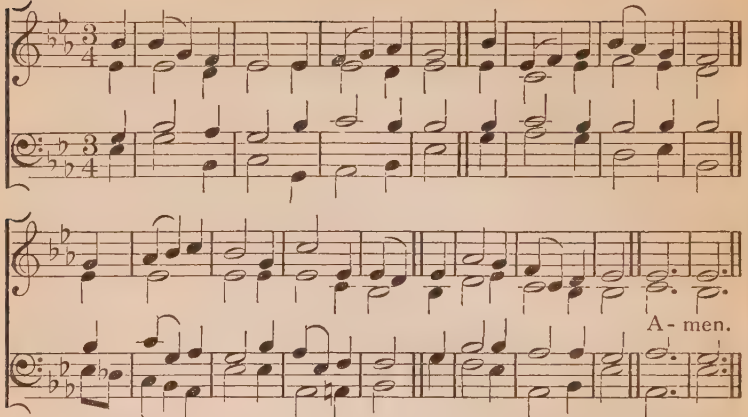


"This do in remembrance of Me."

BREAD of Heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him Who died.

Vine of Heaven, Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy Cross we look and live;
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee. Amen.

300.—LEICESTER. C.M. WILLIAM HURST.



"The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof; but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."

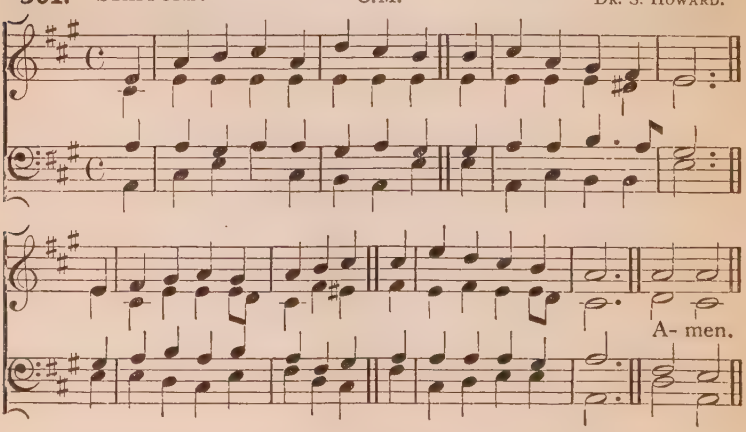
I AM not worthy, Holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the Word; one gracious Word
Can set the sinner free.

I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

I am not worthy: yet, my GOD,
How can I say Thee nay?
Thee, Who didst give Thy Flesh and Blood
My ransom-price to pay.

O come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with Food Divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine. Amen.

301.—STAFFORD. C.M. DR. S. HOWARD.



"Do this in remembrance of Me."

ACCORDING to Thy gracious Word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

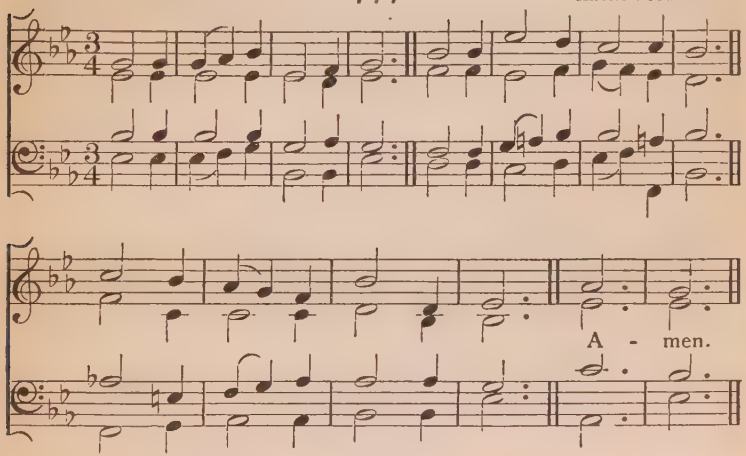
Thy Body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy sacramental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me?
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
JESUS, remember me. Amen.

302.—LACRYMÆ. 7.7.7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN



"I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him."

JESU, to Thy table led
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.

While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet Presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous Love reveal.

While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

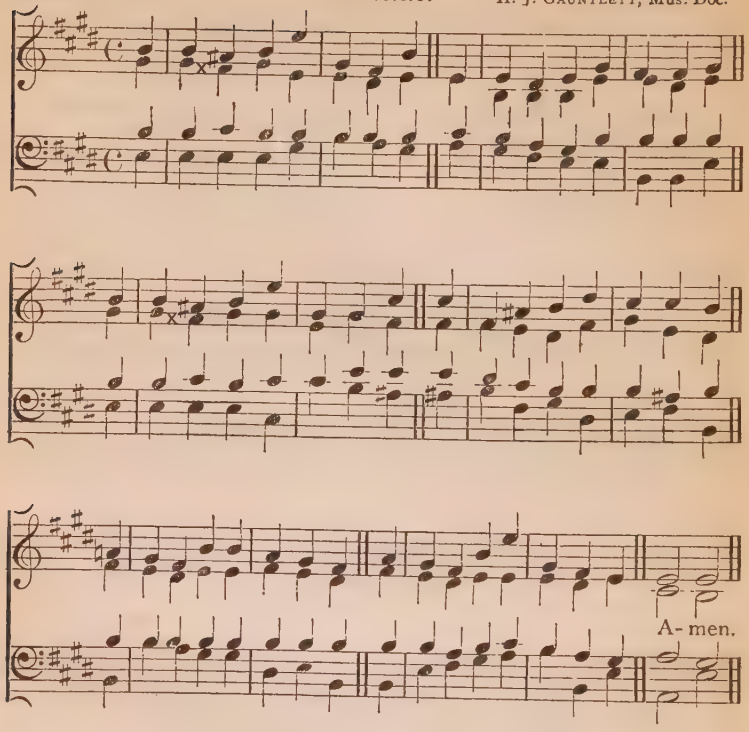
When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine out-poured Blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love Divine.

Draw us to Thy wounded Side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of GOD, grant us Thy peace.

Lead us by Thy pierced Hand
Till around Thy Throne we stand,
In the bright and better Land. Amen.

303.—DURA. 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.



"I am Thine! save me!"

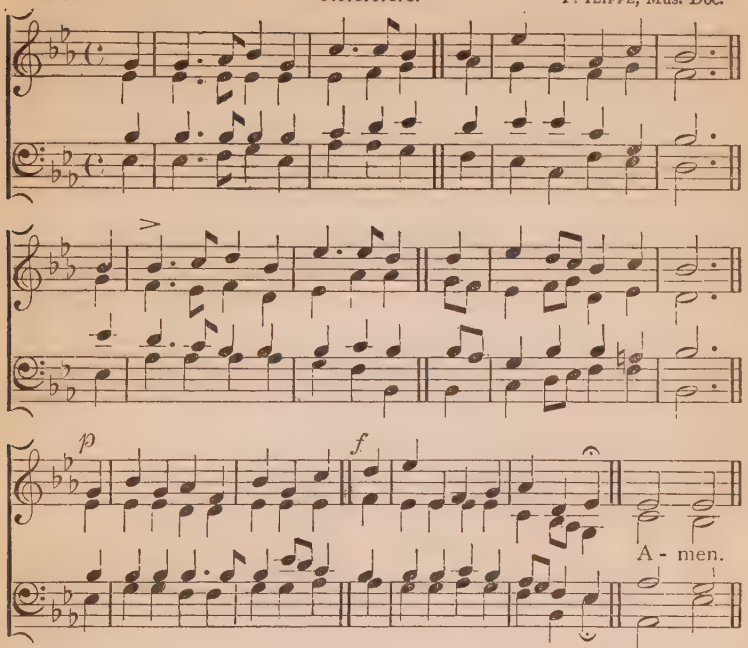
O LORD, Thy children come to Thee,
A boon of love Divine to seek,
Brought to Thine Arms in infancy,
Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, let us come to Thee again,
Oft as we see Thy table spread,
And tokens of Thy dying pain,
The Wine poured out, the broken Bread!
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, let us come! and not alone,
At holy time, or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be gone,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light—
Come to Thy Throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be.

Lord, let us come, come yet again;
Thy children ask one blessing more;
To come, not now alone, but then,
When life, and death, and time are o'er,
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Thine own in Heaven eternally. Amen

304.—WALTON 8.6.8.6.8.8. F. ILIFFE, Mus. Doc.



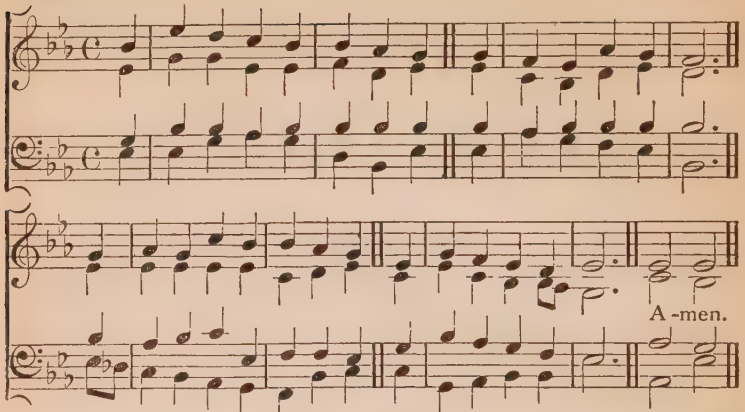
"He that eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him."

LORD, when before Thy Throne we meet,
Thy goodness to adore,
From Heaven the eternal mercy-seat,
On us Thy blessings pour,
And make our inmost souls to be
A holy temple meet for Thee.

Thy Body for our ransom given,
Thy Blood in mercy shed;
With this immortal Food from Heaven,
Lord, let our souls be fed;
And as we round Thy table kneel,
Grant us Thy quick'ning grace to feel.

Be Thou, O HOLY SPIRIT, nigh!
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear;
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies. Amen.

305.—St. Peter. C.M. A. R. Reinagle.



"It is good for me to draw near to God."

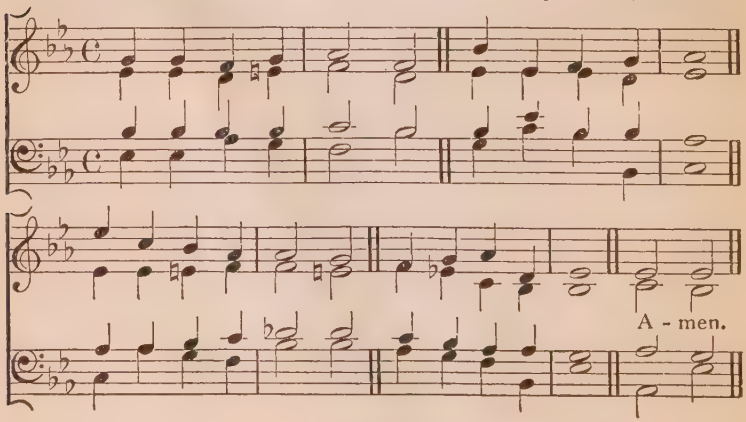
BEHOLD Thy servant drawing near
Thine altar, Lord, to-day;
And though I come with doubt and fear,
Oh! send me not away.

I would not dare to seek Thy Throne
With such a guilty soul,
But that Thy Flesh and Blood alone
Can make a sinner whole.

In faith, in love, I would receive,
With mingled joy and grief;
I would not question, but believe;
Help Thou mine unbelief.

By each Communion help my feet
To go from strength to strength;
Till I with all Thy faithful meet
Around Thy Throne at length. Amen.

306.—Eucharisticus. 6.5.6.5. J. Stainer, Mus. Doc.



"He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me."

JESU, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art in us now,
Fill us with Thy Goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow.

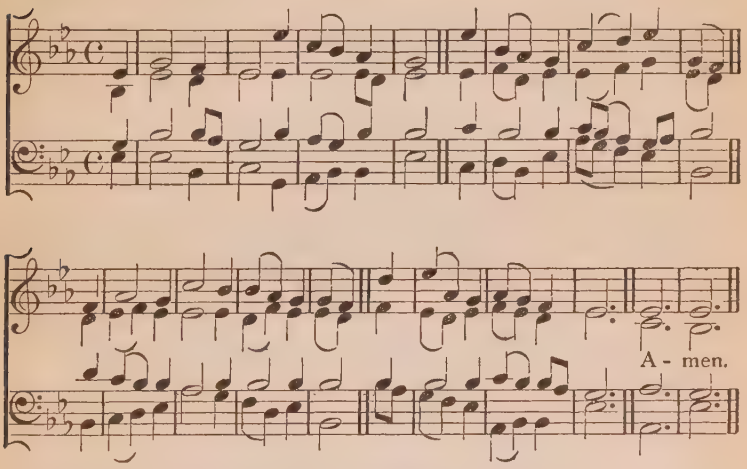
Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a Gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss!

Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for Heaven;
Then the day will come. Amen.

EMBER DAYS.

307.—MANCHESTER. C.M. R. WAINWRIGHT.



"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

THE earth, O LORD, is one wide field
Of all Thy chosen seed;
The crop prepared its fruit to yield;
The labourers few indeed.

We therefore come before Thee now
With fasting, and with prayer,
Beseeching of Thy love that Thou
Wouldst send more labourers there.

Not for our land alone we pray,
Though that above the rest;
The realms and islands far away,
Oh, let them all be blest!

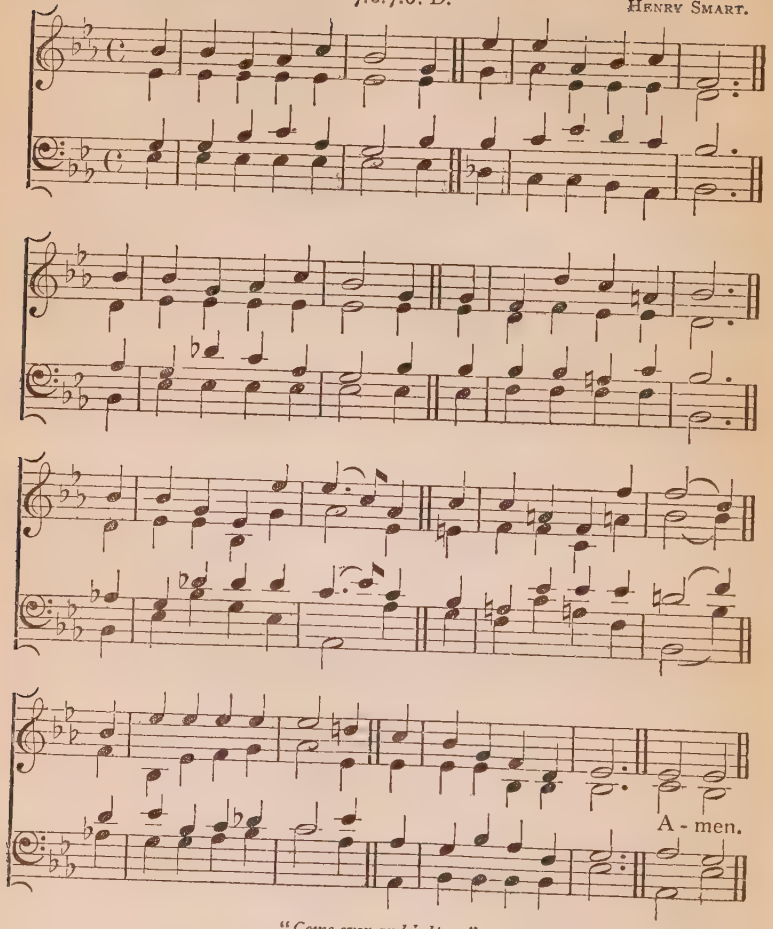
Endue the Bishops of Thy flock
With wisdom and with grace,
Against false doctrine, like a rock,
To set the heart and face.

To all Thy Priests Thy truth reveal,
And make Thy judgments clear;
Make Thou Thy Deacons full of zeal,
And humble and sincere.

Give to their flocks a lowly mind
To hear and to obey;
That each and all may mercy find
At Thine appearing day. Amen.

MISSIONS.

308.—LANCASHIRE. 7.6.7.6. D. HENRY SMART.



"Come over and help us."

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden strand;

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

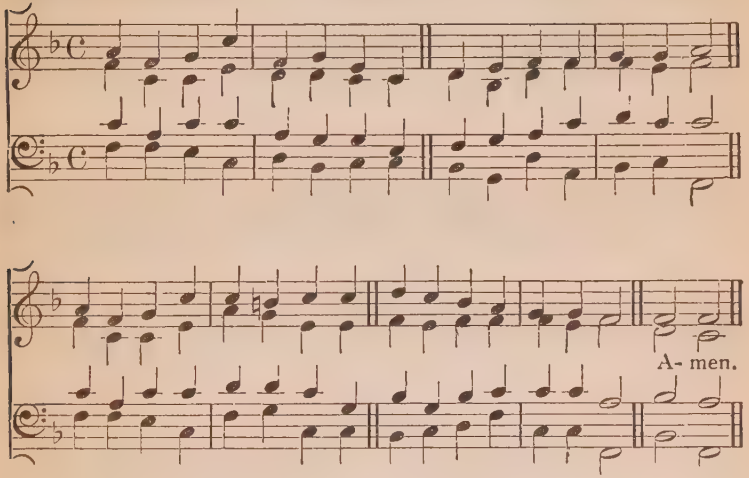
What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of GOD are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation,
Has learned MESSIAH'S Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

309.—FRANKFORT. 8.7.8.7. German.



"Thy Kingdom come."

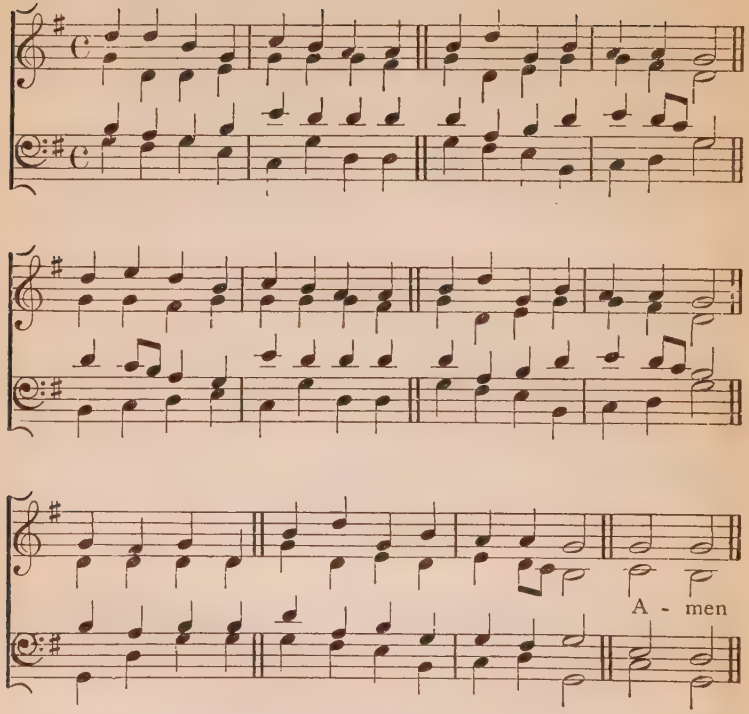
GOD in Heaven, hear our singing,
Only little ones are we,
Yet, a great petition bringing,
FATHER, now we come to Thee.

Let Thy Kingdom come, we pray Thee;
Let the world in Thee find rest;
Let all know Thee, and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest.

Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Make on earth a song of glory,
Like the Angels' song above.

Send Thy SPIRIT'S mighty shower,
Bring the heathen to Thy Throne,
For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory, are Thine own. Amen.

310.—SAXE-WEIMAR. 8.7.8.7.4.7. German.



"Come over and help us."

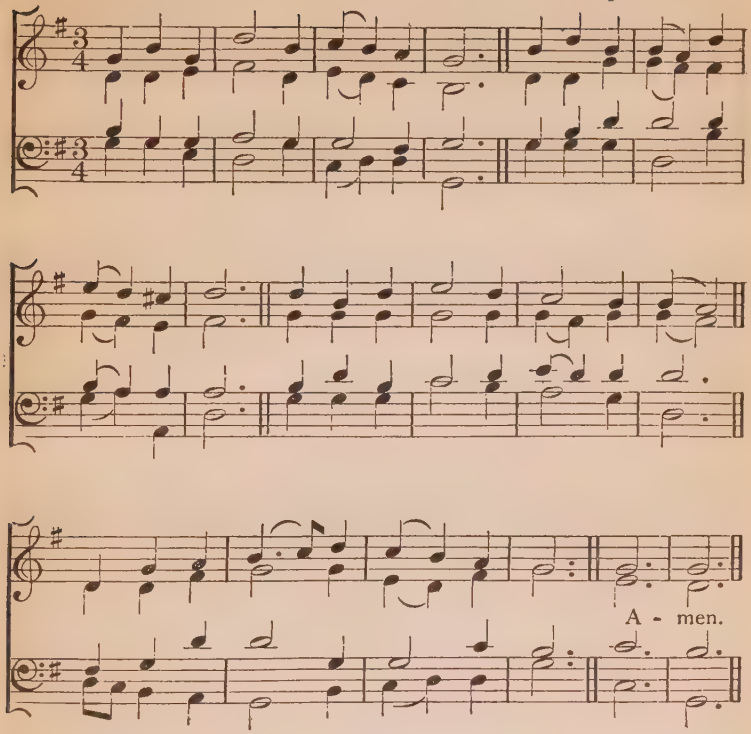
SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that JESUS bought by dying,
Whom His Soul in travail knew,
Thousand voices
Call us o'er the waters blue.

Christians, say they, none has taught us
Of the love so deep and dear,
Of the precious price that bought us,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear,
Ye who know Him
Guide us from our darkness drear.

Still the earth hath cruel places,
Wrath, and hate, and vengeance grim,
Still GOD looks on human faces
Heavenward turned, but not to Him.
Slaves who know not
Comfort in their anguish dim.

Haste, oh, haste to spread the tidings,
Let no shore be left untrod,
No lost brother's bitter chidings
Haunt us from the furthest sod;
Tell the heathen
All the precious truth of GOD. Amen

311.—WORCESTER. L.M. JOHN STANLEY.



"His Name shall endure for ever. All nations shall call Him blessed."

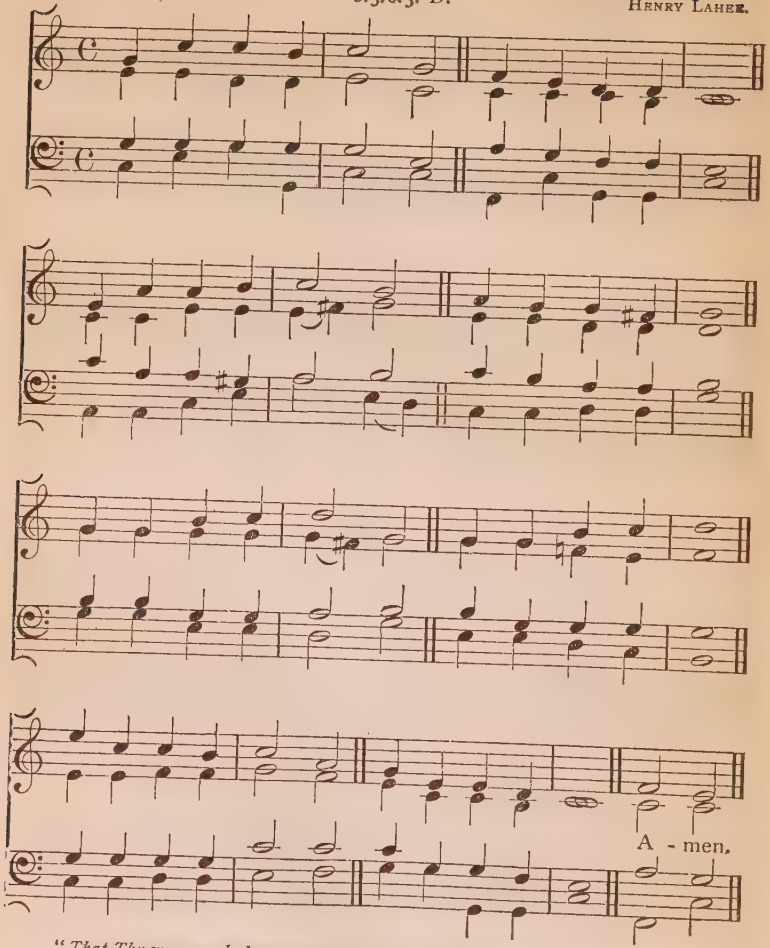
JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And each repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

312.—ONSLOW. 6.5.6.5. D. HENRY LAHEE.



"That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations."

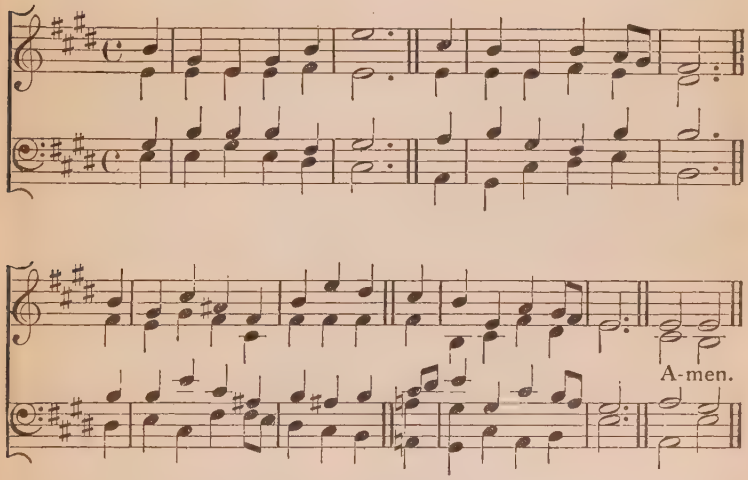
HARK, the swelling breezes,
Rising from afar,
Bring the sound of conflict
From the holy war.

GOD is with our armies;
He the word has given;
He is watching o'er you,
Messengers of Heaven.

Go, thou mighty gospel,
  Conquering on thy way;
Night upon the mountains
  Changes into day.
Idols bow before Thee,
  Heathen temples fall;
Soon the world shall own Thee,
  Victor over all.

O Thou blessèd Saviour,
  Reigning now on high,
May Thy faithful soldiers
  Find Thee ever nigh.
Bid their glorious mission
  Spread from sea to sea,
Till the whole creation
  Worship only Thee. Amen.

313.—SUNDERLAND. S.M. HENRY SMART.



"He that winneth souls is wise."

HOW blest are they who strive
  Their Lord's command to keep,
Who sent abroad the word of life
  To feed His wandering sheep!

How blest the messengers
  That Word of Life who bear;
And far away in heathen lands
  The Saviour's love declare.

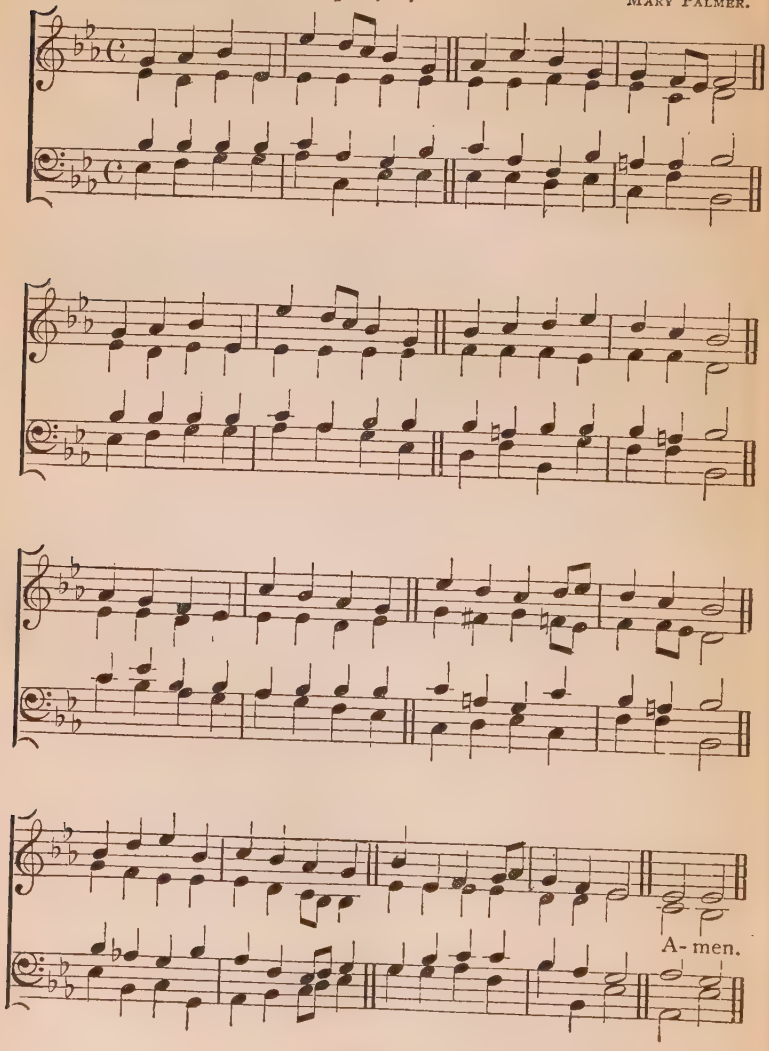
O Lord, we would unite
  His glorious work to aid
From love to Thee, Whose love to us
  Is day by day displayed.

It needs not age or wealth
  Thy power to possess;
The prayers of children Thou wilt hear,
  The work of children bless.

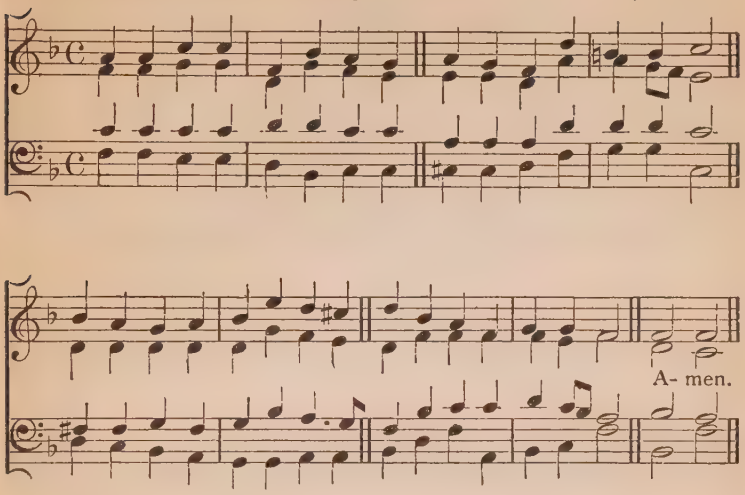
A life of active love,
  Oh, teach us, Lord, to live!
That we who freely have received
  May also freely give. Amen.

314.—Westoe. [*1st Tune.*] 8.7.8.7. D.

Mary Palmer.



314.—St. Birinus. [*2nd Tune.*] 8.7.8.7. George B. Arnold, Mus. Doc.



"That Thy way may be known upon earth; Thy saving health among all nations."

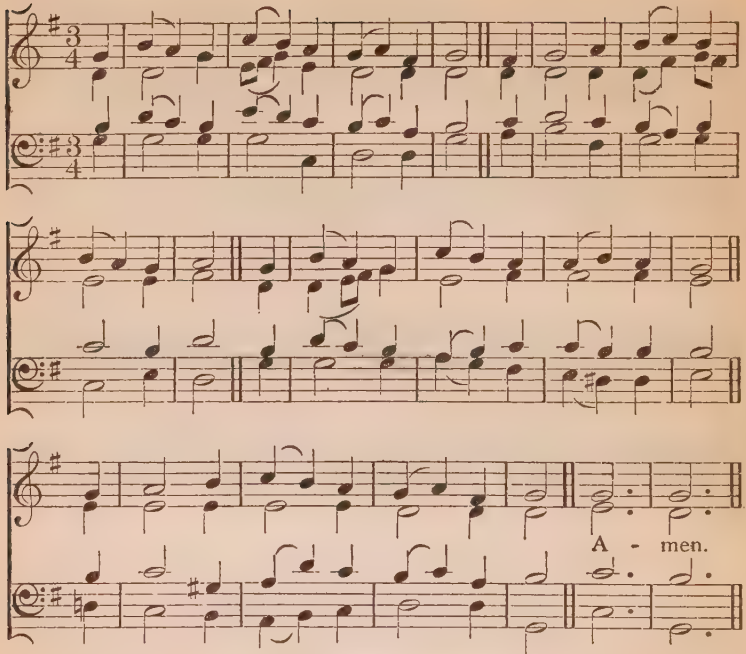
LORD, a Saviour's love displaying;
Shew the heathen lands Thy way;
Millions still, like sheep, are straying
In the dark and cloudy day.

Shades of death are gathering o'er them;
Lord, they perish from Thy sight;
Let Thine Angel go before them,
Bring the Gentiles to Thy light.

Fetch them home from every nation,
From the islands of the sea;
By the Word of Thy salvation
Call the wanderers back to Thee.

Thou their pasture hast provided;
Grant the blessing long foretold;
Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,
Find at last the common fold. Amen.

315.—INTERCESSION. L.M. Latin Melody.



"Turn us, O God, our Saviour."

ALMIGHTY GOD, Whose only SON,
O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need

In His dear Name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

There are who never yet have heard
The tidings of Thy blessèd Word,
But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of Heaven or hell;

And some within Thy sacred fold
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife:

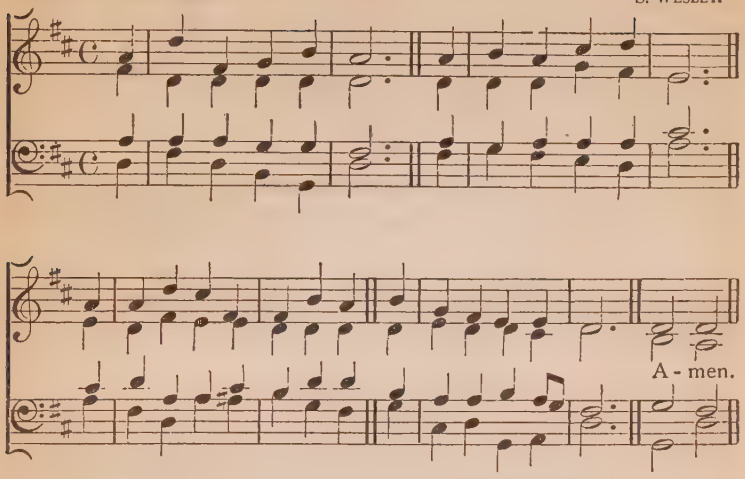
And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years.

Oh, give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire.

That so from Angel-hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the Blest, adore
Thy Name, O GOD, for evermore. Amen.

ALMSGIVING.

316.—BETHLEHEM. S.M. S. WESLEY.



"Of Thine own have we given Thee."

WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O LORD, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold!

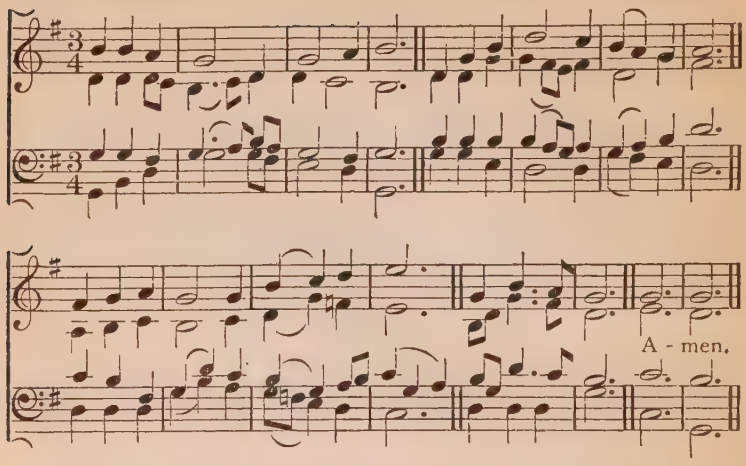
To comfort and to bless
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is Angels' work below.

The captive to release,
To GOD the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O LORD,
We do it unto Thee.

All might, all praise, be Thine,
FATHER, co-equal SON,
And SPIRIT, bond of love Divine,
While endless ages run. Amen.

317.—ALMSGIVING. 8.8.8.4. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.



"Freely ye have received, freely give."

O LORD of Heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

Thou giv'st the HOLY SPIRIT'S dower,
SPIRIT of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of Heaven;
FATHER, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, LORD, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

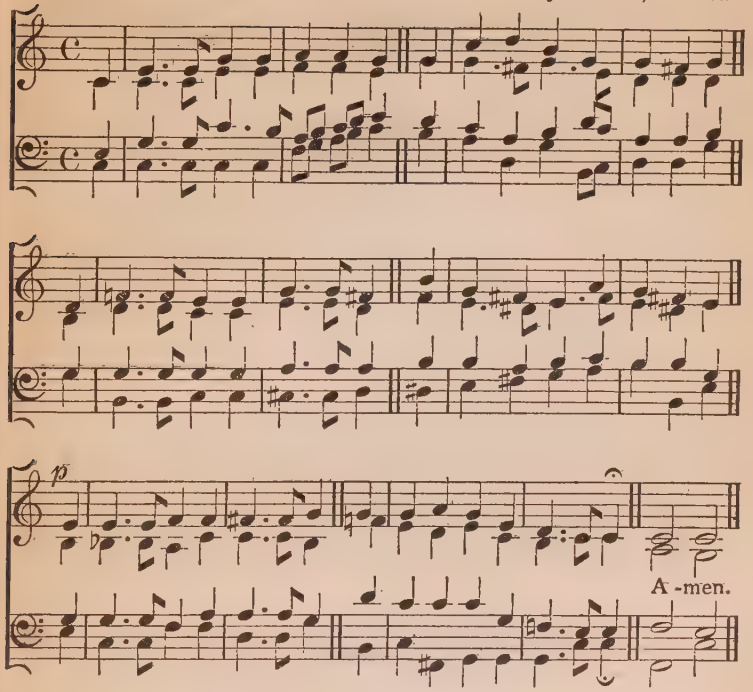
Thou didst not spare Thine only SON,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd ONE
Thou givest all.

Whatever, LORD, we give to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we lend to Thee,
Who givest all;

To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all! Amen.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

318.—MELITA. 8.8.8.8.8.8. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.



"These men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O CHRIST, Whose Voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy Word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O HOLY SPIRIT, Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O TRINITY of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.
Amen.

FOR ORPHANS.

319.—BETHANY. 8.7.8.7. D. HENRY SMART.

"I will not leave thee comfortless."

IN Thy presence, Holy FATHER,
We, Thy little children, kneel;
With a faith that cannot falter
To Thy goodness we appeal.
Here we have no tender mother,
On the earth so waste and wide;
Here we have no earthly father
For our weakness to provide.

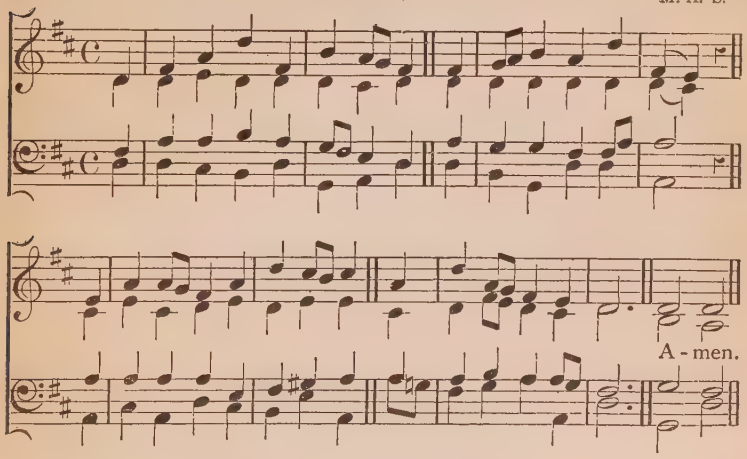
Thou wilt guide us, Thou wilt love us,
With a FATHER'S tenderest care;
Though Thou art so high above us,
Thou wilt hear the orphan's prayer.
Life's temptations are before us,
We must mingle in the strife;
If Thy goodness watch not o'er us,
All unsafe will be our life.

For Orphans.

So we claim Thee for our FATHER;
For we have a right to be,
By the gift of our dear Brother,
Loving children unto Thee.
Poor and lowly is our station,
Yet Thou never wilt despise
This our lowly adoration,
On Thy Throne above the skies.

Holy FATHER, to Thy keeping
All our cares we can confide;
Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,
We will in Thy love abide.
While Thy sheltering Wings are o'er us,
Fatherless we cannot be;
And we have a home before us
Which will last eternally. Amen.

320.—BURGATE. C.M. M. A. S.



"A Father of the fatherless."

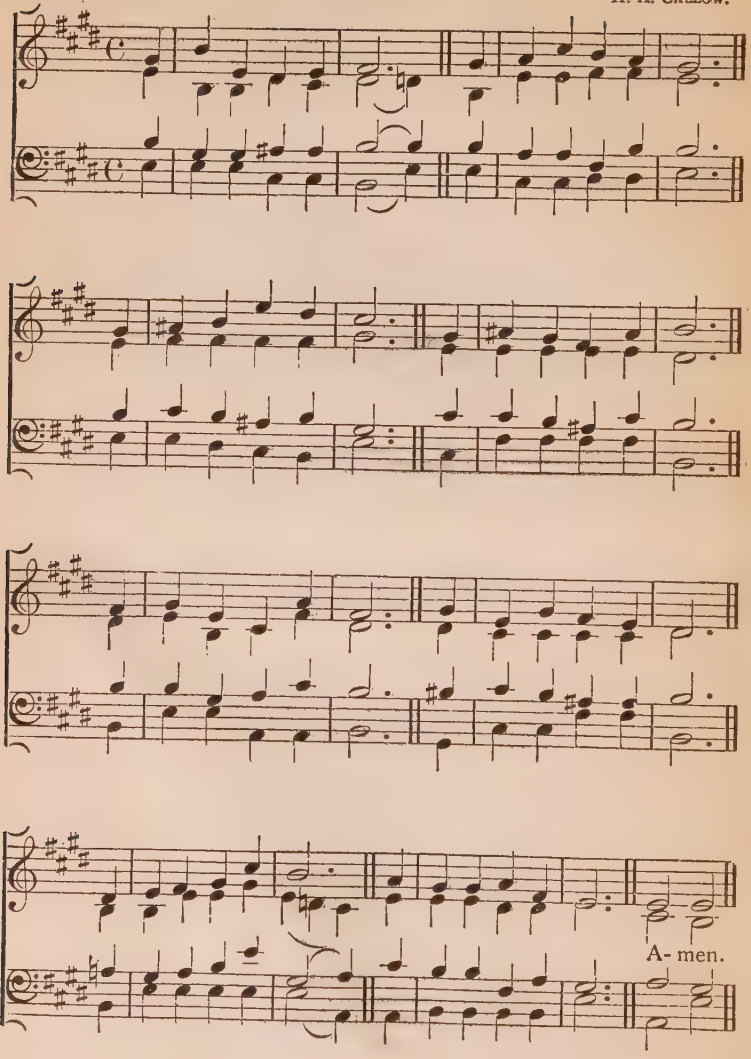
OUR FATHER, when we kneel to say
That blessèd Name to Thee,
Of all Thy children there are none
More dear to Thee than we.

What though no parent's loving care
Be granted us on earth,
FATHER and home are ours in Heaven
By right of our new birth.

GOD'S SPIRIT dwells within our hearts,
His Angels guard our feet,
And saints and Angels will rejoice
Our coming home to greet.

Then glory to our FATHER be,
Glory to GOD the SON,
And glory to the HOLY GHOST,
Eternal THREE in ONE. Amen.

321.—SOLITUDE. 6.6.6.6. D. H. A. CALLOW.



For Orphans.

"Thou art the helper of the fatherless."

THOU Who with dying lips
Thy Mother didst commend
Unto the tender care
Of Thy belovèd friend,
Thou Who by Lazarus' grave
In human grief didst groan,
Turn, Lord, Thine Eyes on those
Left in this world alone.

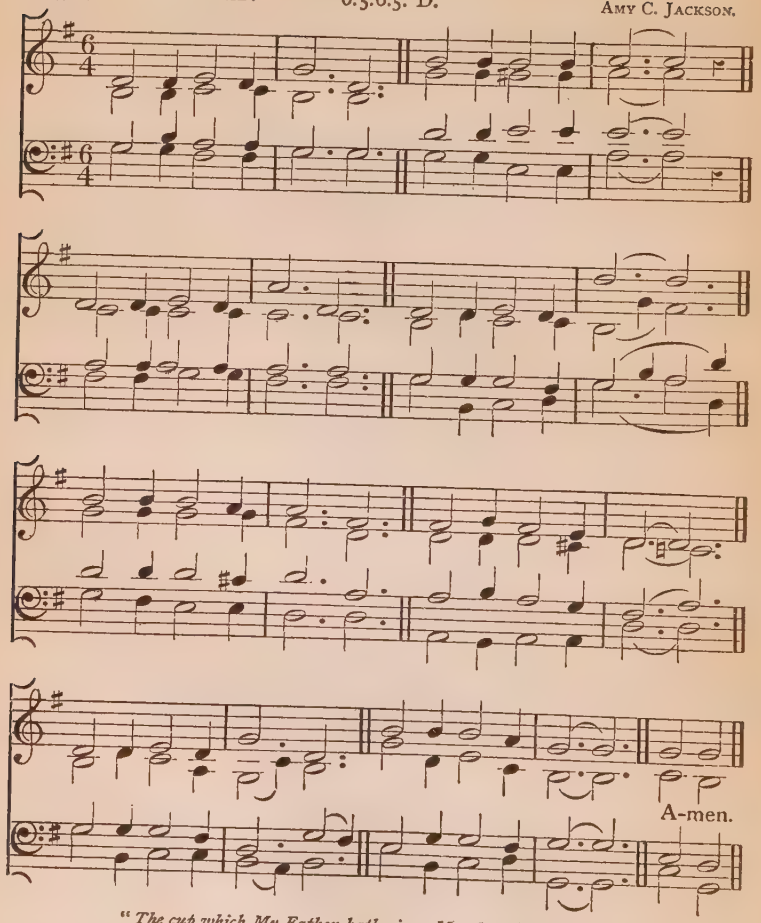
Thou Who didst call Thy twelve
Their home and friends to leave,
And in Thy kingdom all,
Yea, more than all, receive,
To those bereft of all,
Thy pitying love extend,
And let them find in Thee
Father, and Home, and Friend.

Thou Who didst say of old,
"Thine orphans lend to Me,
Unto the fatherless
I will a Father be,"
Thy promises are sure,
Help us to trust Thee still;
To those who need Thee sore
That faithful word fulfil.

Thou Who in Thy still rest
Our dear ones safe dost keep,
Thou Who shalt bring them back
One day from their long sleep,
Oh, keep us by Thy grace,
That we at last may be,
When that bright morning dawns,
At home with them and Thee! **Amen.**

TIME OF TROUBLE.

322.—St. Wilfrid. 6.5.6.5. D. Amy C. Jackson.



"The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?"

SOMETIME o'er our pathway
Passing clouds must fall;
Sometime pain and sorrow
Come to each and all.

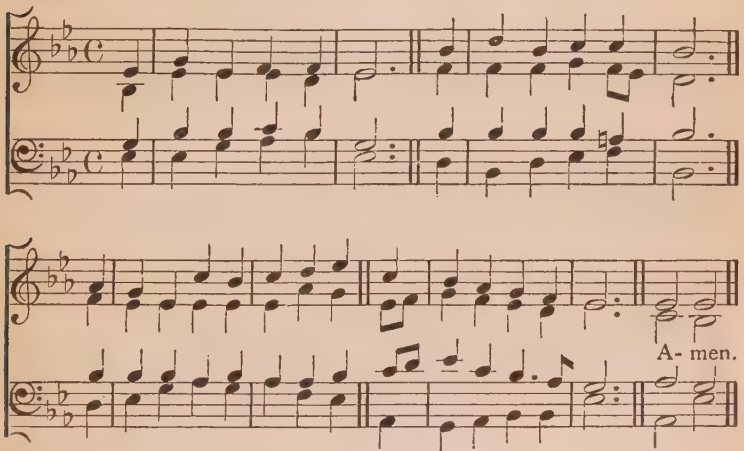
God our Father sends us
Ever what is best,
We in faith and patience
Find our only rest.

If the cup be bitter,
It is meant to heal,
And our kind Redeemer
Pities what we feel.
What are all our troubles?
What our greatest loss?
When we think of JESUS
Dying on the Cross.

Then our great Example
We must learn to find,
When our FATHER calls us,
Yielding heart and mind;
So, through joy and sorrow,
By His SPIRIT led,
We shall rise to glory,
With our Royal Head. Amen.

SCHOOL FESTIVALS.

323.—ST. HELENA. S.M.



"Thy Holy Child Jesus."

LORD JESUS, GOD and Man,
For love of man a Child,
The Very GOD, yet born on earth
Of Mary undefiled.

Lord JESUS, GOD and Man,
In this our festal day
To Thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy ransomed people pray.

We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle holy love,
For strength to do Thy Will below,
As Angels do above.

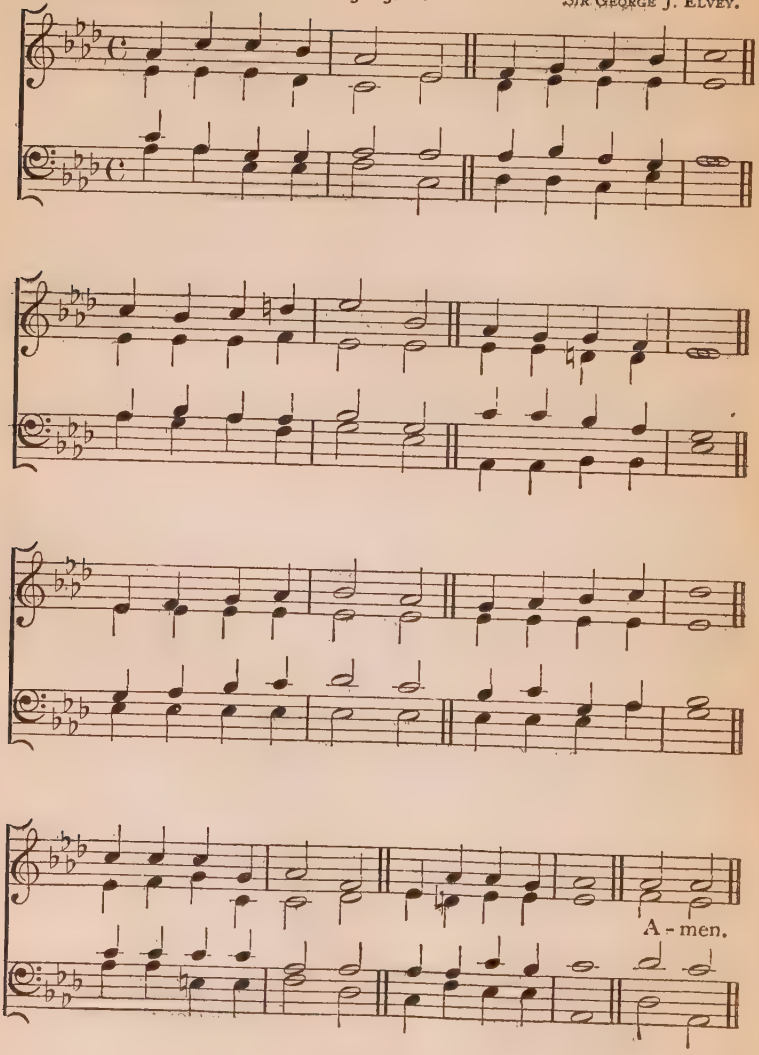
We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all Thy blessèd saints.

On friends around us here
O let Thy blessing fall;
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

O joy to live for Thee!
O joy in Thee to die!
O very joy of joys to see
Thy Face eternally!

Lord JESUS, GOD and Man,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with GOD the FATHER ONE
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

324.—URSWICKE. 6.5.6.5. D. SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.



"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious: and His mercy endureth for ever."

IN GOD'S holy dwelling,
Spared to meet again,
Hark! glad voices swelling,
Raise their yearly strain,
Children, bending lowly,
Join the Angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy,
Is the LORD most High!"

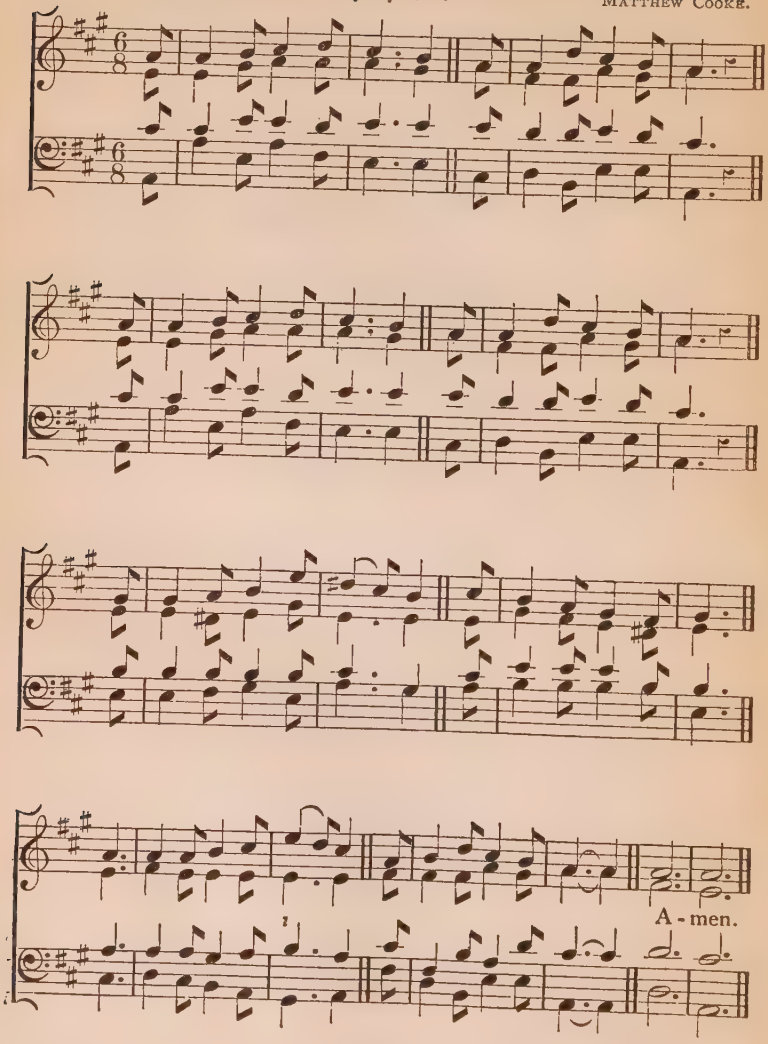
All things tell His glory—
Earth and Heaven above;
And the gospel story
Tells His wondrous love:
How the FATHER gave us
His own SON to die;
How the SON, to save us,
Left His Throne on high.

Oh, how blest to know Him,
And His love so true!
Oh, how sweet to show Him
How we love Him too!
For to us is given,
Here to taste His grace,
And the hope in Heaven
To behold His Face.

Then, within His dwelling,
Raise the yearly song;
Let glad voices swelling
Still the strain prolong;
Children, bending lowly,
Join the Angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy,
Is the LORD most High!" Amen.

325.—COMMEMORATION. 7.6.7.6. D.

MATTHEW COOKE.



"O bless our God . . . and make the voice of His praise to be heard."

COME, Christian youths and maidens,
Come, brothers, old and young,
Uplift your hearts and voices,
Be praise on every tongue.
In GOD'S own House we gather,
Our yearly feast to hold;
Come, join our joyful anthem,
Ye brothers, young and old.

Come, sing with us the praises
Of GOD'S preserving care,
Who safe from harm has kept us
Throughout another year;
And crowned our lives with mercies
Unnumbered as the sand,
Which day by day have reached us
From His all-gracious Hand.

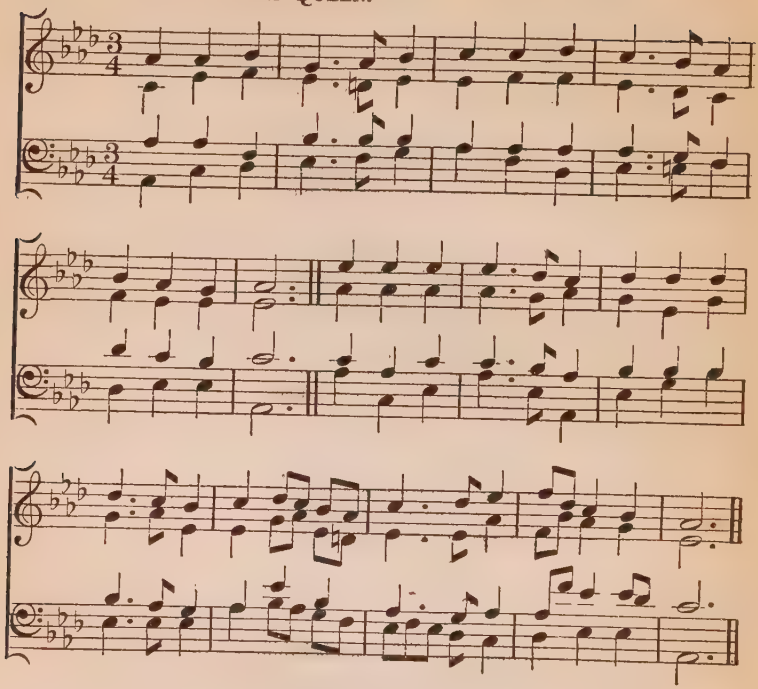
Come, sing with us the praises
Of GOD'S Redeeming Love,
That song which never ceases
Around the Throne above;
The voice of many Angels,
"Worthy the Lamb of GOD;
For He was slain to save us
By His most precious Blood."

Come, praise Him for glad tidings
Heard in this hallowed place—
Glad tidings of salvation,
By free and sovereign grace;
For gifts of Holy Scripture,
Known from our childhood's days;
For call from Heaven to serve Him
In wisdom's happy ways.

Come, praise Him for the promise
Of strength in weakness given;
For means of grace provided;
For blessèd hope of Heaven.
Oh, Christian youths and maidens!
Oh, brothers, old and young!
Uplift your hearts and voices,
And let His praise be sung. **Amen.**

NATIONAL.

326.—God Save the Queen.



"*Honour the King.*"

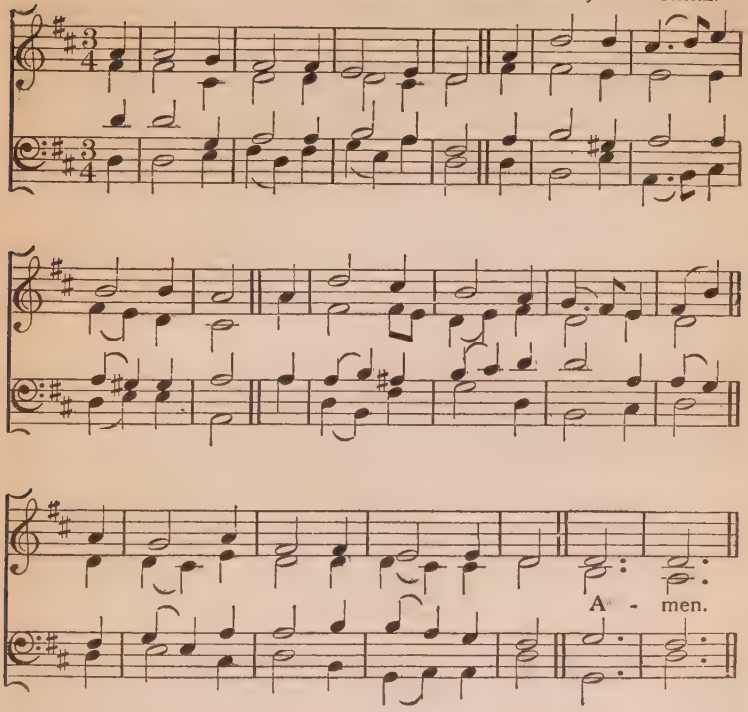
GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

GRACE AT MEALS.

327.—EMMANUEL. L.M. BRAUN'S "Echo Hymnodiæ Celestis."



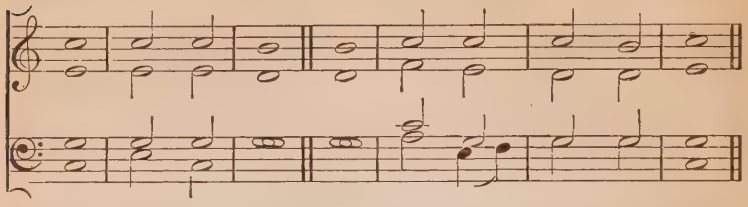
"Looking up to heaven, He blessed and brake."

BE present at our table, LORD;
Be here and everywhere adored;
Bless these Thy gifts, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

"Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving."

We thank Thee, LORD, for this our food,
For life and health and every good;
May manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down form Heaven. Amen.

328.—Grand Chant. Pelham Humphreys.



*THE eyes of all wait upon | Thee, | O | Lord: and Thou givest them their | meat | in | due | — | season.

When Thou givest it them they | ga- | ther | it: and when Thou openest Thy Hand | they | are | filled | with | good.

Glory be to the Father, and | to | the | Son: and | to | the | Ho- | ly | Ghost;

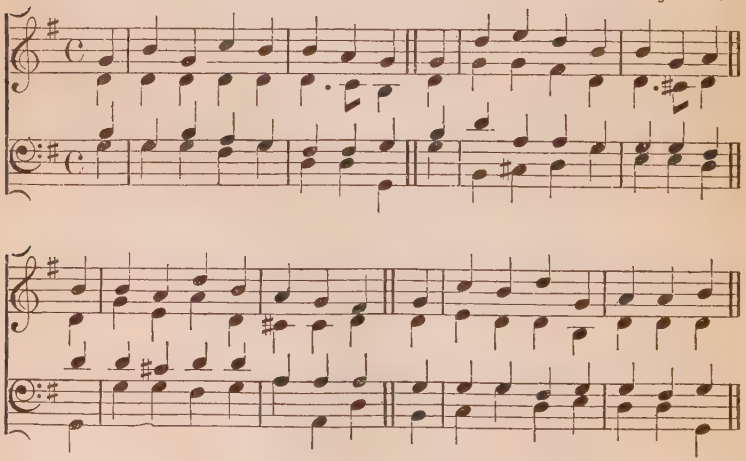
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall | be: world without end. | A- | — | — | — | men. [or, world without | end.— | A- | — | men.]

PRAISE the Lord, | O | my | soul: and all that is within me | praise | His | ho- | ly | Name.

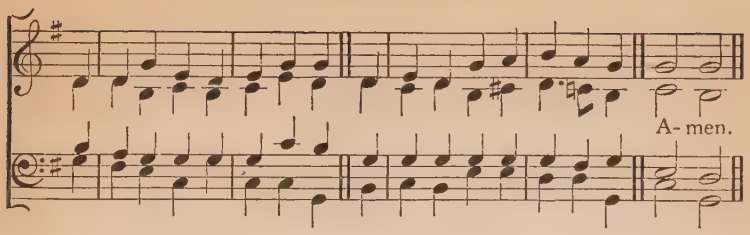
Praise the Lord, | O | my | soul: and for- | get | not | all | His | benefits.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

329.—Preston. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Bishop Jennér.

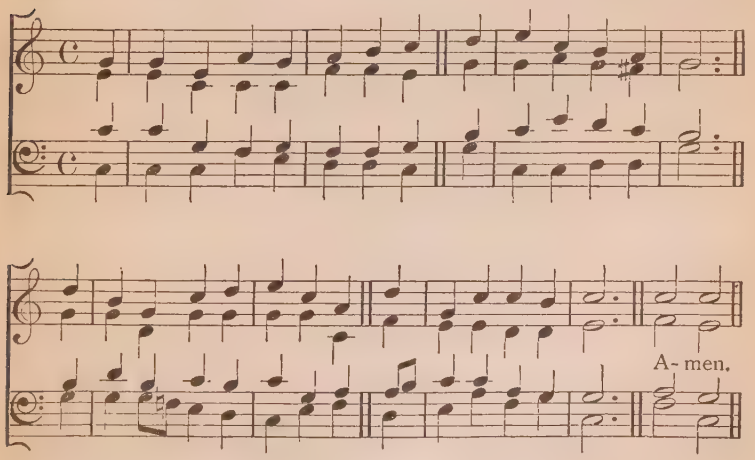


* Pointed from Dr. Stephen Elvey's "Psalter Pointed."



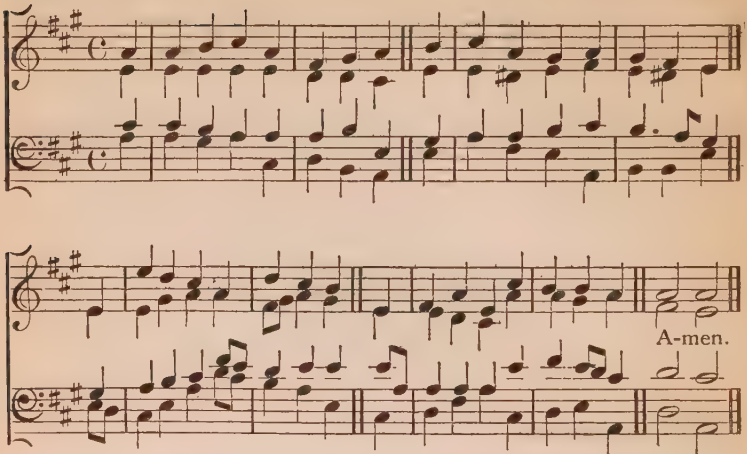
DAILY, O Lord, our prayers be said
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;
But not alone our bodies feed—
Do Thou supply our souls' great need.
O Bread of Life ! from day to day,
Be Thou our Comfort, Food, and Stay. Amen.

330.—St. Leonard. C.M. Henry Smart.



TO God who gives our daily bread
A thankful song we'll raise,
And pray that He who sends us food
Will fill our hearts with praise. Amen.

331.—ELY. L.M. BISHOP TURTON.



"In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

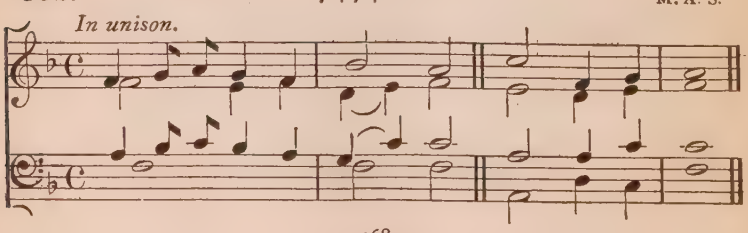
GREAT GOD, Thou giver of all good,
Accept our praise, and bless our food;
Grace, health, and strength to us afford
Through JESUS CHRIST our risen Lord. Amen.

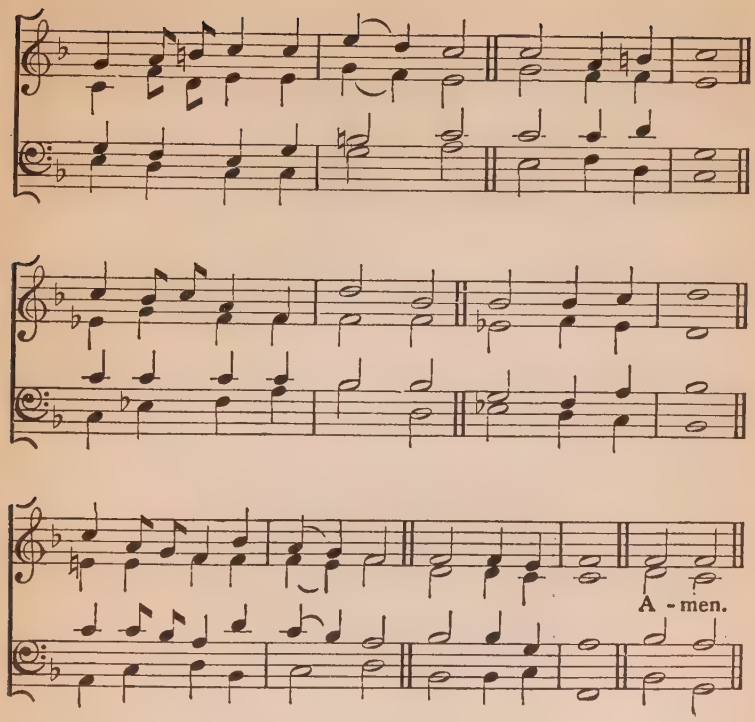
"He giveth to all, life, and breath, and all things."

For mercies that we taste and see,
For love unmerited and free,
For every promise in Thy Word,
We bless Thy Holy Name, O Lord. Amen.

TEMPERANCE.

332.—HAMPSTEAD. 7.4.7.4. D. M. A. S.





" The God of hope fill you with all joy."

JESUS, our thankful voices
Upward we raise,
Children of hope around Thee,
Singing Thy praise.
Thou dost shed hope about us,
Making earth bright;
Hopeless each day without Thee,
Hopeless each night.

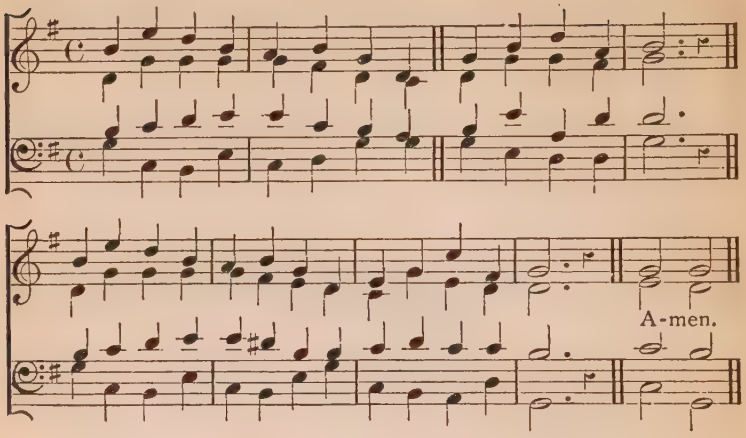
Thou dost give hope to childhood,
Growing in love;
Hope wilt Thou give to manhood,
Looking above.

Then, when this life is over,
Calm may we be,
Hoping to live for ever,
JESUS, with Thee.

Hope, from GOD'S Throne descending,
Rests on us here;
Back to its source returning,
Takes our hearts there.
Thus all our hopes we yield Thee,
JESUS, our Lord,
Thou in the blessèd Godhead
Ever adored. Amen.

333.—"Loving Saviour.' 8.5.8.5.

Cyril Bowdler.



"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

LOVING Saviour, we Thy children
Would with Thee abide;
May the bands of love that bind us
Keep us at Thy Side.

Blessèd hope, we pray Thee, give us,
Shining on our way—
Through temptation's threatening darkness
Leading towards the day.

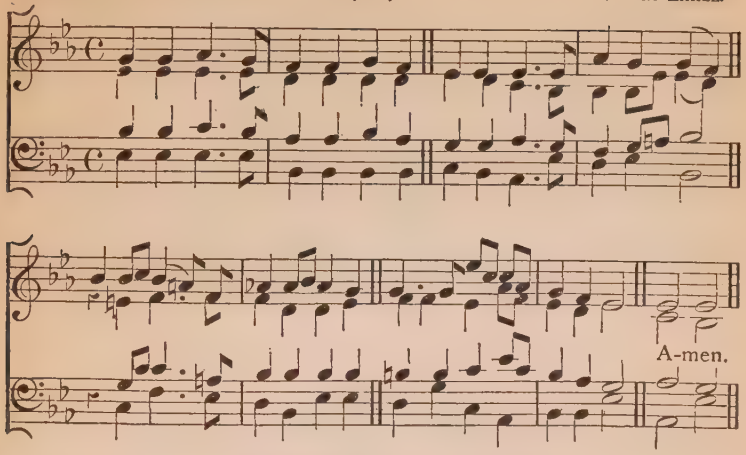
Give us hope of daily conquest
Over Satan's charms,
Blessèd hope of peace hereafter,
In Thy loving Arms.

FATHER, hope within us striving
Bids us now be brave;
Hearts are strong within us, knowing
Thou art strong to save.

We are ready for the battle,
Though a childlike band,
Leagued against the hosts of Satan
We together stand.

FATHER, whilst Thy help attends us
Victory will be sure;
Leaning on Thy grace, we follow
Hope that shall endure. Amen.

334.—Holy Trinity. 8.7.8.7. Henry Laher.



"My strength is made perfect in weakness."

LORD, we come to ask Thy blessing,
Humbly come on bended knee;
Oh, receive our resolution
Which we offer unto Thee!

We have joined our hearts together,
In a bond of union true,
May our chain of prayer and promise
Strength and courage oft renew.

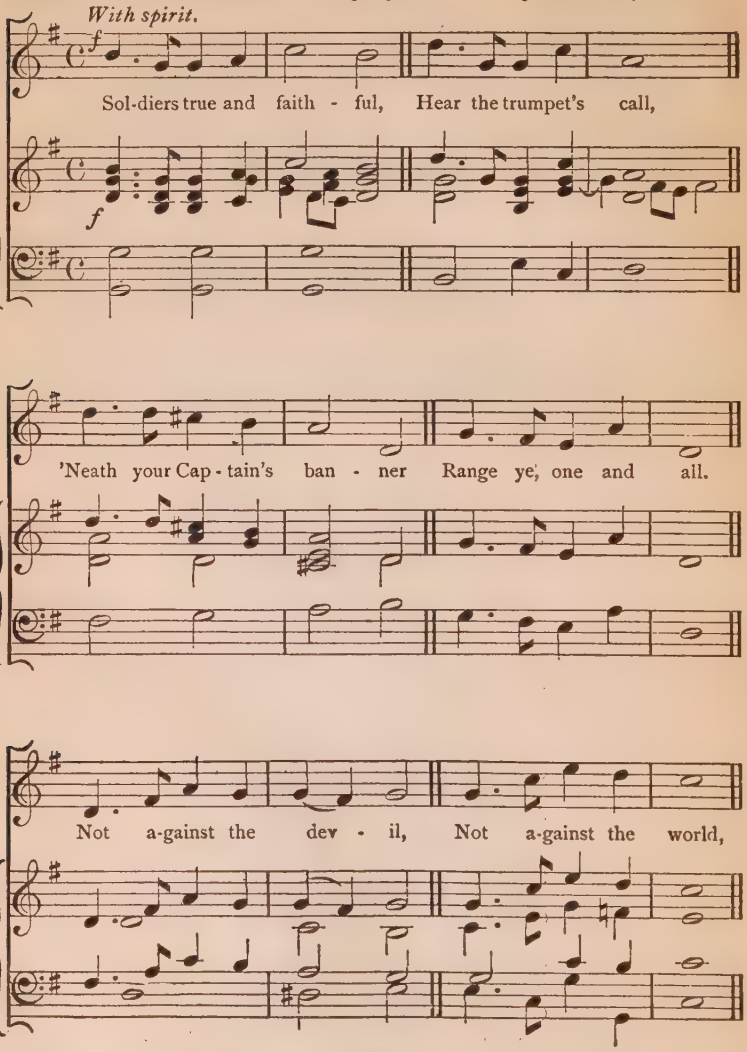
Childish hearts and youth's devotion
Little gifts they seem to be;
But we know that they are precious,
Offered lovingly to Thee.

Weak the strength of human effort,
We, unaided, strive in vain;
Thou must grant Thy grace and blessing
If we would true victory gain.

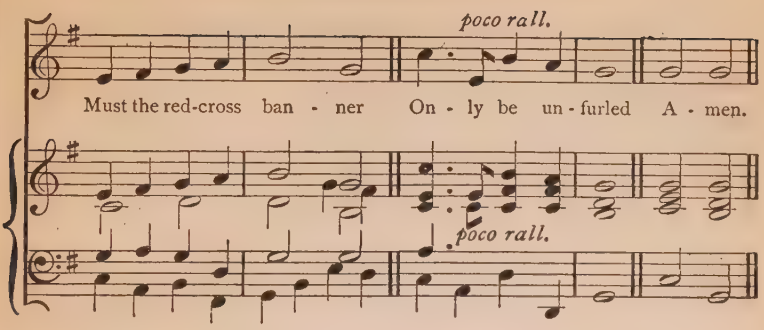
So we ask for Christian courage,
Zeal to keep our promise true,
Grace to draw by good example
Other hearts to join us too.

Bless and sanctify Thy children,
Meek and sinful though they be,
Oh, receive us in our spring-time,
We would give it, LORD, to Thee! Amen.

335.—"SOLDIERS TRUE." 6.5.6.5. D. JOHN NAYLOR, Mus. Doc.


With spirit.
Sol-diers true and faith - ful, Hear the trumpet's call,
'Neath your Cap - tain's ban - ner Range ye, one and all.
Not a-gainst the dev - il, Not a-gainst the world,

Temperance.



"Abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul."

SOLDIERS true and faithful,
Hear the trumpet's call,
'Neath your Captain's banner
Range ye, one and all.
Not against the devil,
Not against the world,
Must the red-cross banner
Only be unfurled.

Subtle foes are lurking
Deep your hearts within,
There first wage the battle
With the power of sin.
O'er the sight and hearing,
Touch, and taste, and smell,
Set a watch, good Christians,
Guard those portals well.

Satan, through the senses,
Seeks your souls to slay,
Let no secret traitor,
JESUS' cause betray.
If to lusts enticing
Ye betray your heart,
Can ye bid the devil,
And the world depart?

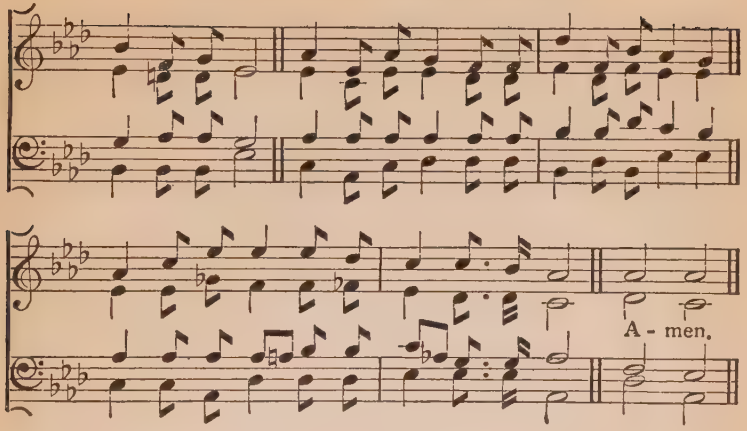
By the sign upon you,
By CHRIST's life within,
Close in deadly conflict
With each pleasant sin.
JESUS' eye is on you,
Keep your solemn vow,
Then a crown immortal
Shall adorn your brow. **Amen.**

HYMNS FOR A FLOWER SERVICE.

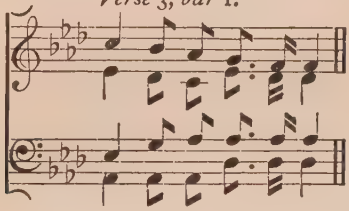
336.—CLARE MARKET. 11.10.11.10. MARY PALMER.

Verse 1.

Verses 2 and 4.



Verse 3, *bar* 1.



Then the same setting as for verses 2 *and* 4.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

HERE, LORD, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field,
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest
More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

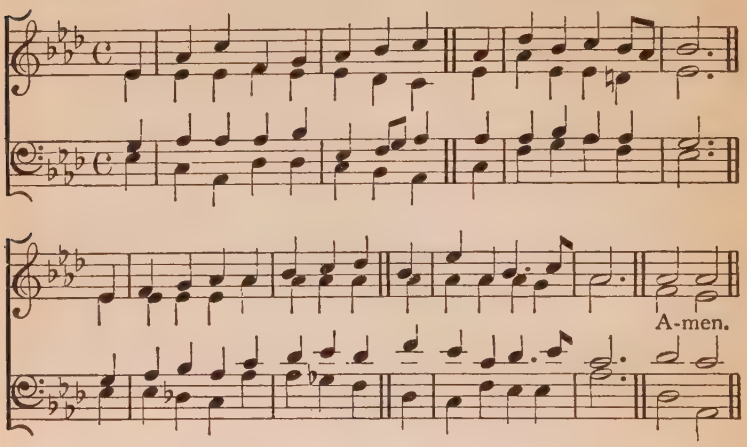
Send, LORD, by these to the sick and the dying,
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace,
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying,
Grant the departing a gentle release.

Raise, LORD, to health again those who have sickened,
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened,
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

We, LORD, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
Gather us, LORD, to Thy Bosom for ever,
Grant us a place in Thy House in the sky. Amen.

337.—ANGLICAN HYMN BOOK, No. 183, 1st Ed. C.M.

E. G. MONK, Mus. Doc.



"The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."

O THOU Whose bounty fills the earth,
Accept the gifts we bring;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
From Thy perfection spring.

These flowers that on our borders blow,
Each in its time and place,
Shine out like smiles that come and go
On some beloved face;

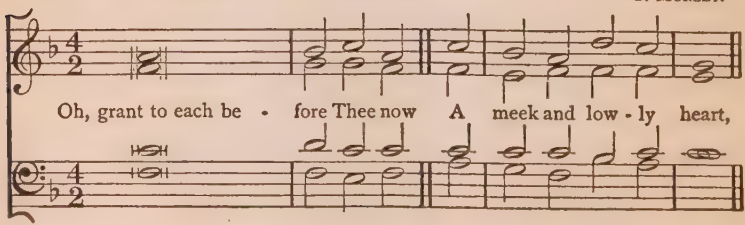
They make us happy, for they tell
Of love unseen but sure;
Let others then be glad as well—
The suffering and the poor!

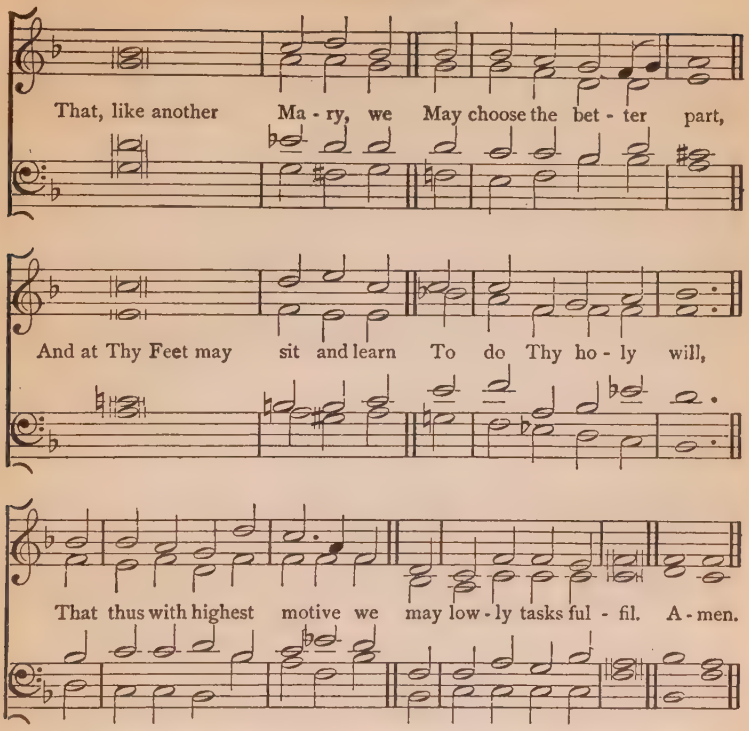
To beds of anguish and of death
We send our store of flowers,
To whisper with their fragrant breath,
Their FATHER's love, and ours.

Take, LORD, our gifts; but take us too,
Thy human flowers, to prove
By lives unselfish, kind, and true,
That Thou, our GOD, art Love. Amen.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

338.—CONSTANCE. D.C.M. T. MORLEY.




That, like another Ma - ry, we May choose the bet - ter part,
And at Thy Feet may sit and learn To do Thy ho - ly will,
That thus with highest motive we may low - ly tasks ful - fil. A - men.

"Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her."

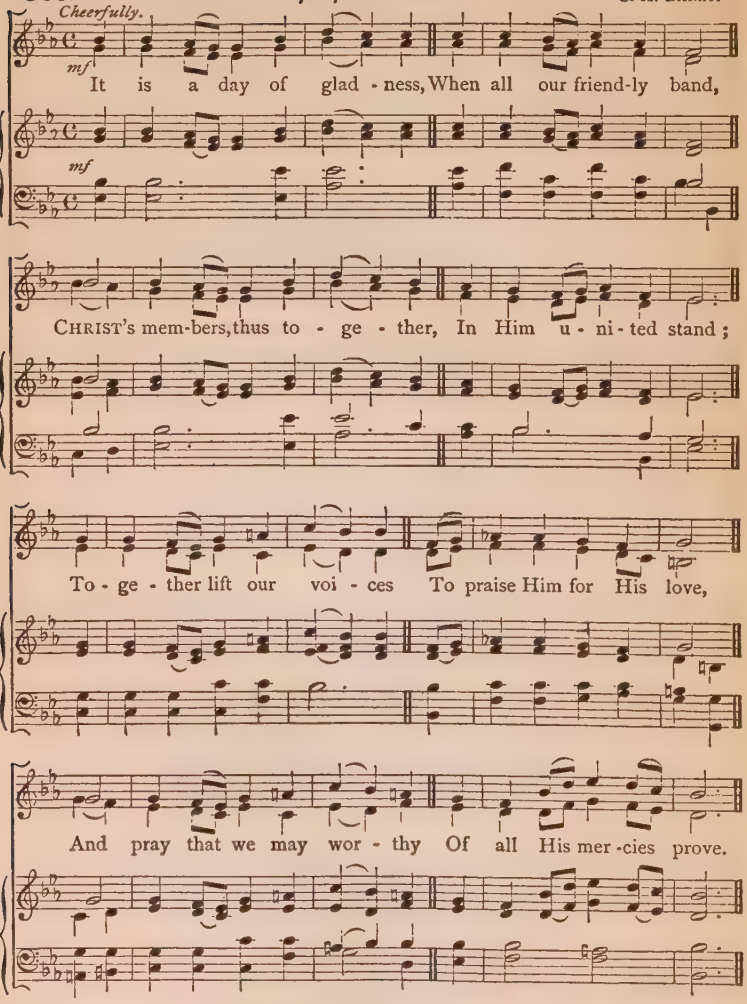
OH, grant to each before Thee now
A meek and lowly heart,
That, like another Mary, we
May choose the better part,
And at Thy Feet may sit and learn
To do Thy holy will,
That thus with highest motive we
May lowly tasks fulfil.

Let all who hear our tones of love
Our holy conduct see;
Take knowledge of us, dearest Lord,
That we have been with Thee.
From all temptations and all sin
Defend us we implore,
And with Thy love encompass us
Both now and evermore.

Oh, clothe us with the spotless robe
That Thy beloved wear,
And in Thy presence let us stand
Like lilies white and fair;
By earth's defilements all unsoiled
A stainless virgin band,
That in Thine Eden we may bloom
Transplanted by Thy Hand. Amen.

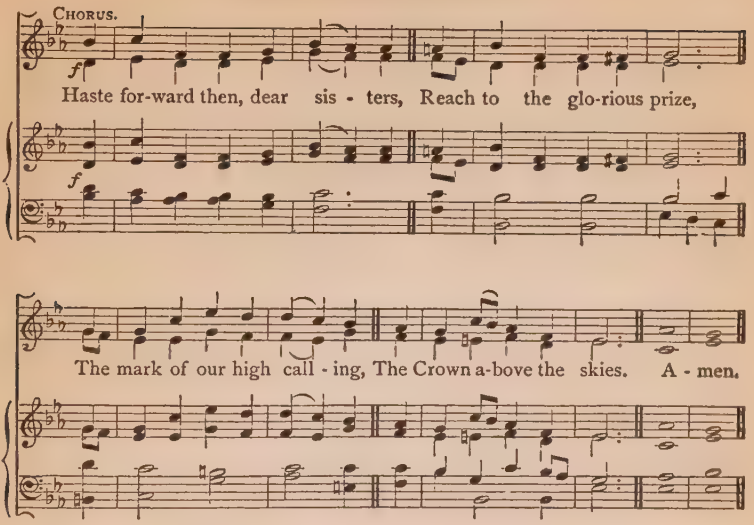
FESTIVAL HYMN.

339.—HAWKSLEY. 7.6.7.6. 12 lines. C. A. BARRY.


Cheerfully.
mf
It is a day of glad - ness, When all our friend-ly band,
CHRIST's mem-bers, thus to - ge - ther, In Him u - ni - ted stand;
To - ge - ther lift our voi - ces To praise Him for His love,
And pray that we may wor - thy Of all His mer - cies prove.

* May be sung as an accompanied Melody, or as a Choral Duet for Trebles, either with or without accompaniment.

Girls' Friendly Society.


Chorus.
Haste for-ward then, dear sis - ters, Reach to the glo-rious prize,
The mark of our high call - ing, The Crown a-bove the skies. A - men.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

IT is a day of gladness,
When all our friendly band,
CHRIST'S members, thus together
In Him united stand;
Together lift our voices
To praise Him for His love,
And pray that we may worthy
Of all His mercies prove.
Haste forward then, dear sisters
Reach to the glorious prize,
The mark of our high calling,
The Crown above the skies.

In lowliness and meekness
May we from day to day
Still in our Master's Footsteps
Press on our heavenward way;
O make us, blessèd Master,
Pure, even as Thou art pure,
And grant as faithful servants
We to the end endure!
Haste forward, &c.

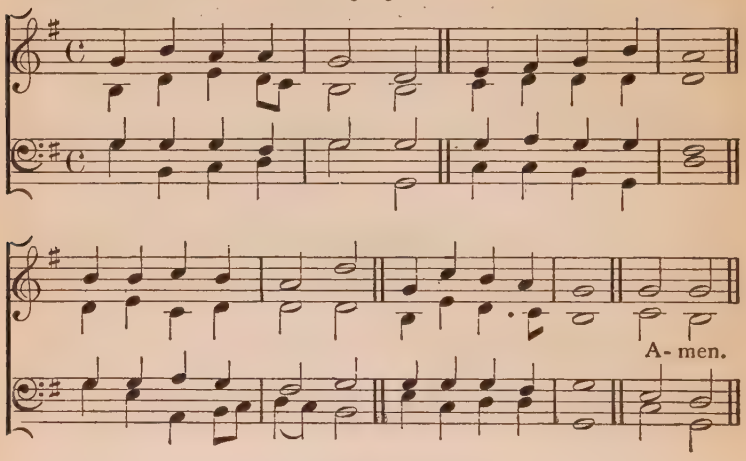
Bright Angels hover round us,
And saints before the Throne
Make ceaseless intercession
That sin may be o'erthrown;
They, like to us once tempted,
The tempter overcame,
In strength of the ALMIGHTY,
In power of JESUS' Name.
Haste forward, &c.

Oh, joy within the vineyard
To labour for the Lord,
Joy on this happy feast-day
To praise with one accord;
Joy of all joys the greatest
To hear Him say, "Well done;
Rest, good and faithful servant,
Thy heavenly Crown is won!"
Haste forward, &c.

Come, HOLY GHOST, possess us
With Thy indwelling might!
Come, JESU, reign within us,
Our King, our Life, and Light!
So through the endless ages
Our triumph song shall be,
Praise FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
ONE GOD in PERSONS THREE
Haste forward, &c. Amen.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

340.—RABENLEI. 6.5.6.5. German.



"Let brotherly love continue."

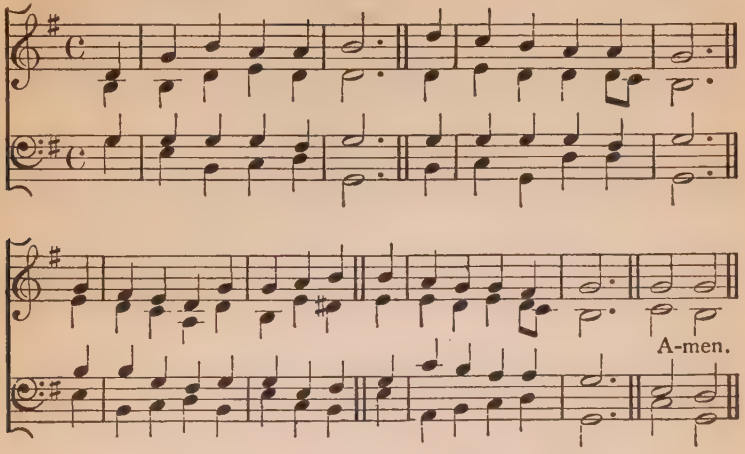
TRUE friends help each other,
Gladly give and take;
Bear with one another
For sweet friendship's sake.

E'en when parted always,
Love each other still,
Both in joy and sorrow,
Sharing good and ill.

Onwards in life's journey,
Clasping hand in hand;
Thus they seek together
Friendship's native land.

Happy home, where JESUS,
Best and truest Friend,
Waits for Christian pilgrims,
At their journey's end. Amen.

341.—St. Michael. S.M. Dayr's Psalter.



" Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

OH, PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

His Arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

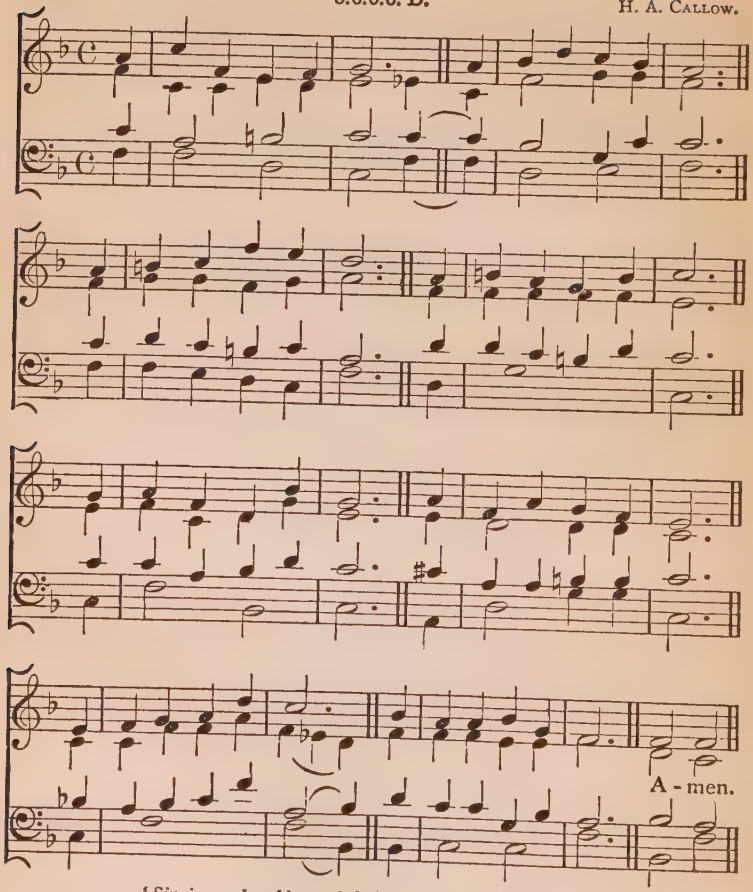
Oh, happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!

Lord, may it be our choice
This blessèd rule to keep,
" Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

Oh, praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success. Amen.

HYMN FOR CHORISTERS.

342.—SOLITUDE. 6.6.6.6. D. H. A. CALLOW.



'Singing and making melody in your hearts unto the Lord."

HOW can we serve Thee, Lord,
How sing aright Thy praise,
To Whom Angelic Hosts,
Their songs of triumph raise?

How can our feeble tongues
The Heavenly Anthem swell,
And in Thy Church on earth
Thy joys and glories tell?

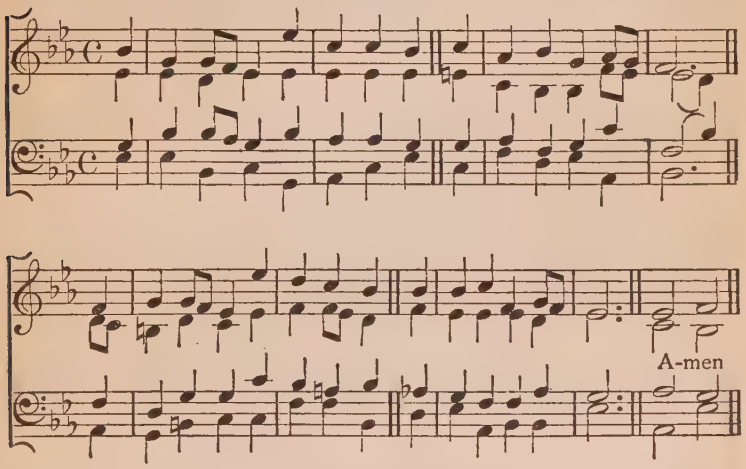
* In a higher key than at No. 321.

Dear Lord! we know not how,
But Thou Thyself hast said
That, "out of infants' lips,"
Thy praise is perfected;
So now accept the gift
Of heart and voice we bring,
And teach us, Gracious Lord,
To love Thee while we sing!

Teach us to cast ourselves
In worship at Thy Feet,
And, for our holy work,
O JESU! make us meet;
Daily increase us, Lord,
With faith, and hope, and love,
That we at last may join
The Angel-Choirs above! Amen.

HYMN FOR CHURCH DECORATORS.

343.—CROOKESBURY. C.M. M. A. S.



"Of Thine own have we given Thee."

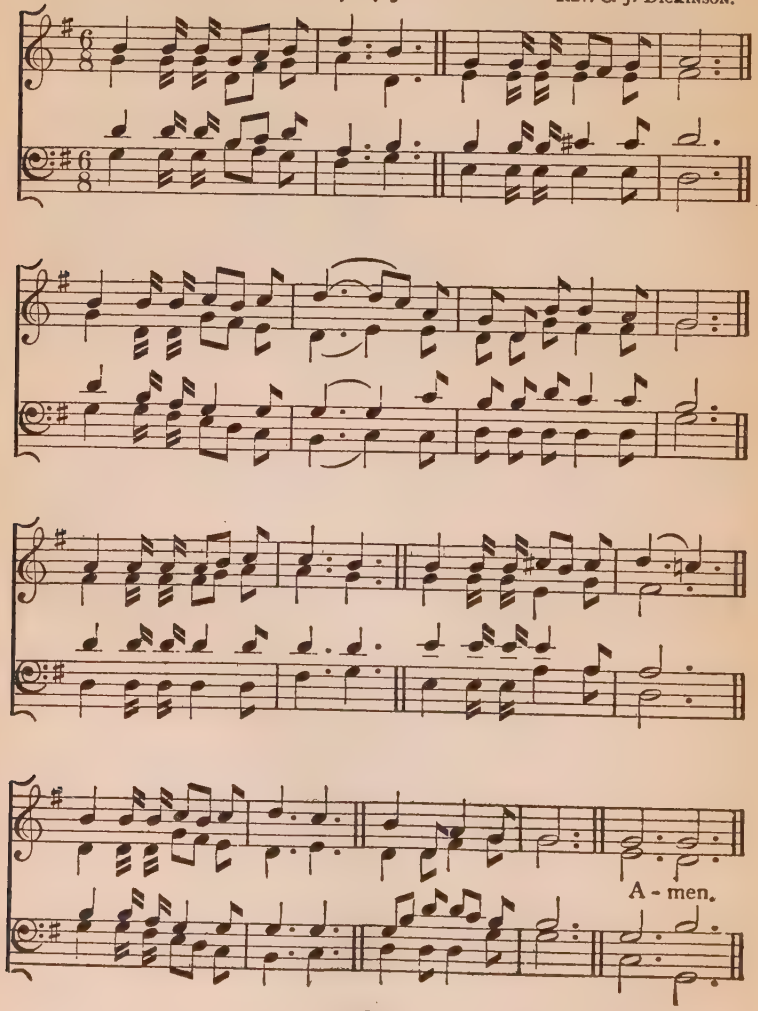
AS Hebrew children strewed their palms
Before Thy holy Feet,
So we, with faithful, lowly hearts,
Bring leaves and blossoms sweet.

We know, dear Lord, Thou hast no need
Of this our simple store;
But love gives all, and only grieves
That it can give no more.

Lord JESUS, bless the gifts we bring,
And bless these quiet hours;
Thou Who didst wear the crown of thorns,
Accept our crown of flowers. Amen.

FOR A DAY SCHOOL.

344.—BELGARD. 7.6.7.5. D. REV. C. J. DICKINSON.



" The night cometh when no man can work

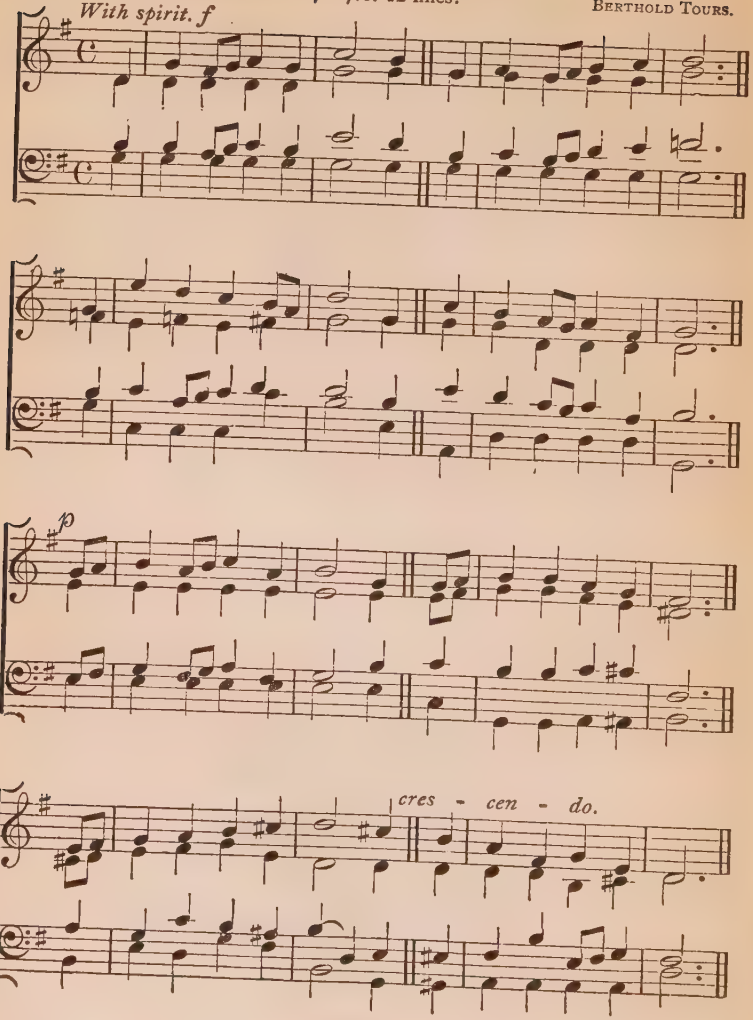
WORK, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming
When man works no more.

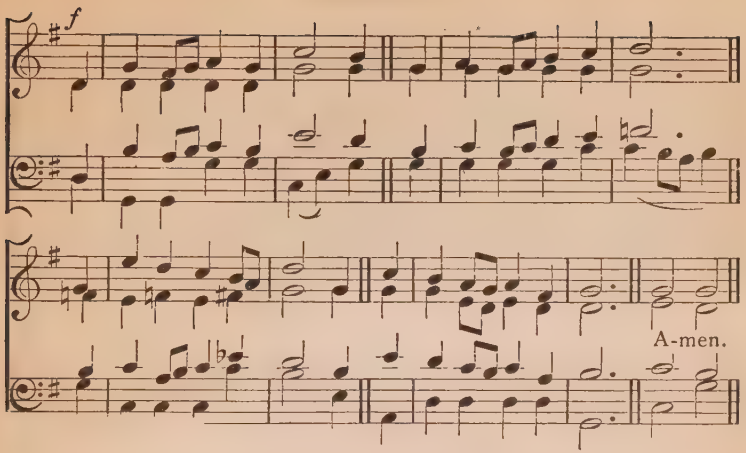
Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies:
While their bright tints are glowing
Work, for daylight flies:
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening
When man's work is o'er. Amen.

HARVEST.

345.—HARVEST. 7.6.7.6. 12 lines. BERTHOLD TOURS.



Harvest.



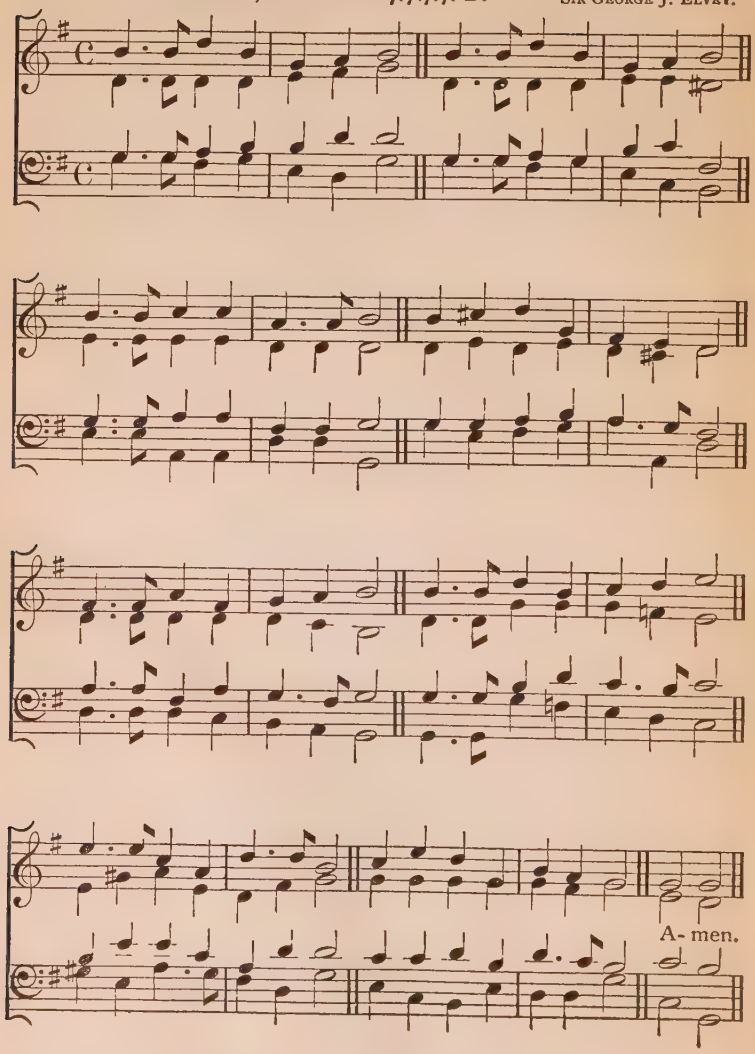
"Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it."

COME, children, lift your voices,
And sing with us to-day,
As to the LORD of Harvest,
Our grateful vows we pay.
We thank Thee, LORD, for sending
The gentle showers of rain;
For summer suns which ripened
The fields of golden grain;
Come, children, lift your voices,
And sing with us to-day,
As to the LORD of Harvest,
Our grateful vows we pay.

Come join our glad procession,
As onward still we move,
Rejoicing in the tokens
Of GOD our FATHER'S love.
All good is His creation,
All beautiful and fair,
Birds, insects, beasts and fishes,
Our harvest gladness share.
Come, children, &c.

May we by holy living
Thy praises echo forth,
And tell Thy boundless mercies
To all the listening earth;
May we grow up as branches,
In CHRIST, the one True Vine,
Bear fruit to Life Eternal,
And be for ever Thine!
Come, children, &c. Amen.

346.—St. George's, Windsor. 7.7.7.7. D. Sir George J. Elvey.



Harvest.

"They joy before Him according to the joy of harvest."

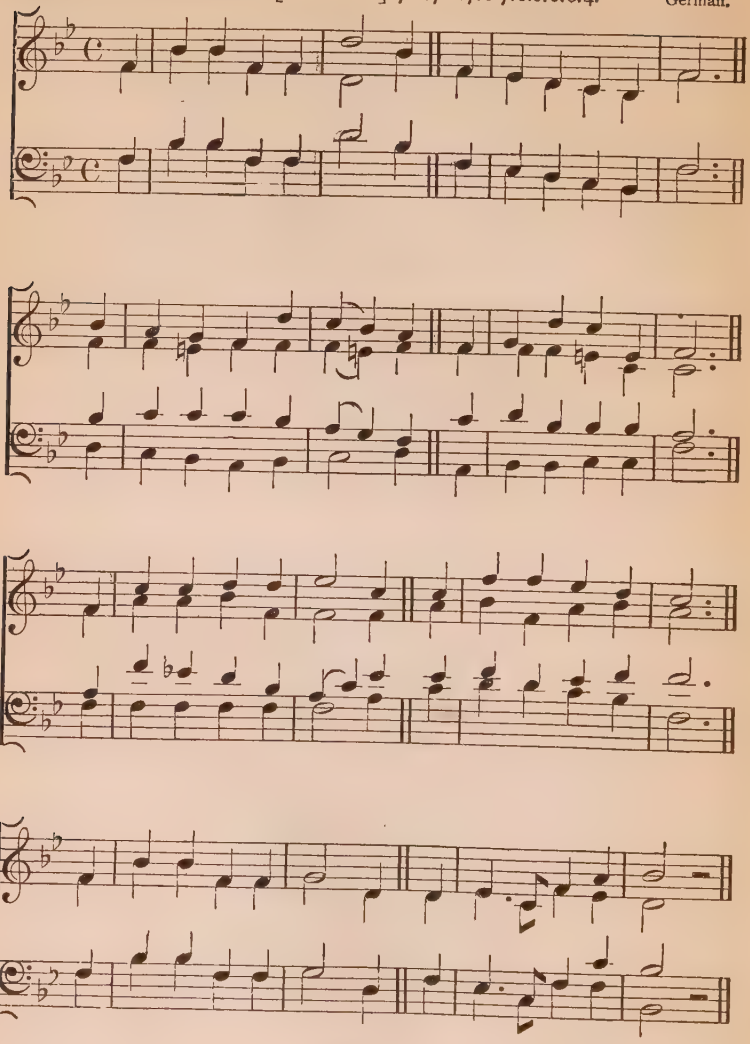
COME, ye thankful people come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin,
GOD our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come, to GOD's own Temple, come
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

All this world is GOD's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy and sorrow grown;
Ripening with a wondrous power
Till the final Harvest hour;
Grant, O LORD of life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

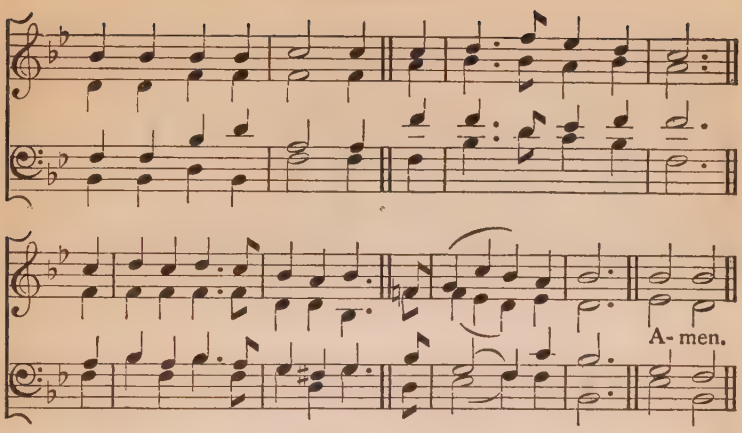
For we know that Thou wilt come,
And wilt take Thy people home;
From Thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend that day;
And Thine Angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In Thy garner evermore.

Come then, LORD of Mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home,
Let Thy saints be gathered in
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
All upon the golden floor,
Praising Thee for evermore;
Come, with all Thine Angels, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home! Amen.

347.—Wir Pflugen. [*1st Tune.*] 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.6.8.4. German.



Harvest.



"He that plougheth should plough in hope."

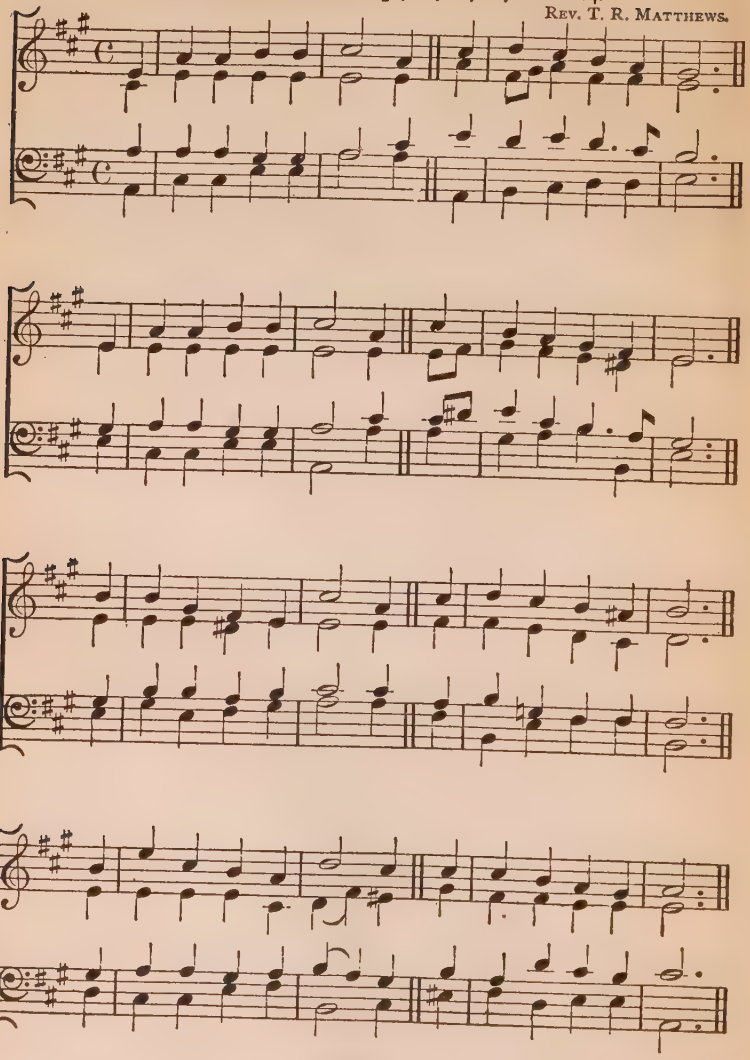
WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By GOD'S Almighty Hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain;
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above;
Then thank the LORD, oh, thank the LORD
For all His love!

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, &c.

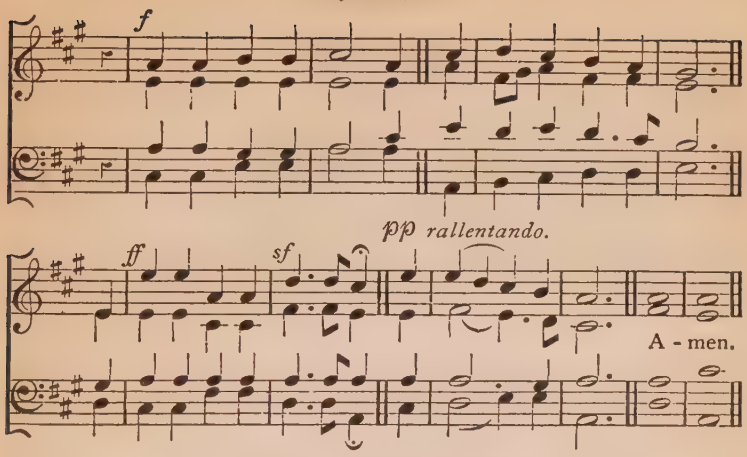
We thank Thee, then, O FATHER,
For all things bright and good;
The seedtime and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, &c. Amen.

347.—CLEETHORPES. [*2nd Tune.*] 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.6.8.4.

REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.



Harvest.



"He that plougheth should plough in hope."

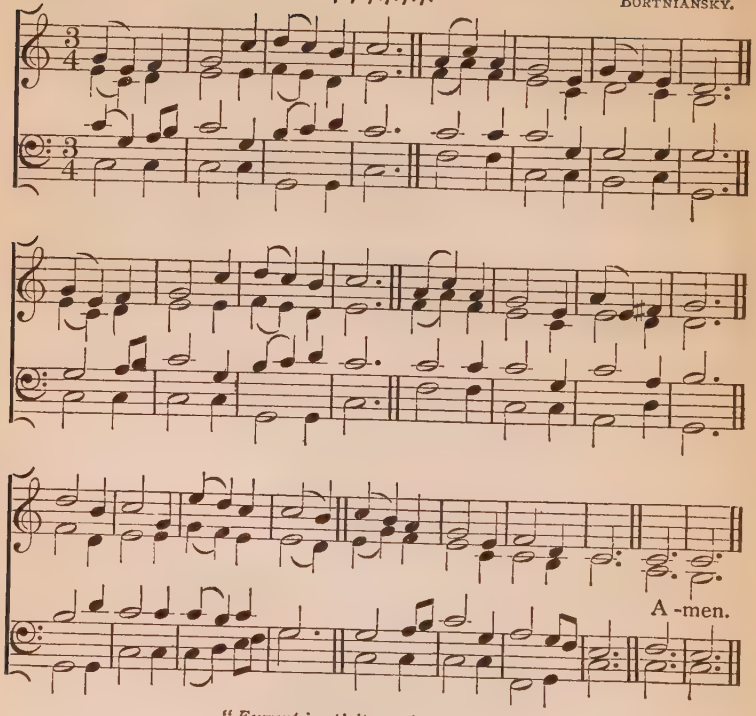
WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By GOD'S Almighty Hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain;
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above;
Then thank the LORD, oh, thank the LORD
For all His love?

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, &c.

We thank Thee, then, O FATHER,
For all things bright and good;
The seedtime and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, &c. Amen.

TEACHERS.

318.—WELLS. 7·7·7·7·7·7. BORTNIANSKY.

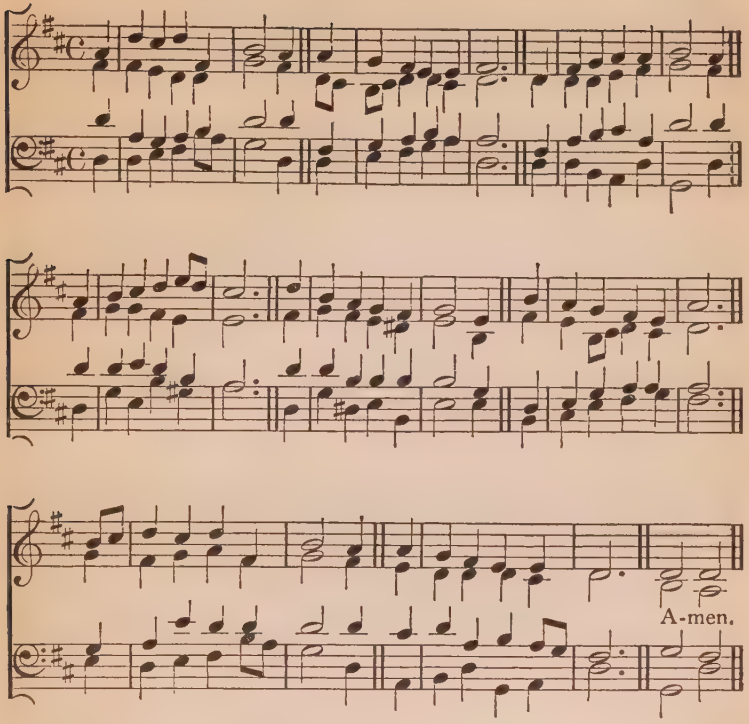


"Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

JESUS, Master Whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve,
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

JESUS, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt, I would not choose,
Only let me hear Thy call;
JESUS, let me always be
In Thy service glad and free. Amen.

349.—GOLDSTERN. 7.6.7.6. D. German.



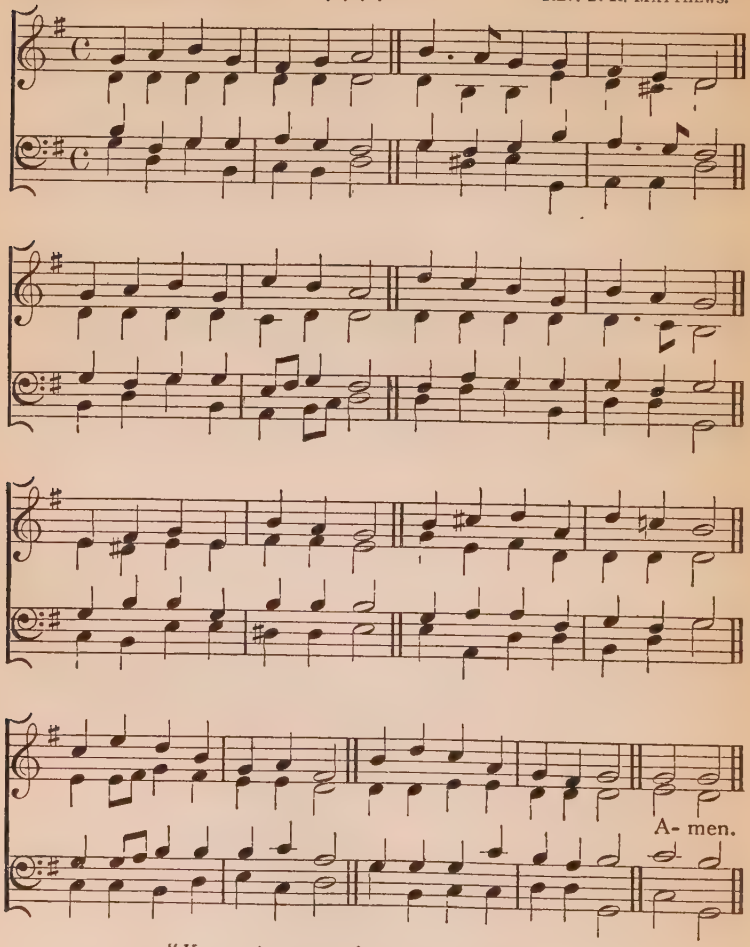
"Workers together with Him."

LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where Angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy Kingdom from above.

As labourers in Thy vineyard
Send us out, CHRIST, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee:
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy Kingdom come.

Be with us, GOD the FATHER!
Be with us, GOD the SON!
And GOD the HOLY SPIRIT!
O blessèd THREE in ONE!
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness
Now and for evermore. Amen.

350.—MABLETHORPE. 7.7.7.7. D REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.



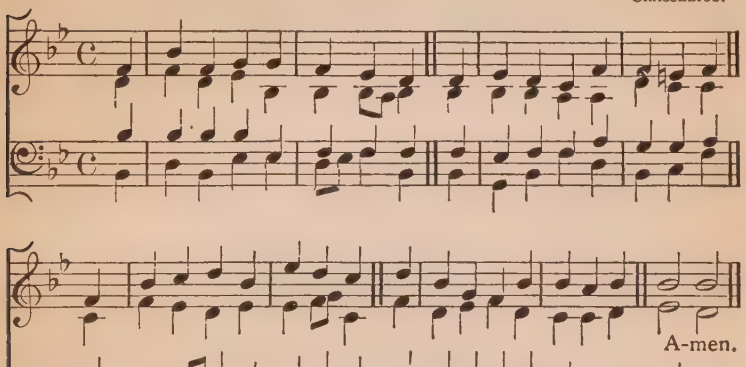
"Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price."

NOT your own! but His ye are,
Who has paid a price untold
For your life, exceeding far
All earth's store of gems and gold,
With the precious Blood of CHRIST—
Ransom treasure all unpriced,
Full redemption is procured,
Full salvation is assured.

Not your own! To Him ye owe
All your life and all your love;
Live, that ye His praise may show
Who is yet all praise above.
Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power,
Consecrate to Him alone
Who hath claimed you for His own.

Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live
Wholly only Thine to be.
Henceforth be our calling high,
Thee to serve and glorify;
Thine for ever, not our own—
Thine for ever, Thine alone! Amen.

351.—WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. CRASSELIUS.



"My helpers in Christ Jesus."

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

Oh, lead me, LORD, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet!
Oh, feed me, LORD, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet!

Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea!

Oh, teach me, LORD, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart!
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

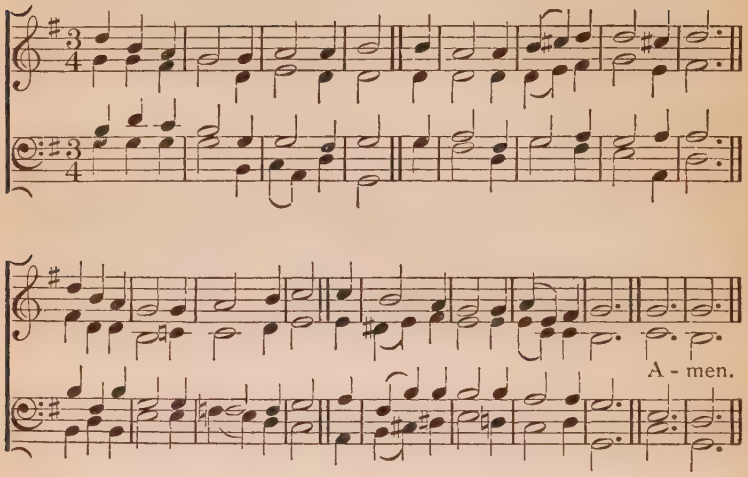
Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour!

Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, LORD,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show!

Oh, use me, LORD, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where!
Until Thy blessèd Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

352.—ALTON. L.M. M A. S.



"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

BLESSED art thou, who, passed before,
Hast found through death thy greatest gain;
Whose opening life, so quickly o'er,
Is hidden where is no more pain.

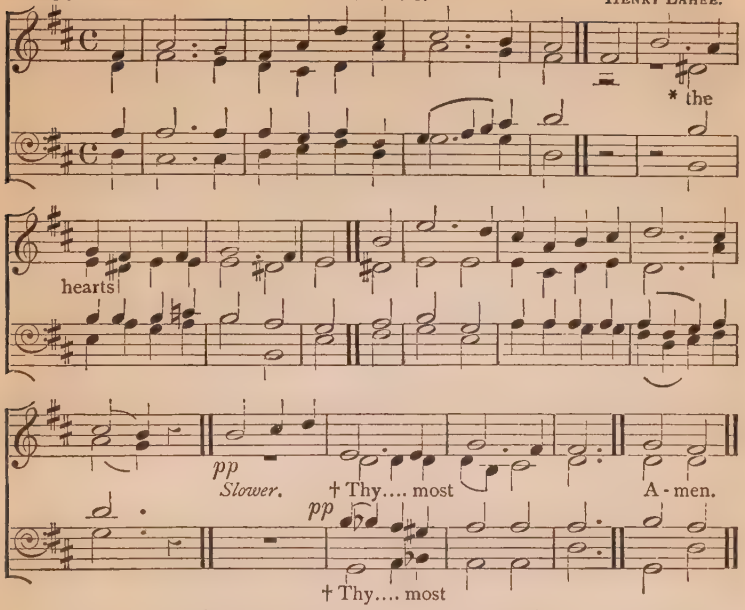
Blessèd art thou whose childish feet
Stray where the living waters flow;
For thee no glow of summer heat,
No chilling touch of winter's snow.

Blessèd art thou; no storm can sweep
Where love so soon hath wafted thee;
We toil in rowing on life's deep;
But where thou art is no more sea.

The Shepherd hath Himself removed
The lamb which to His care was given;
For He on earth Whom children loved
Hath called His child from earth to Heaven.

No cloud is there, no sound of woe,
But peace unearthly, pure and deep;
We know thou art with CHRIST; for so
He giveth His belovèd sleep. Amen.

353.—PIETAS. 10.10.10.8. HENRY LAHEE.



"Our consolation also abounded by Christ."

O MAN of sorrows, Who didst die to save,
Look on the hearts bowed down by their great loss;
Lift up for us beside this quiet grave
† Thy holy and most mighty Cross.

Show us Thy tomb within the garden ground,
Thine empty tomb, Thou Victor in the strife,
And pour Thine Easter sunlight all around,
Dear Lord of all our Light and Life.

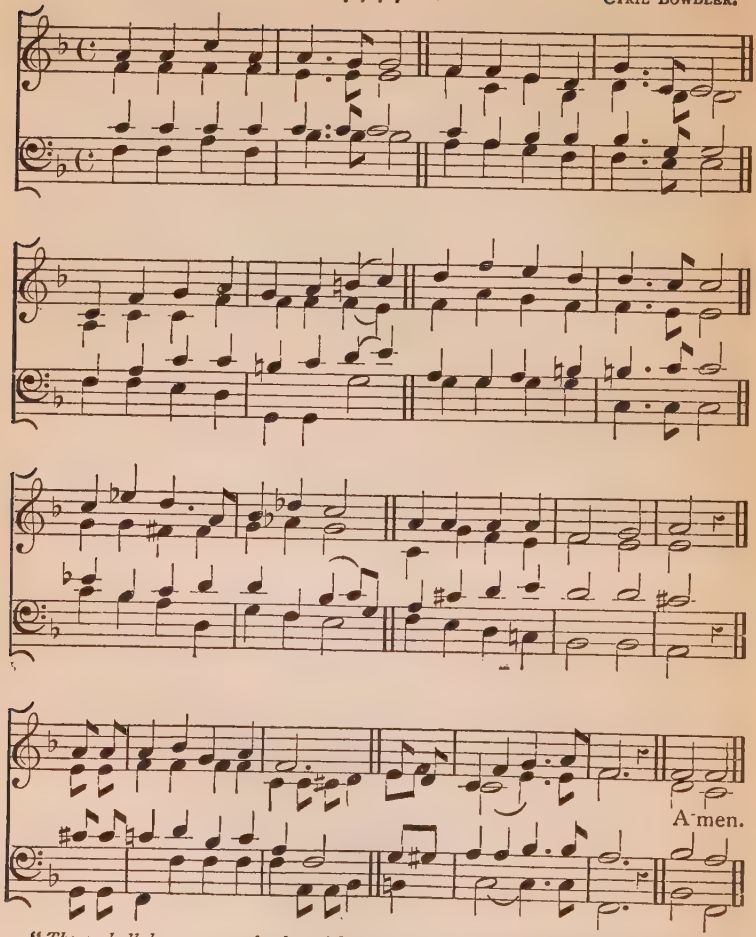
He is not dead; for death Thou hast destroyed,
He sleeps in JESUS; *his* short course is o'er;
Then, risen JESUS, fill each aching void,
And bid these tears to fall no more.

Lift up our hearts where our beloved has gone,
And all in Thy dear mercy safely bring
Where *he* is waiting for the Easter dawn,
And coming of our glorious King. Amen.

* *V.* 2. Thy tomb, &c. *V.* 3. in Jesus, &c. *V.* 4. in Thy, &c.

† Last lines for under parts if sung in harmony:
† *V.* 1. Thy most mighty cross. *V.* 2. Dear Lord of Light and Life.
V. 3. Bid these tears fall no more. *V.* 4. And coming of our King.

354.—CICELY. 7.7.7.7. D. CYRIL BOWDLER.



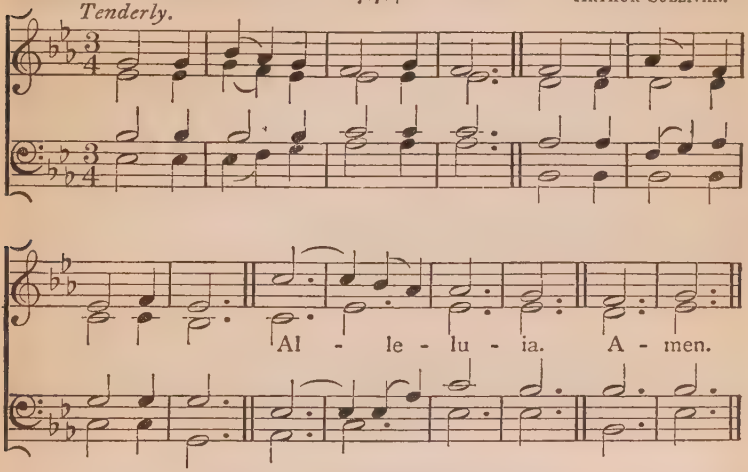
"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

SAFELY, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life, so young and fair,
Now hath past from earthly care;
GOD Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His belovèd—sleep.

Safely, safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
Past beyond all grief and pain,
Death, for Thee, is truest gain ;
For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

Safely, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin ;
GOD has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this young fresh life
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the Saviour's love ;
JESU, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy Feet. Amen

355.—ST. MILLICENT. 7.7.4. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



"I shall go to Him, but He shall not return to me."

LET no hopeless tears be shed
Holy is this narrow bed.
Alleluia !

Death eternal life bestows,
Open Heaven's portal throws.
Alleluia !

And no peril waits at last
Him who now away hath past.
Alleluia !

Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run :
Alleluia !

But the pity of the LORD
Gives His child a full reward :
Alleluia !

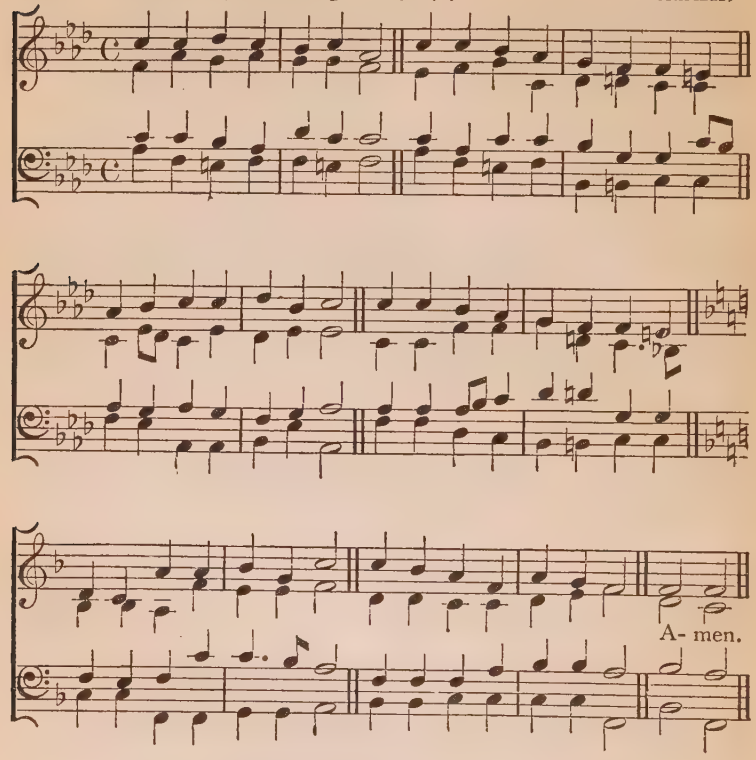
Grants the prize without the course,
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Alleluia !

GOD, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence.
Alleluia !

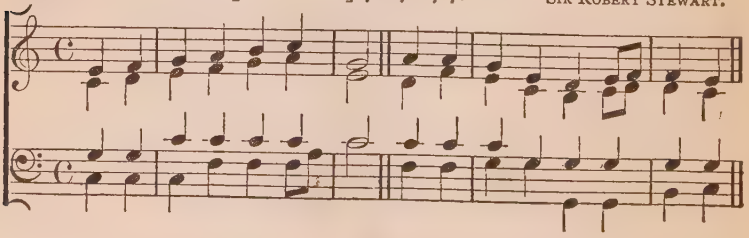
CHRIST, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one.
Alleluia !

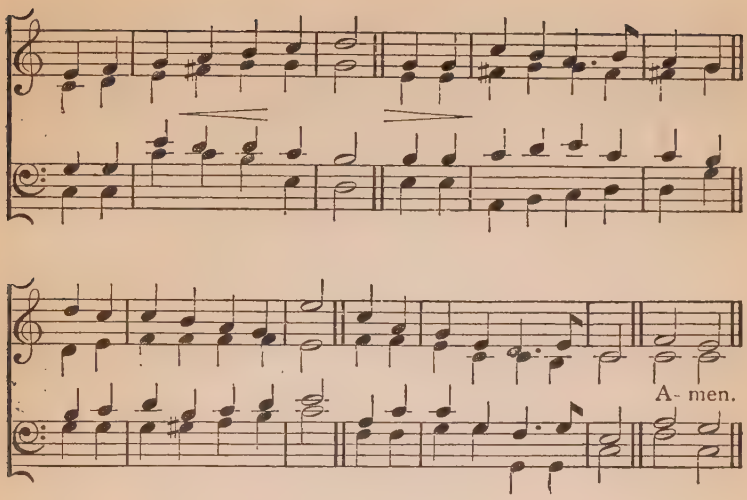
And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.
Alleluia ! Amen.

356.—St. Chad. [*1st Tune.*] 7.8.7.8.7.7. The Bishop of Lichfield.



356.—Holyrood. [*2nd Tune.*] 7.8.7.8.7.7. Sir Robert Stewart.





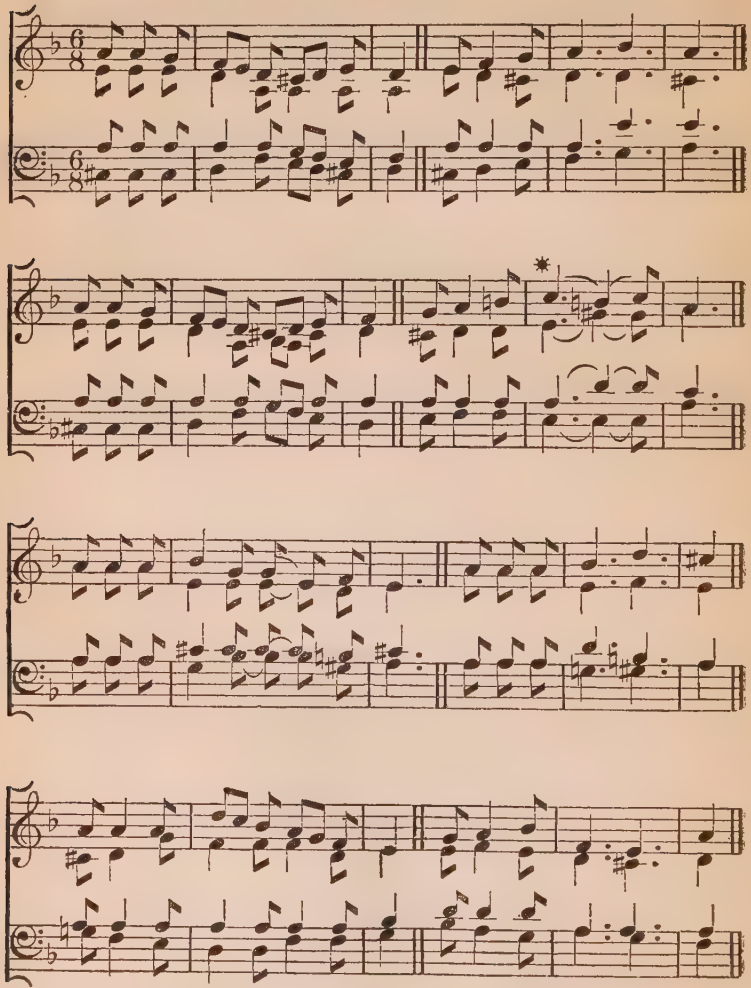
" They are in peace."

TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping ;
Oh, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping !
And no sign of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it ;
To Thy meadows bright and fair,
Lovingly Thou dost receive it :
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

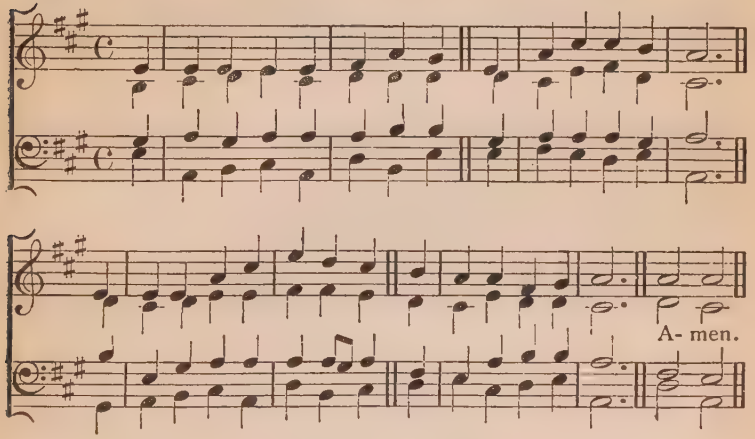
Ah, Lord JESU, grant that we
There may live where it is living,
And the blissful pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving :
Lost awhile our treasured love,
Gained for ever, safe above. Amen.

357.—DINAN. [*1st Tune.*] D.C.M. E. C. A. CHEPMELL.



* The 2nd slur in this bar to be used for the 1st verse only. The 1st slur for the other verses.

357.—CHOISY. [*2nd Tune.*] C.M.



"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

WITHIN the churchyard, side by side,
Are many long, low graves;
And some have stones set over them,
On some the green grass waves.

Full many a little Christian child,
Woman, and man lies there;
And we pass by them every time
When we go in to prayer.

They cannot hear our footsteps come,
They do not see us pass;
They cannot feel the bright warm sun
That shines upon the grass.

They do not hear when the great bell
Is ringing overhead;
They cannot rise and come to Church
With us; for they are dead.

But we believe a day shall come
When all the dead will rise;
When they who sleep down in the grave
Will ope again their eyes.

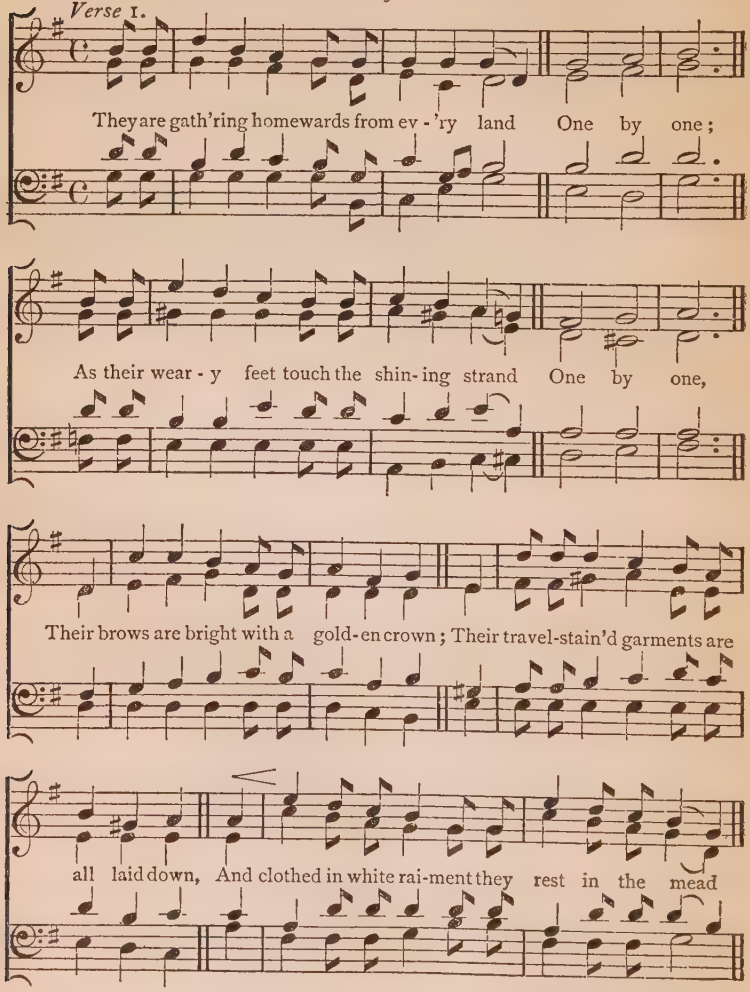
For CHRIST our Lord was buried once;
He died and rose again;
He conquered death, He left the grave,
And so will Christian men.

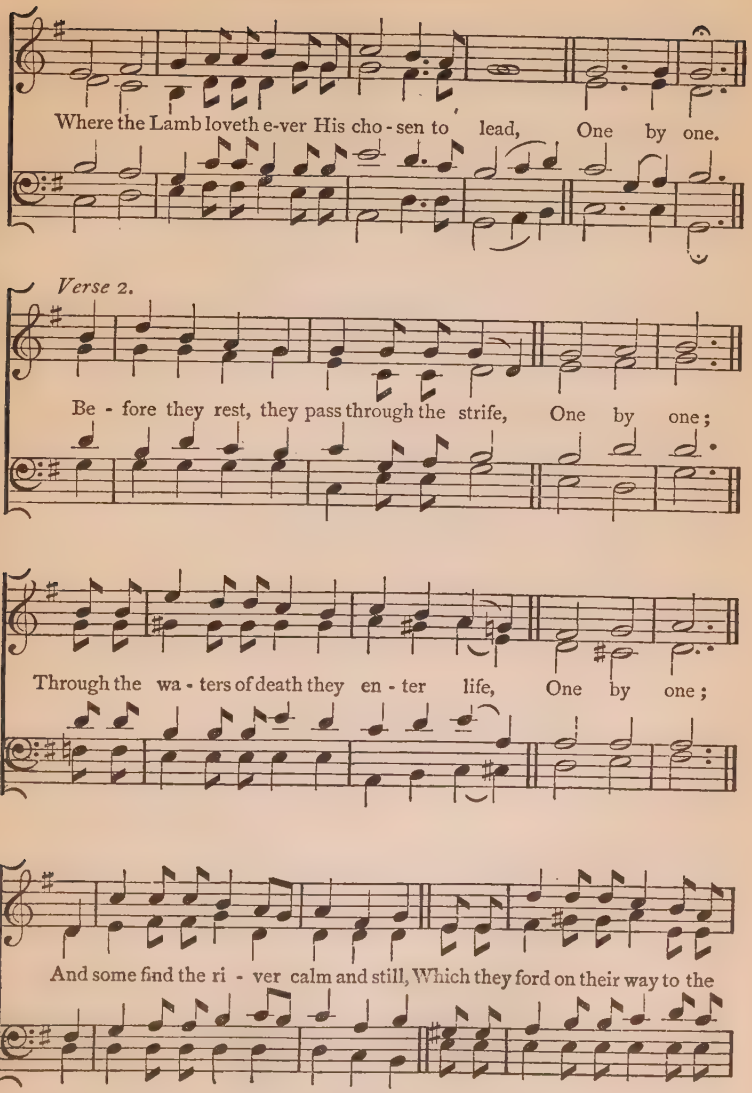
So when the friends we love the best
Lie in their churchyard bed,
We must not cry too bitterly
Over the happy dead.

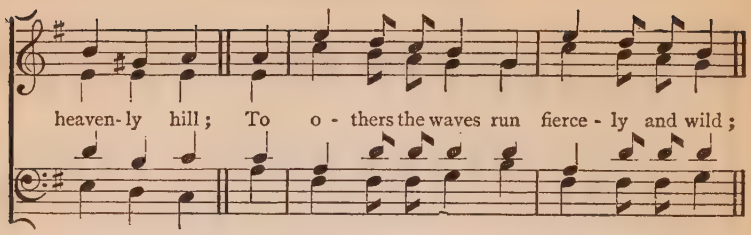
Because, for our dear Saviour's sake,
Our sins are all forgiven;
And Christians only fall asleep
To wait for bliss in Heaven. Amen.

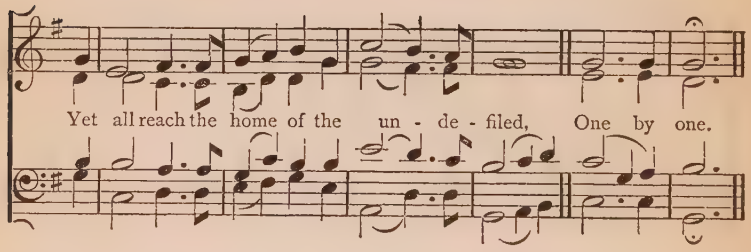
358.—ONE BY ONE. Irregular. HENRY LAHEE.

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

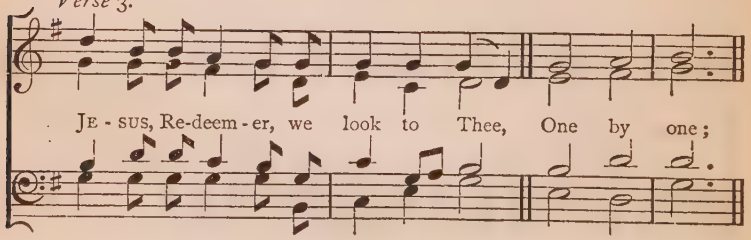

Verse 1.
They are gath'ring homewards from ev - 'ry land One by one;
As their wear - y feet touch the shin- ing strand One by one,
Their brows are bright with a gold-en crown; Their travel-stain'd garments are
all laid down, And clothed in white rai-ment they rest in the mead

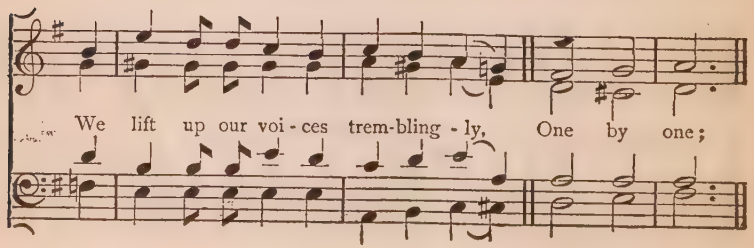

Where the Lamb loveth e-ver His cho - sen to lead, One by one.
Verse 2.
Be - fore they rest, they pass through the strife, One by one;
Through the wa - ters of death they en - ter life, One by one;
And some find the ri - ver calm and still, Which they ford on their way to the

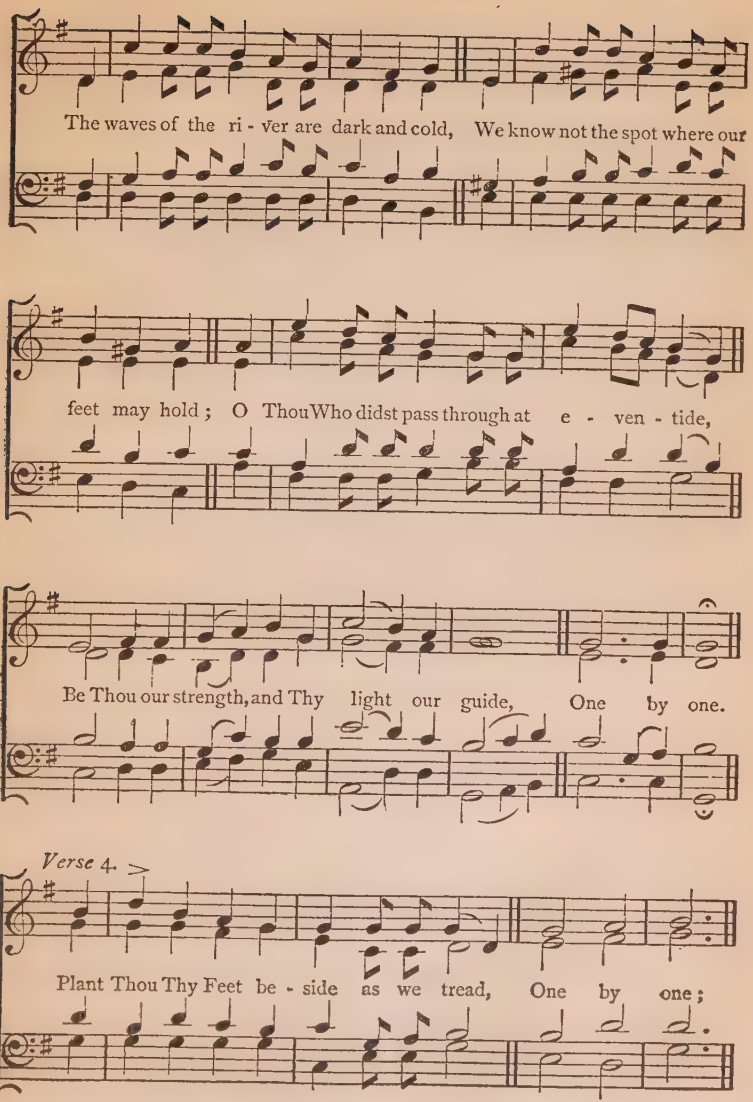

heaven-ly hill; To o-thers the waves run fierce-ly and wild;

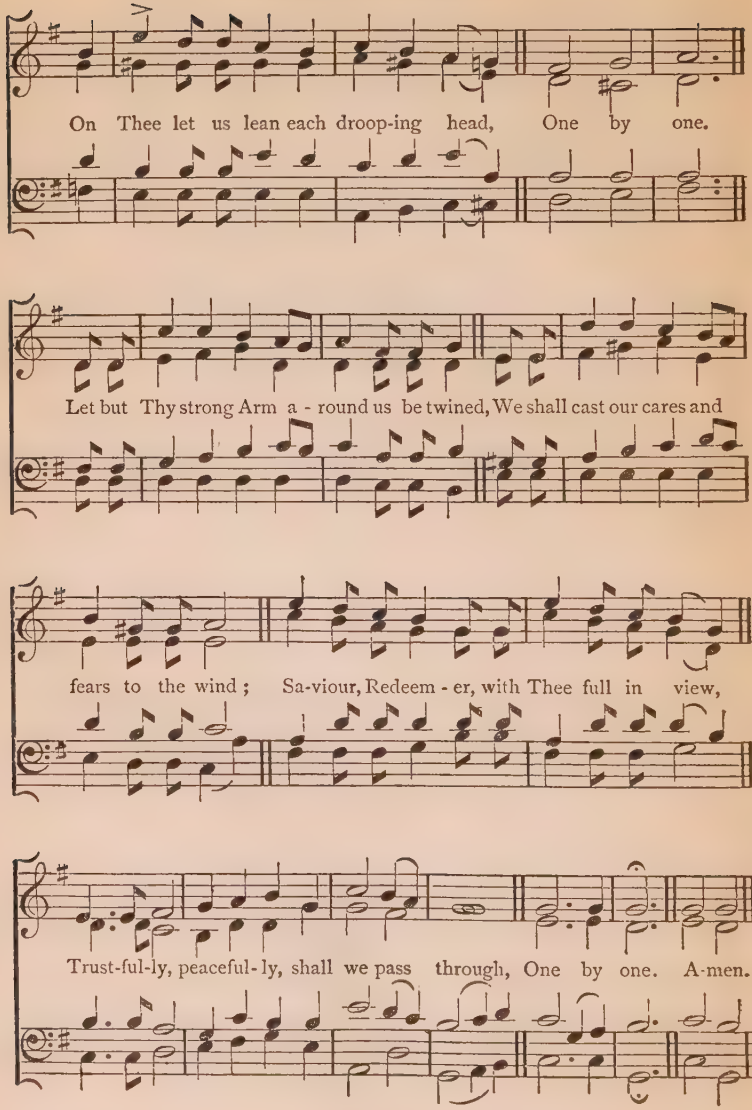

Yet all reach the home of the un-de-filed, One by one.

Verse 3.


Je-sus, Re-deem-er, we look to Thee, One by one;

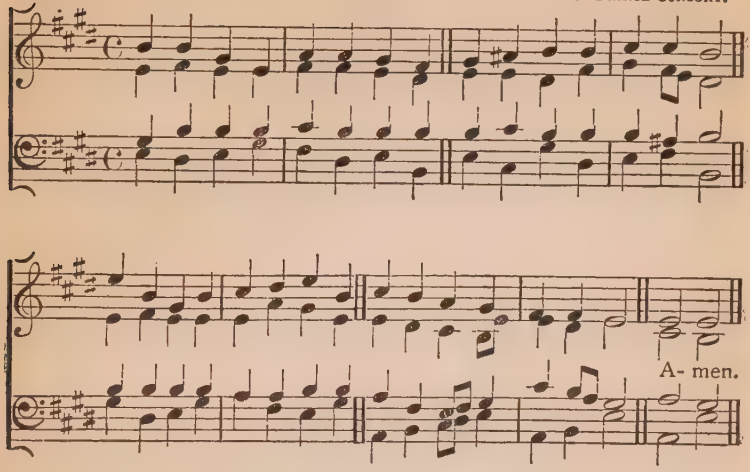

We lift up our voi-ces trem-bling-ly, One by one;


The waves of the ri - ver are dark and cold, We know not the spot where our
feet may hold; O Thou Who didst pass through at e - ven - tide,
Be Thou our strength, and Thy light our guide, One by one.
Verse 4.
Plant Thou Thy Feet be - side as we tread, One by one;


On Thee let us lean each droop-ing head, One by one.
Let but Thy strong Arm a - round us be twined, We shall cast our cares and
fears to the wind; Sa-viour, Redeem - er, with Thee full in view,
Trust-ful-ly, peaceful-ly, shall we pass through, One by one. A-men.

ST. ANDREW.

359.—GOTHA, No. 2. 8.7.8.7. H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.



"*One of the two which followed Him was Andrew.*"

JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet Voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

JESUS calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

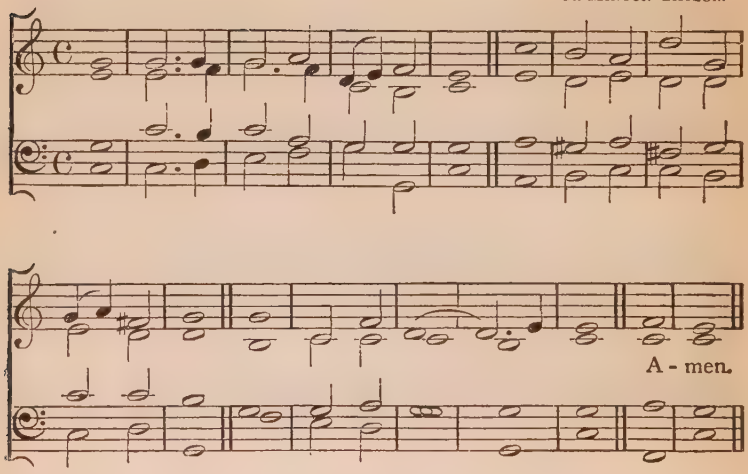
In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

JESUS calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

* This tune is also given in its original form, No. 180.

ST. THOMAS.

360.—MINTON. 8.8.6. R. MINTON TAYLOR.



" Be not faithless, but believing."

IN all Thou didst while here on earth
Where for our sakes Thou once hadst birth,
Lord, help us to believe !

In Thy great victory o'er the grave,
Our souls from sin and death to save,
Lord, help us to believe !

In Thee, the Lamb of GOD, Who slain
For us, didst wake and rise again,
Lord, help us to believe !

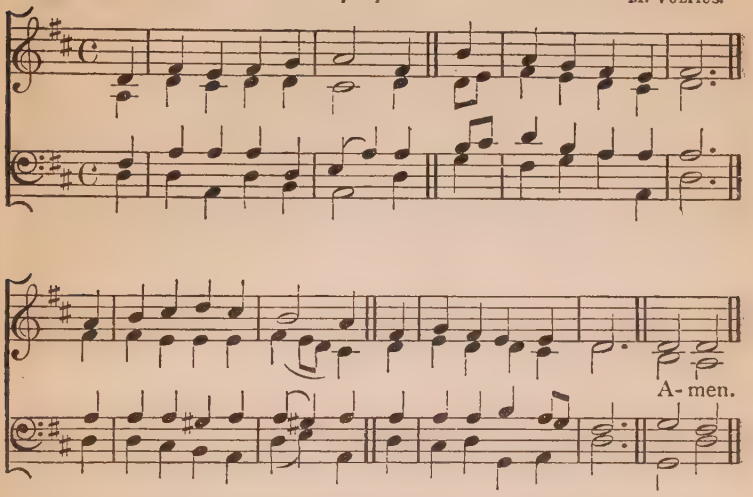
Oh, raise us from the death of sin,
That we through Thee our crown may win !
Thus help us to believe.

The nail-prints now we cannot see,
Nor spear-mark where they pierced Thee,
Yet help us to believe.

Increase our faith, our hope, our love;
Oh, raise our souls to things above,
And help us to believe. Amen.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

361.—LINCOLN. 7.6.7.6. M. VULPIUS.



"The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedar trees; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedar trees of Lebanus."

THE Shepherd now was smitten;
The wolf was ravening near;
The scattered flock he threatened,
But knew not Whose they were.

In zealous fury seeking
To bind and crucify,
A sudden voice withheld him,
A loud and startling cry:

"Saul! Saul! why blindly daring
To persecute thy Lord?
'Tis JESUS Whom thou hatest,
Rebel not at My Word."

Then forth in prayer he stretcheth
Those hands prepared to slay;
"What would'st Thou with Thy servant?
My Lord and Master, say."

CHRIST'S foe becomes His soldier,
The wolf destroys no more,
A gentle lamb, he enters
The sheepfold by the door.

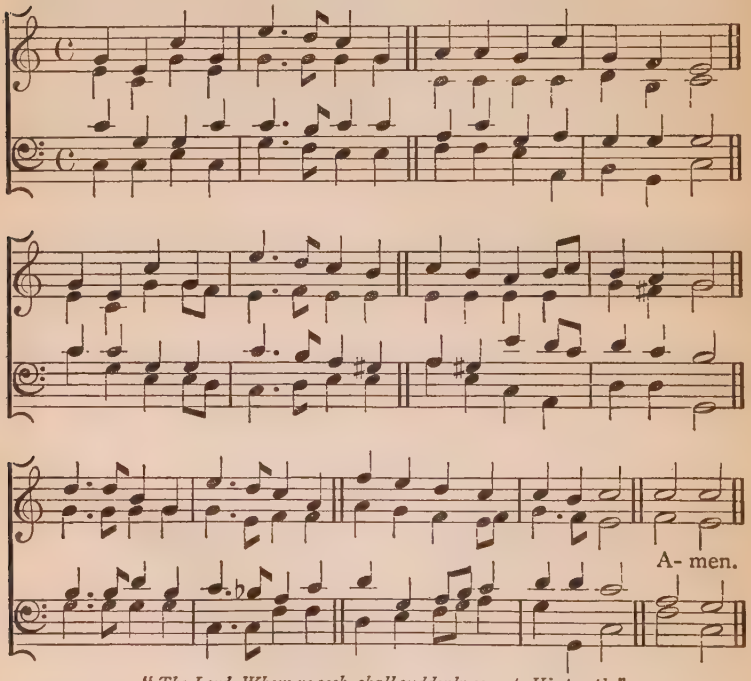
O Voice of GOD ALMIGHTY,
What wonders hath it wrought!
It rends the lofty cedars,
It bends the haughty thought.

JESU, our Shepherd, cease not
Thy flock from harm to free,
And, when Thy sheep are wandering,
Oh, lead them back to Thee.

To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT
All glory, praise, and might,
Who called us out of darkness
To His own glorious light. Amen.

PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE,
COMMONLY CALLED
THE PURIFICATION OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN.

362.—REGENT SQUARE. 8.7.8.7.8.7. HENRY SMART.



"The Lord, Whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple."

IN His temple now behold Him,
See the long-expected Lord,
Ancient prophets had foretold Him,
God had now fulfilled His word.
Now to praise Him, His redeemèd
Shall break forth with one accord.

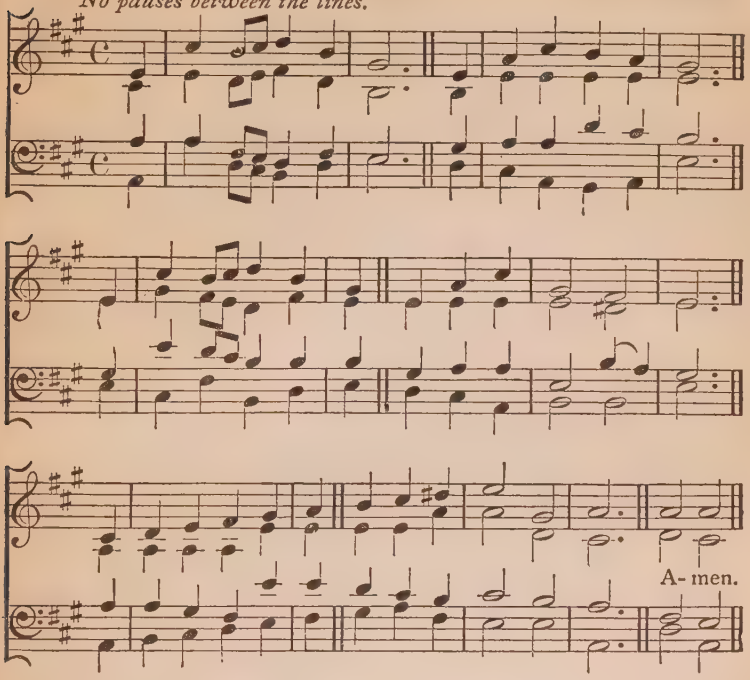
In the arms of her who bore Him,
SON of man, behold Him lie,
While His aged saints adore Him,
Ere in perfect faith they die.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
'Tis the incarnate GOD most high.

JESU! by Thy presentation,
Thou who cam'st in lowly mien,
Make us see our great salvation,
Make our hearts all pure within,
And present us in Thy glory
To Thy FATHER pure and clean.

Prince and Author of Salvation,
Be Thy boundless love our theme,
JESU! praise to Thee be given,
By the world Thou did'st redeem;
With the FATHER and the SPIRIT,
LORD of Majesty supreme. Amen.

363.—St. Veronica. 6.6.6.6.6.6. Dr. Champneys.

No pauses between the lines.



"Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

HAIL to the Lord Who comes,
Comes to His Temple gate;
Not with His Angel host,
Not in His kingly state;
No shouts proclaim Him nigh,
No crowds His coming wait.

But, borne upon the shrine
Of Mary's gentle breast,
Watched by her duteous love,
In her fond arms at rest:—
Thus to His Father's house
He comes, the Heavenly Guest.

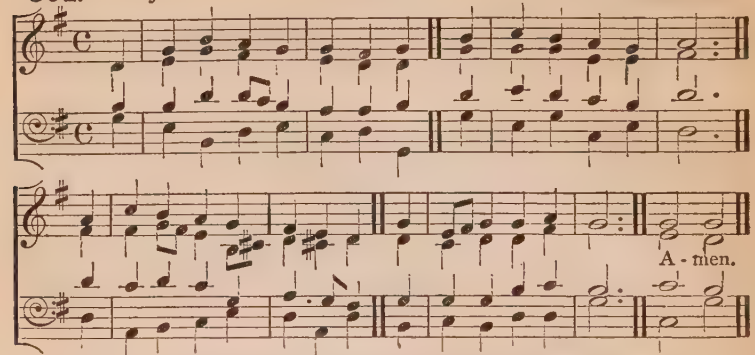
There Joseph at her side
In joy and wonder stands,
And, filled with holy joy,
Old Simeon in his hands
Takes up the promised Child,
The glory of all lands.

Hail to the Great First-born
Whose ransom-price they pay!
The Son, before all worlds;
The child of man, to-day;
That He might ransom us
Who still in bondage lay.

O Light of all the earth,
Thy children wait for Thee!
Come to Thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before Thy Father's Face
May all presented be! Amen.

ST. MATTHIAS.

364.—St. Jude. C.M. R. Brown-Borthwick.



"The lot fell upon Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven Apostles."

CHRIST is gone up; yet ere He passed
From earth in Heaven to reign,
He formed one Holy Church to last
Till He should come again.

His Twelve Apostles first He made
His ministers of grace;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

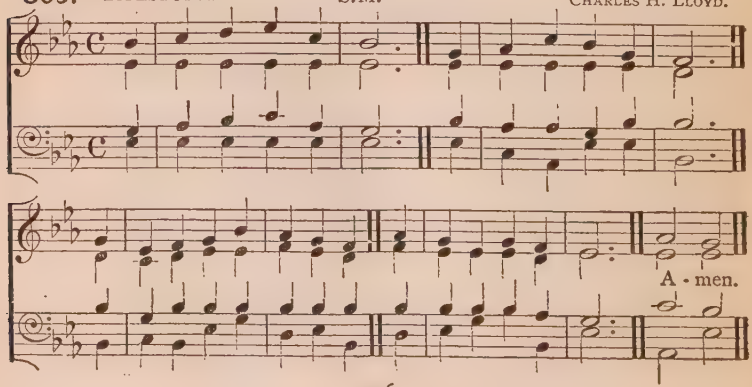
And, first the Church's grace to own,
First called by human hands,
Matthias wins the traitor's throne,
As 'mid the Twelve he stands.

So, age by age, and year by year,
CHRIST's grace is handed on;
And still the Holy Church is here,
Although her Lord is gone.

Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee
Whose love to her is cold;
Bring wanderers in, and let there be
One Shepherd and one fold. Amen.

ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

365.—Rylstone. S.M. Charles H. Lloyd.



"When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman."

PRAISE we the LORD this day,
This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting saints of old!

The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read:
A Virgin, born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.

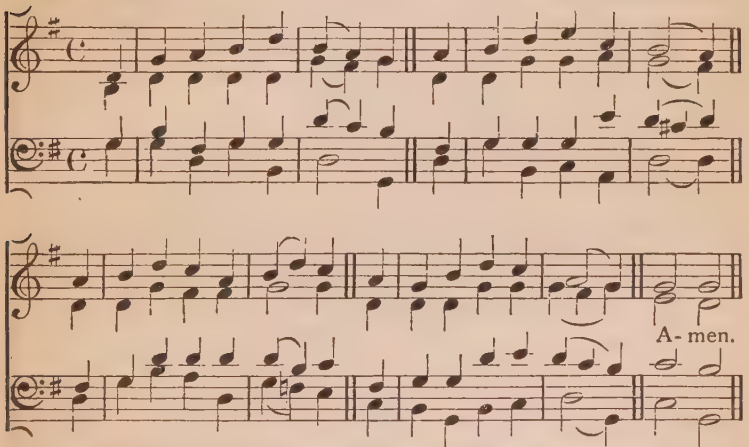
Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word:
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the LORD.

Blessèd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The Incarnate Saviour's Birth!

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By saints below be honour done,
By saints above the host. Amen.

ST. MARK.

366.—REX AMORIS. 7.6.7.6. REV. E. W. BULLINGER.



"Take Mark, and bring him with thee: for he is profitable to me for the ministry."

WE praise Thy grace, O Saviour,
That beareth with us long,
And ever out of weakness
Thy servants maketh strong.

The saint, who left his comrades,
And turned back from the fight,
Behold at last victorious
In Thy prevailing might!

From Thee, Lord, came the courage
Once more to front the host:
Thy strength, most mighty Saviour,
In weakness shineth most.

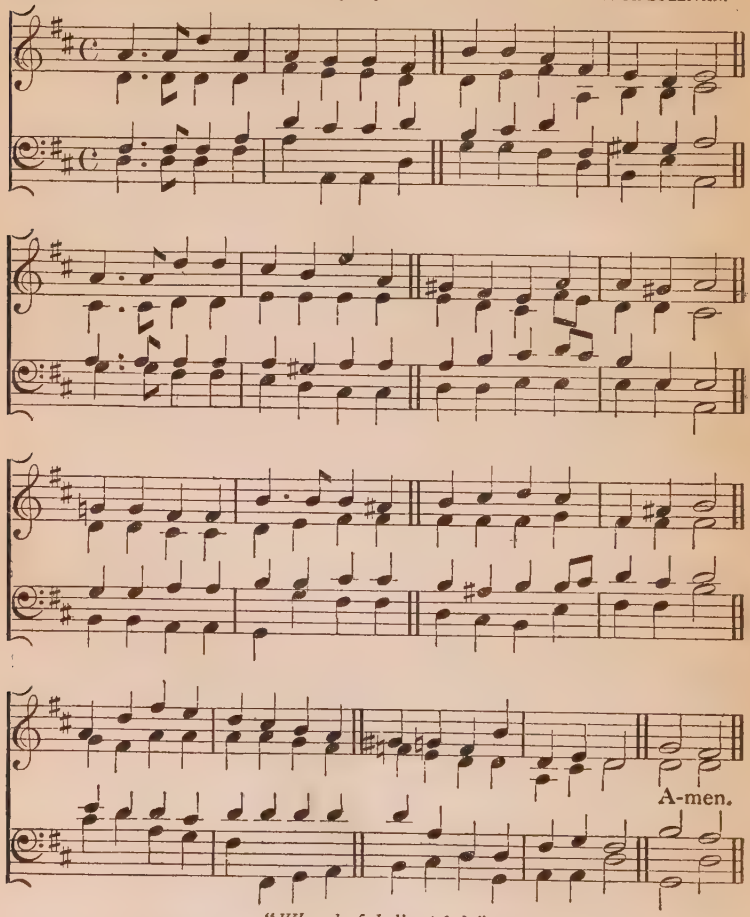
Thy Love Thy saint hath numbered
Among the blessèd four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To learn his gospel lore.

O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

O JESU, glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect,
In us the victory win. Amen.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

367.—Lux Eoi. 8.7.8.7. D. Arthur Sullivan.



"Whose leaf shall not fade!"

ALL is bright and cheerful round us;
All above is soft and blue;
Spring at last hath come and found us,
Spring and all its pleasures too.

Every flower is full of gladness;
Dew is bright and buds are gay;
Earth, with all its sin and sadness,
Seems a happy place to-day.

If the flowers, that fade so quickly,
If a day, that ends in night,
If the sky, that clouds so thickly
Often cover from our sight—
If they all have so much beauty,
What must be GOD's land of rest,
Where His sons, that do their duty,
After many toils are blest?

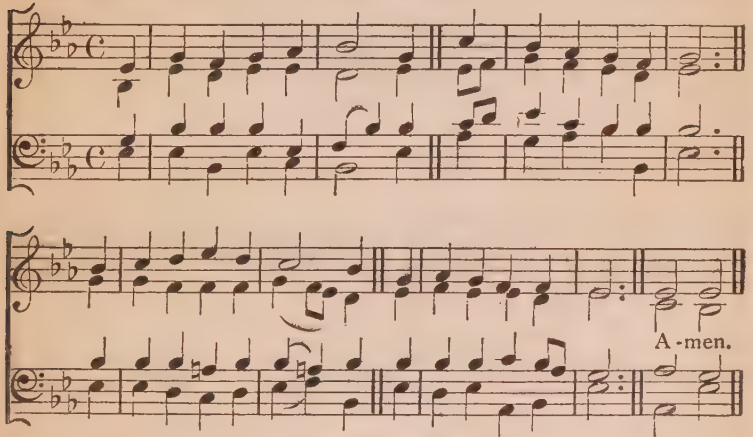
There are leaves that never wither,
There are flowers that ne'er decay;
Nothing evil goeth thither,
Nothing good is kept away.

They that came from tribulation,
Washed their robes and made them white,
Out of every tongue and nation,
There have rest, and peace, and light.

They through grief, and pain, and scorning,
Gave Thee, Lord, their willing names,
Like the saints we praise this morning,
Like Saint Philip and Saint James.
Oh, that we might, never ceasing,
Follow them as they did Thee,
Till we magnify for ever
GOD the Blessèd TRINITY! Amen.

ST. BARNABAS.

368.—LINCOLN. 7.6.7.6. M. VULPIUS.



"The son of consolation."

O FOUNT of Life and Beauty,
To Thee our hearts we raise,
For all Thy saints and martyrs
We pour our grateful praise.

Thy tender grace, Lord JESUS,
On Barnabas did rest,
The son of consolation,
In blessing others, blest.

His gentle words of comfort,
His bounteous deeds of love,
Shewed forth Thy Holy SPIRIT,
Shed on Him from above.

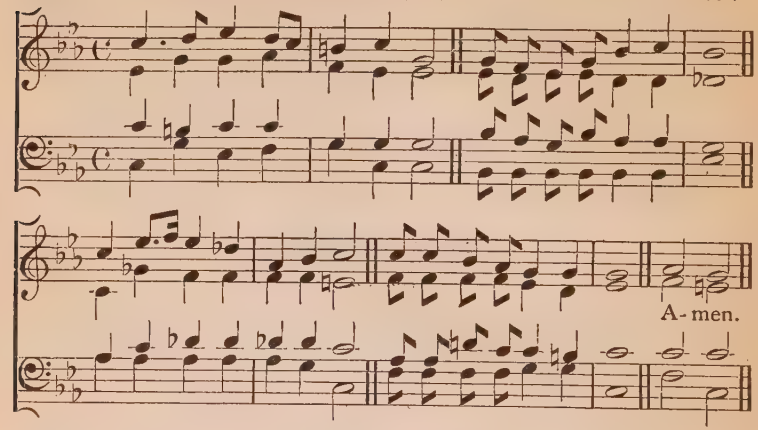
O Fount of Life and Beauty,
O Source of grace Divine,
May love's celestial radiance
In all our actions shine!

Oh, bid Thy Holy SPIRIT
Descend our guest to be,
And plant in us the virtues
Which find their root in Thee.

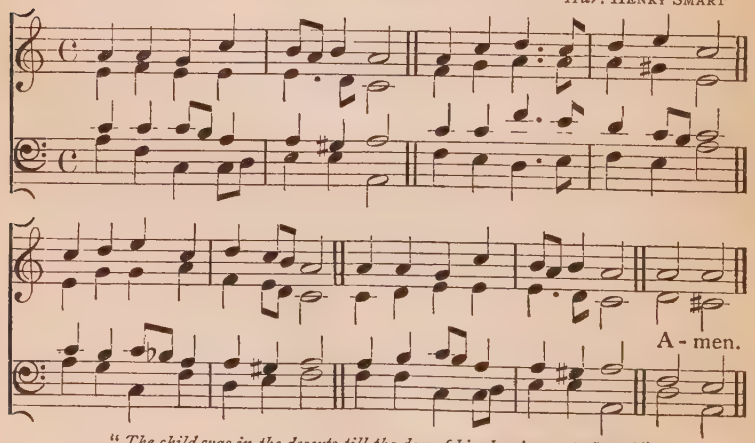
For in Thy saints and martyrs,
Who nobly for Thee died,
And lowly youths and maidens,
Thou wilt be glorified. Amen.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

369.—The Desert. [*1st Tune.*] 7.7.7.7. Florence Bruce.



369.—Liguria, or St. Ambrose. [*2nd Tune.*] 7.7.7.7.
Har. Henry Smart



"The child was in the deserts till the day of his showing unto Israel."

In the desert all alone
Dwelt a little thoughtful child,
Where the winter breezes moan
Over mountains rough and wild.

No sweet mother with him prayed,
No dear father kindly blest,
Ere His youthful head he laid
Down upon the stones to rest.

GOD was with that little child,
Though so lonely night and day
Angels watched him in the wild,
GOD'S good SPIRIT taught to pray.

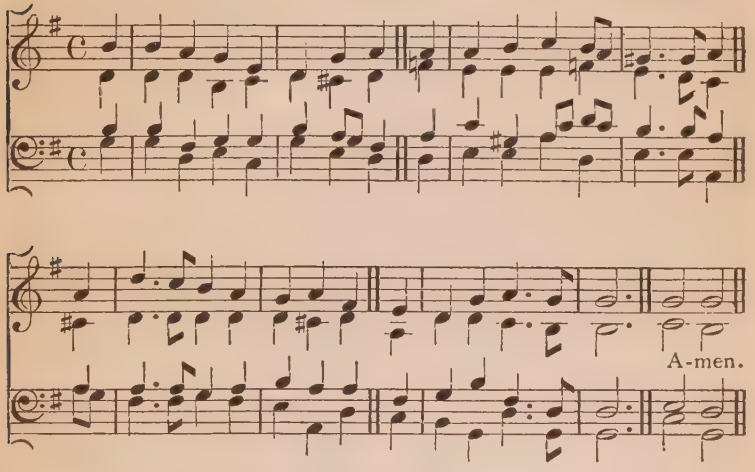
John the Baptist bravely trod,
Following still his Heavenly Guide,
Till he saw the Lamb of GOD
Walking on the river side.

Oh, what rapture! then to know
How he had prepared His way:
All his lonely life of woe
Turned to joy that happy day.

JESUS! Master! where he trod
Following, may we look for Thee,
Till we see Thee, Lamb of GOD,
Standing by the crystal sea. Amen.

ST. PETER.

370.—DERRY. 8.8.8.6. REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.



"Lovest thou Me?"

FORSAKEN once, and thrice denied,
The risen Lord gave pardon free,
Stood once again at Peter's side,
And asked Him, "Lov'st thou Me?"

How many times with faithless word
Have we denied His holy Name!
How oft forsaken our dear Lord,
And shrunk when trial came!

Saint Peter, when the cock crew clear,
Went out, and wept his broken faith;
Strong as a rock through strife and fear,
He served his Lord till death.

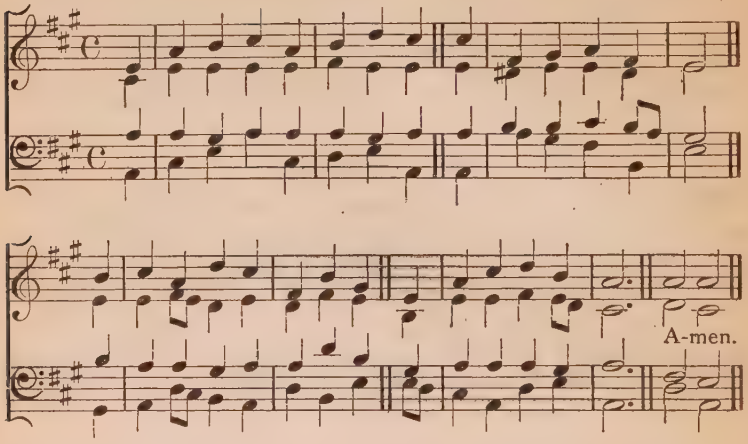
How oft his cowardice of heart
We have without his love sincere,
The sin without the sorrow's smart,
The shame without the tear!

Oh, oft forsaken, oft denied!
Forgive our shame, wash out our sin,
Look on us from Thy FATHER'S Side,
And let that sweet look win.

Hear when we call Thee from the deep,
Still walk beside us on the shore,
Give hands to work, and eyes to weep,
And hearts to love Thee more.
Amen.

ST. JAMES.

371.—St. James. C.M. R. Courteville.



" He killed James, the brother of John, with the sword."

FOR all Thy Saints, a noble throng,
Who fell by fire and sword,
Who soon were called, or waited long,
We praise Thy Name, O Lord ;

For him who left his father's side,
Nor lingered by the shore,
When, softer than the weltering tide,
Thy summons glided o'er ;

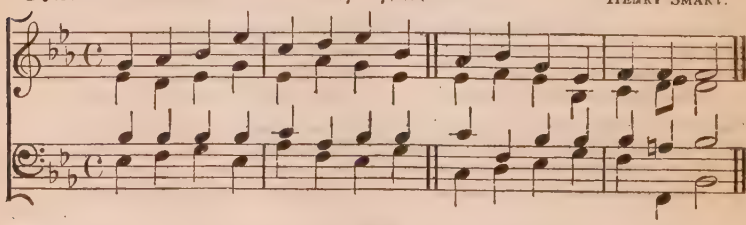
Who stood beside the maiden dead,
Who climbed the mount with Thee,
And saw the glory round Thy Head,
One of Thy chosen three ;

Who knelt beneath the olive shade,
Who drank Thy cup of pain,
And passed from Herod's flashing blade
To see Thy Face again.

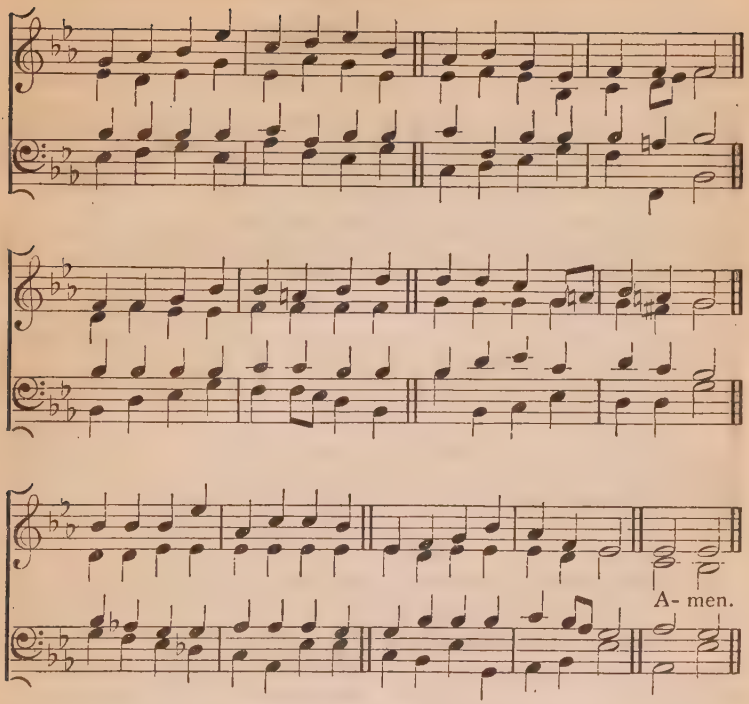
Lord, give us grace, and give us love,
Like him to leave behind
Earth's cares and joys, and look above
With true and earnest mind. Amen.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

372.—Everton. 8.7.8.7. D. Henry Smart.



St. Bartholomew.



"The Lord knoweth them that are His."

KING of saints, to Whom the number
Of Thy starry host is known,
Many a name, by man forgotten,
Lives for ever round Thy Throne;
Lights, which earth-born mists have darkened,
There are shining full and clear;
Princes, in the court of heaven,
Nameless, unremembered here.

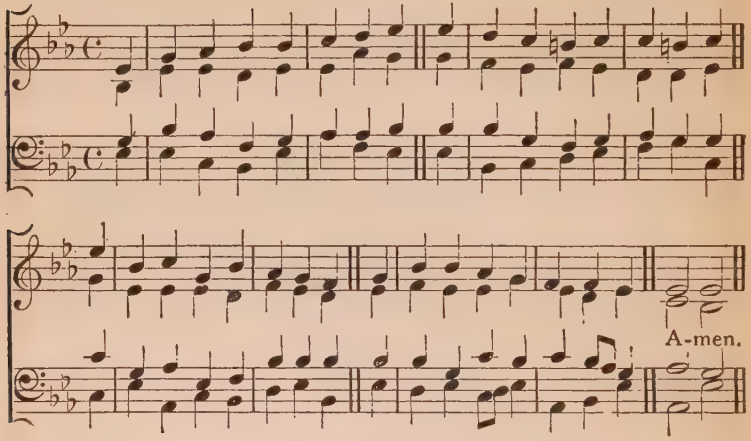
In the roll of Thine apostles,
One there stands, Bartholomew,
He for whom to-day we offer,
Year by year, our praises due;
How he toiled for Thee, and suffered,
None on earth can now record;
All his saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of his Lord.

Was it he beneath the fig-tree
Seen of Thee, and guileless found;
He who saw the good he longed for
Rise from Nazareth's barren ground;
He who met his risen Master
On the shore of Galilee;
He to whom the word was spoken,
"Greater things thou yet shalt see!"

None can tell us; all is written
In the Lamb's great book of life,
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,
All the toiling and the strife;
There are told Thy hidden treasures;
Number us, O Lord, with them;
When Thou makest up the jewels
Of Thy living diadem. Amen.

ST. MATTHEW.

373.—Bavaria. L.M. German.



"Arise, He calleth thee."

BEHOLD, the Master passeth by!
Oh, seest thou not His pleading Eye?
With low sad voice He calleth thee—
"Leave this vain world, and follow Me."

One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessèd Cross.

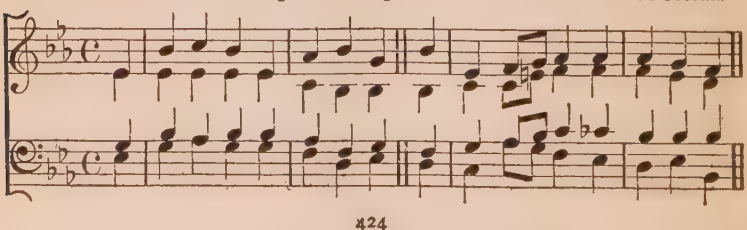
That "Follow Me" his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear:
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

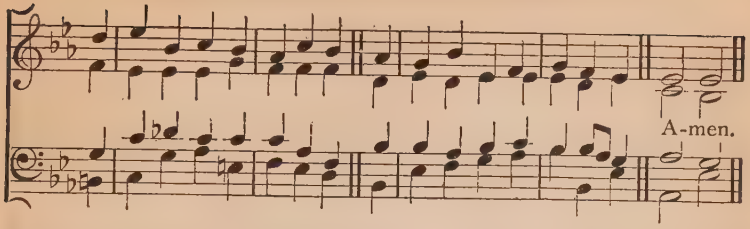
"God gently calls us every day;
Why should we then our bliss delay?
He calls to Heaven and endless light;
Why should we love the dreary night?

Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
At which he rose and left his all:
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me—
I will leave all, and follow Thee. Amen.

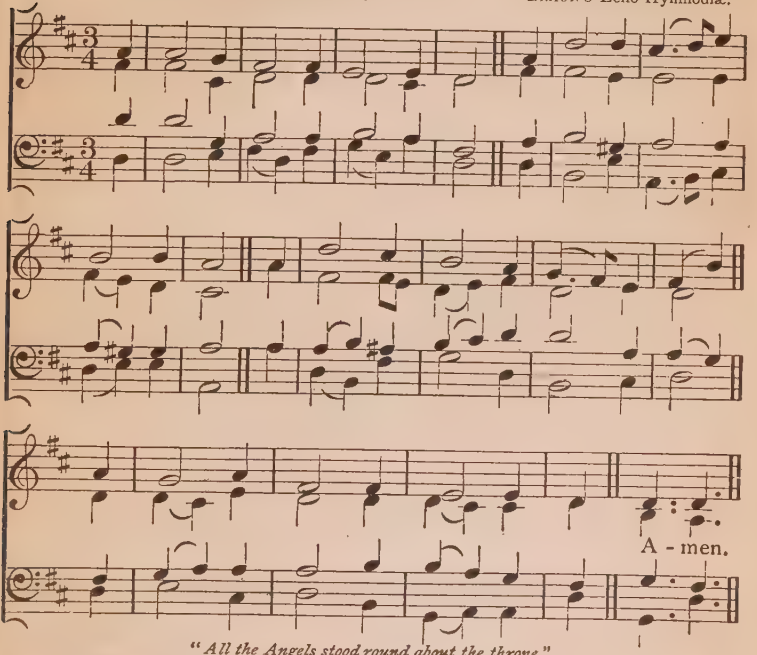
ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

374.—St. Sepulchre. [*1st Tune.*] L.M. George Cooper.





374.—EMMANUEL. [*2nd Tune.*] L.M. BRAUN'S Echo Hymnodiæ.



"All the Angels stood round about the throne."

AROUND the Throne of GOD a band
Of bright and glorious Angels stand;
Sweet harps within their hands they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His Will,
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

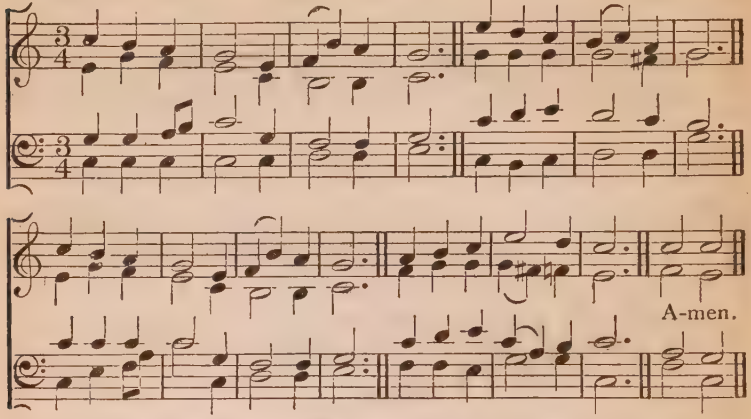
LORD! give Thine Angels every day
Command to guard us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm, or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell when life is past
With Angels round Thy Throne at last.

Amen.

ST. LUKE.

375.—COATHAM. C.M.



"Who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil."

OH, blest was he, whose earlier skill
The suffering frame made whole,
Called, Lord, by Thee from deadlier woes
To heal the dying soul!

O true Physician! heal the souls
That sick and wounded lie;
With wholesome medicine of Thy Word,
Oh, heal them lest they die!

Lord, to our nature cleaveth still
The leprosy of sin;
Put forth Thy Hand and touch us, Lord,
And make us clean within.

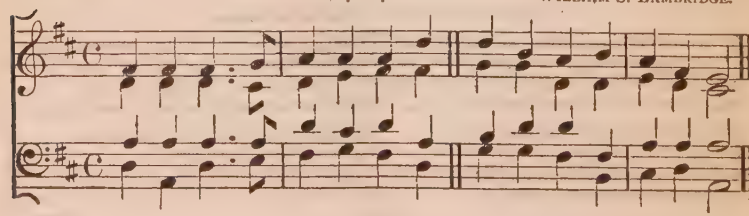
Lo! souls are lying cold and dead
In palsy's numbing chain;
Speak Thou the word of power, good Lord,
And bid them live again.

The fever burns in guilty breasts—
Hot passion's wilful fire;
Calm Thou the storm with words of peace,
And quell each vain desire.

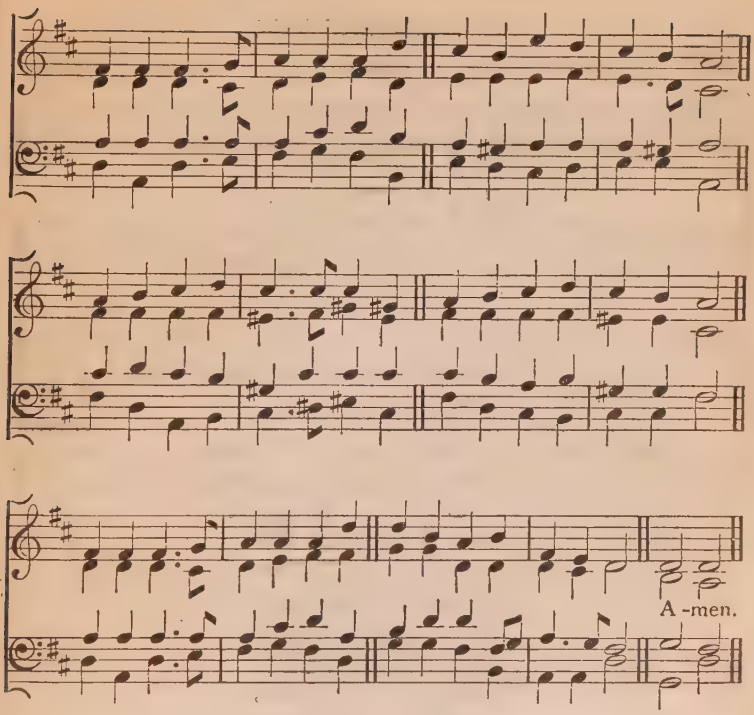
O JESU, healer of all ills,
To Thee for help we flee;
Our souls, by Thine all-cleansing grace,
From every bond set free. Amen.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

376.—ST. ASAPH. 8.7.8.7. D. WILLIAM S. BAMBRIDGE.



St. Simon and St. Jude.



"Gather the wheat into My barn."

SAINTS of GOD, whom faith united
In the twelve apostles' band,
Who for CHRIST in pain delighted,
Who are now at CHRIST'S Right Hand;
Ye had many a bitter trial,
Ye were scorned and set at nought,
Fearing nothing but denial
Of the Lord for Whom ye fought.

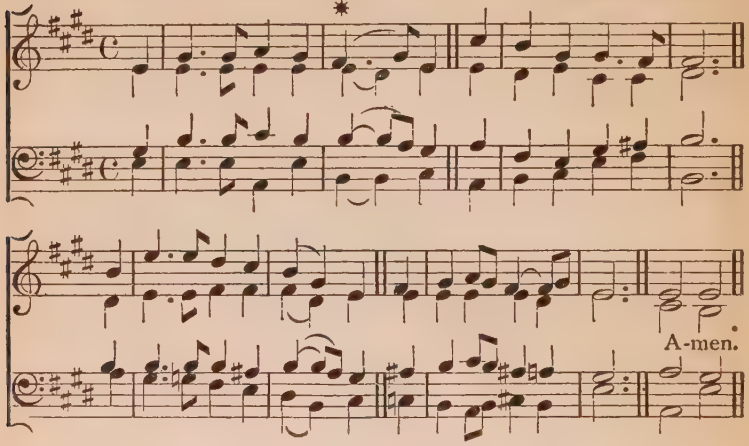
Called on earth to different stations
In the battle of the Lord,
Ye went on through tribulations,
Faith your shield, and truth your sword;
Far apart through toils and dangers
Passed ye onward to your rest;
In the land where none are strangers
Now together ye are blest!

Leaves of autumn tell the story
How our lives must also pass,
And that this world's pomp and glory
Fadeth like the summer grass;
Earthly joys are vain and hollow,
Earthly hopes but poor at best;
CHRIST'S true martyrs, we would follow
In your steps, and gain our rest!

Him Whose love mankind created,
Him Who came for man to bleed,
Him Who hath regenerated
Us and all His chosen seed,
We, as we are onward pressing,
To His glorious home on high,
With His saints and Angels blessing
Now and ever magnify! Amen.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

377.—FROME SELWOOD. 7.6.7.6. T. WORSLEY STANIFORTH.



"Jerusalem, which is from above."

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessèd are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints for ever sing;
The seat of GOD's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

There GOD for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the Crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

Naught to this seat approacheth,
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their GOD for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

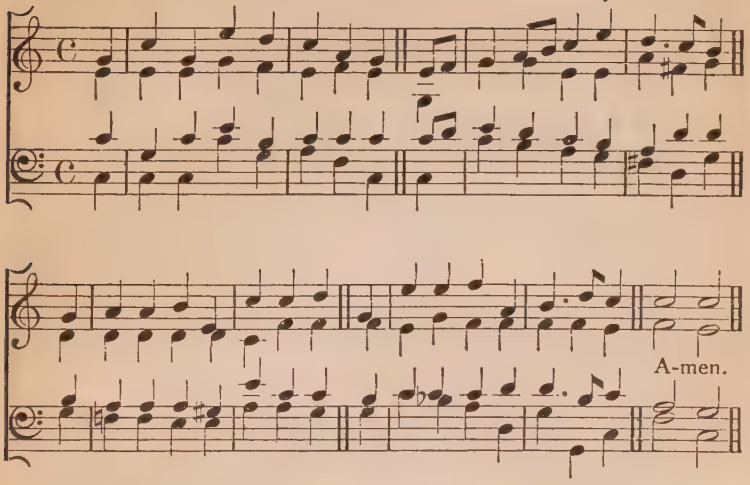
Sure Hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
No short-lived toil shall daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

To CHRIST the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To FATHER and to SPIRIT
All things created bow.

* The slur not to be used for verse 1.

APOSTLES.

378.—CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.



"And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb."

THE eternal gifts of CHRIST the King,
The Apostles' glory, let us sing;
And all, with heart of gladness, raise,
Due hymns of thankful love and praise.

For they the Churches' princes are,
Triumphant leaders in the war,
In heavenly courts a warrior band,
True lights to lighten every land.

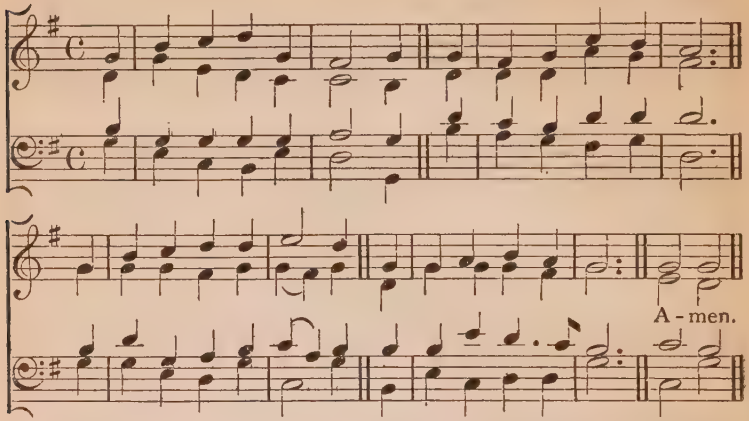
Theirs is the steadfast faith of saints,
And hope that never yields nor faints,
And love of CHRIST in perfect glow
That lays the prince of this world low.

In them the FATHER'S glory shone,
In them the Will of GOD the SON,
In them exults the HOLY GHOST,
Through them rejoice the heavenly host.

To Thee, Redeemer, now we cry,
That Thou would'st join to them on high
Thy servants, who this grace implore,
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

EVANGELISTS.

379.—St. Alphege. 7.6.7.6. H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.



"And it shall come to pass, that every thing that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live.

FROM hidden source arising,
A mighty river ran,
Through Eden's pleasant garden,
Where God created man.

Thence, parted into branches,
In four great streams it rolled,
To water fields and vineyards,
To wash down sands of gold.

And so, from highest Heaven,
The Lord, the Holy Dove,
In fourfold manner sends us
The tale of Jesus' love;

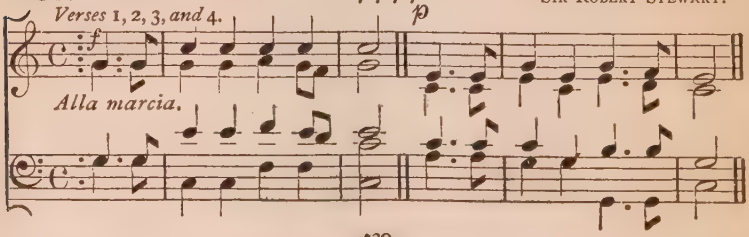
The tale whose words are golden,
The tale whose flood Divine
Makes glad the Lord's own garden
With plenteous corn and wine.

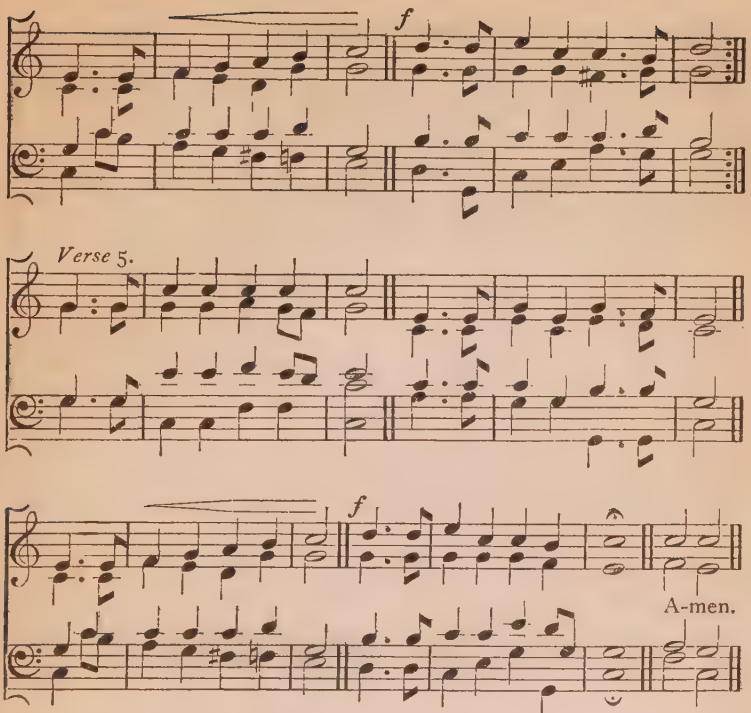
Four are the sacred voices,
The story is but one;
In fourfold wise they praise Him,
The sole-begotten Son.

For this Thy fourfold gospel,
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee,
In it Thyself revealing,
Eternal Trinity! Amen.

MARTYRS—HOLY DAYS.

380.—Benedict. 7.7.7.7. Sir Robert Stewart.





"*Watching . . with all perseverance.*"

KING of Glory! Saviour dear!
Grant us grace to persevere;
Leader of the hosts of GOD,
May we tread where Thou hast trod!

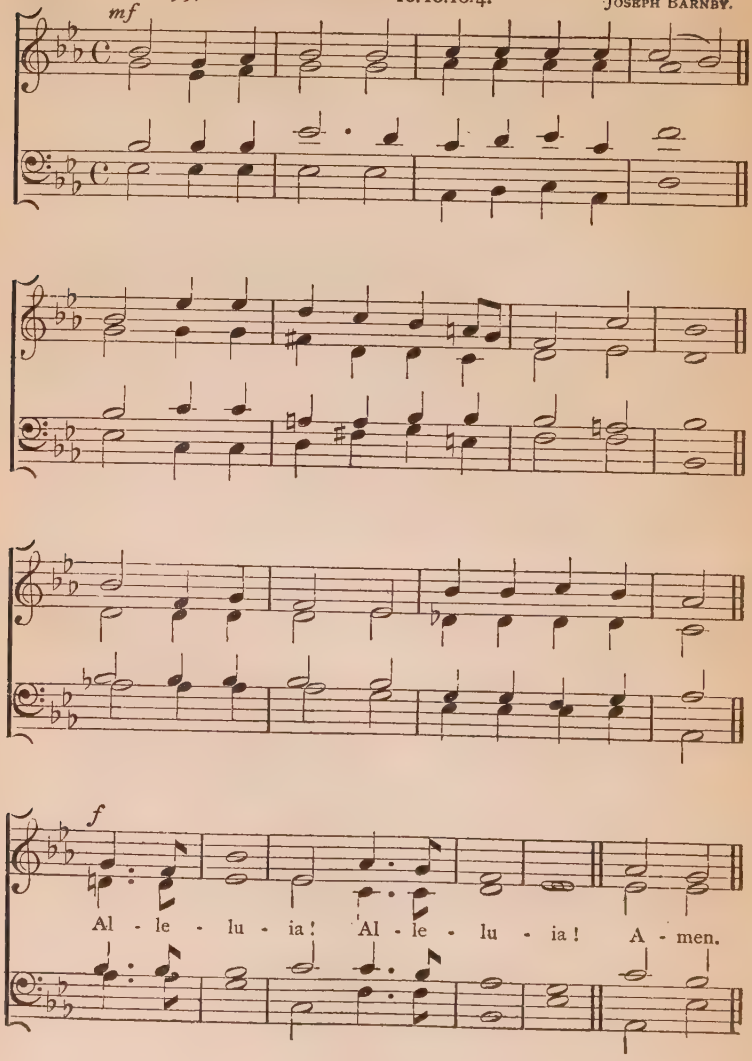
Once for Thee, the Crucified,
Many a faithful martyr died,
How can we, Thy children, show
All our love for all Thy woe?

They for Thee bore axe and wheel,
Fire, and beasts, and piercing steel;
Like them, may we suffer shame,
Pain or loss for Thy dear Name.

Bearing calmly for our Lord
Thoughtless jest or spiteful word;
Curbing angry speech and tear,
Strong in Thee to persevere.

Persevere, Thy yoke is light;
Persevere, Thy crown is bright;
Persevere, and we shall sing
In the palace of our King! Amen.

331.—No. 299, SARUM HYMNAL. 10.10.10.4. JOSEPH BARNBY.



"Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

FOR all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O JESU, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.
Alleluia!

For the Apostles' glorious company,
Who, bearing forth the cross o'er land and sea,
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to Thee.
Alleluia!

For the Evangelists, by whose pure word,
Like fourfold streams, the garden of the LORD
Is fair and fruitful, be Thy Name adored,
Alleluia!

For Martyrs, who with rapture-kindled eye,
Saw the bright crown descending from the sky,
And dying, grasped it, Thee we glorify.
Alleluia!

Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

Oh, blest communion! fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle; they in glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

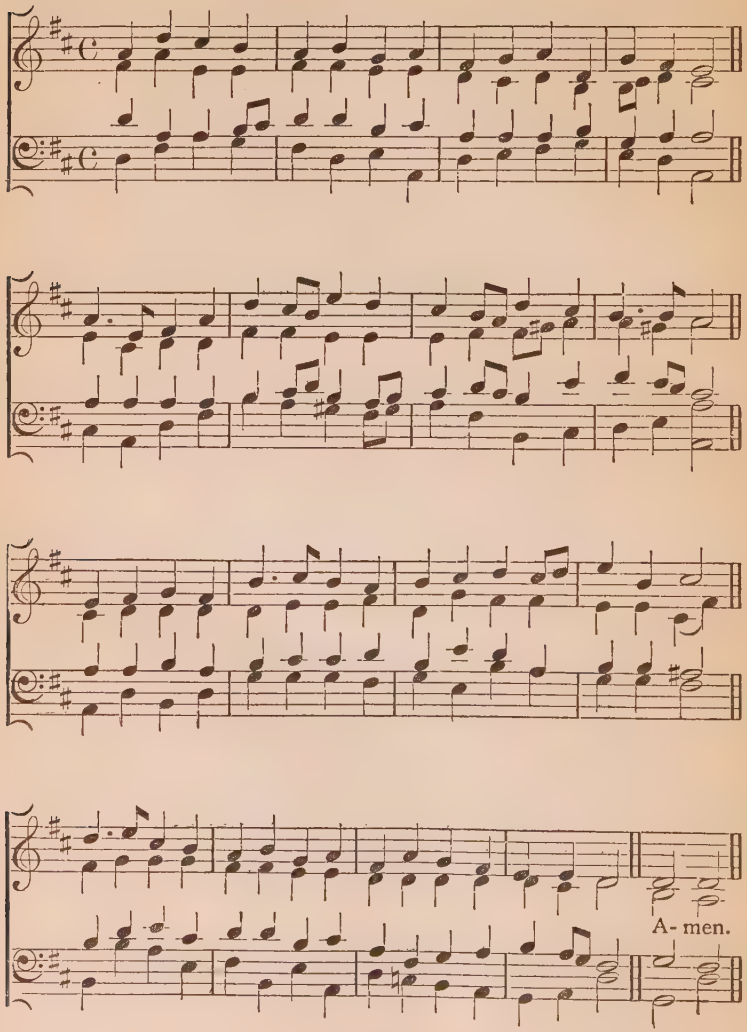
And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west:
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day!
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array!
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams on the countless host,
Singing to FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
Alleluia! Amen.

382.—Gloria. [*1st Tune.*] 8.7.8.7. D. Henry Smart.



"A great multitude, which no man could number, stood before the throne."

HARK, the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! LORD, to Thee.
Multitudes which none can number, like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hand.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the way of CHRIST,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor, Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron, widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord of all, are there.

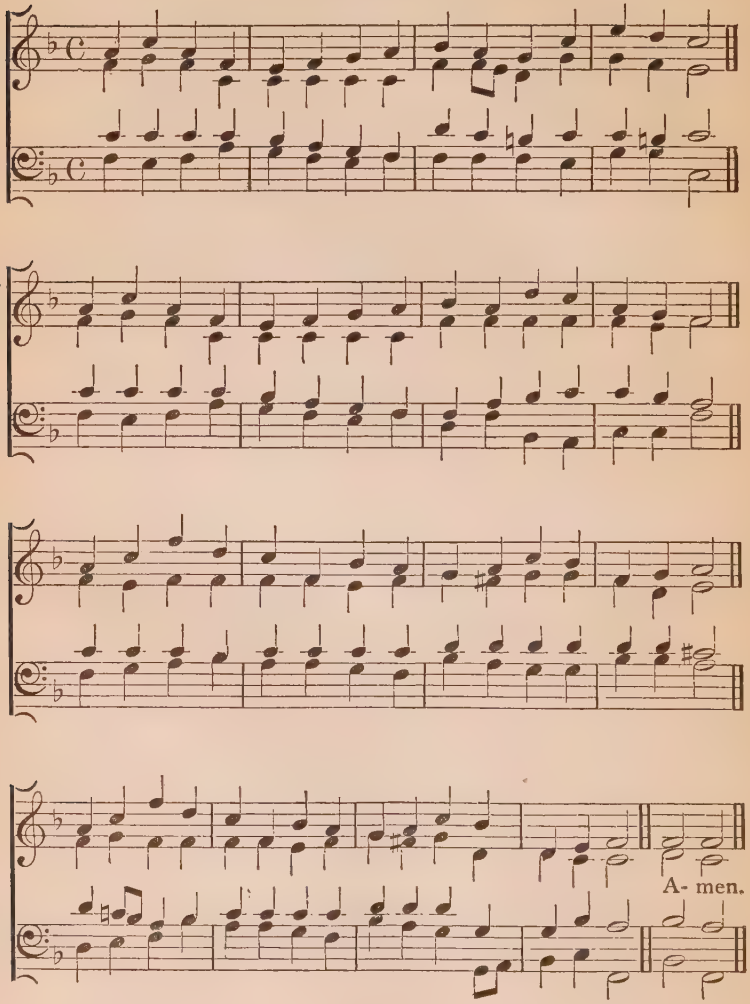
They have come from tribulation, and have washed their robes in Blood,
Washed them in the Blood of JESUS; tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered Death and Satan by the might of CHRIST the Lord.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation—Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered; gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the Blessèd TRINITY.

GOD of GOD, the ONE-BEGOTTEN, LIGHT of LIGHT, EMMANUEL,
In Whose Body joined together all the Saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for evermore
GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON, and GOD the HOLY GHOST adore. Amen.

382.—DEERHURST, OR HOLY VOICES. [*2nd Tune.*] JAMES LANGRAN.
8.7.8.7. D.



"A great multitude, which no man could number, stood before the throne."

HARK, the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! LORD, to Thee.
Multitudes which none can number, like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hand.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the way of CHRIST,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor, Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron, widows who have watched to prayer,
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Washed them in the Blood of JESUS; tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword,
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Thee, the Captain of salvation—Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered; gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.

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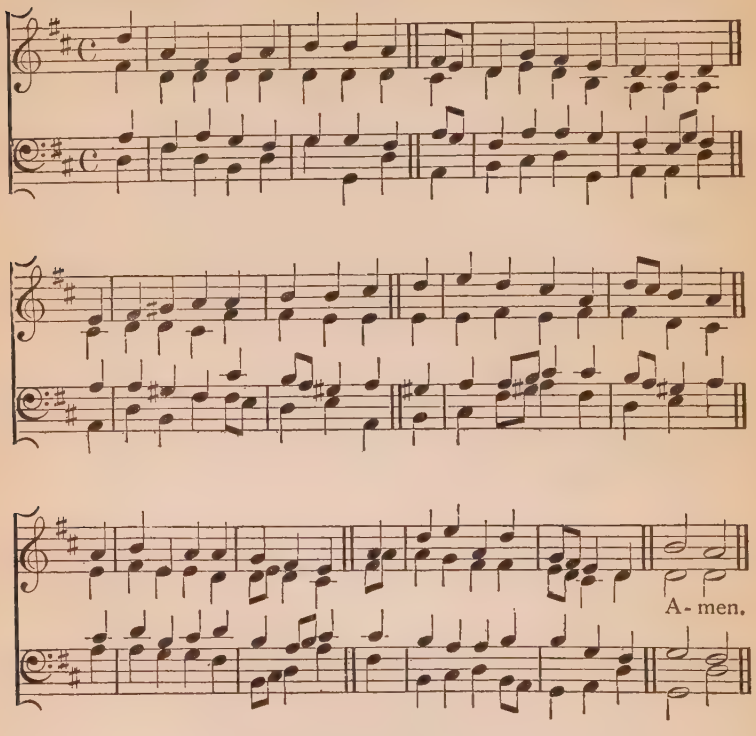
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the Blessèd TRINITY.

GOD of GOD, the ONE-BEGOTTEN, LIGHT of LIGHT, EMMANUEL,
In Whose Body joined together all the Saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for evermore
GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON, and GOD the HOLY GHOST adore. Amen.

383.—Wesley in D. 8.8.8.8.8.8. S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.



"That they may rest from their labours."

THE saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:
Oh, happy saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' Feet how safe your rest!

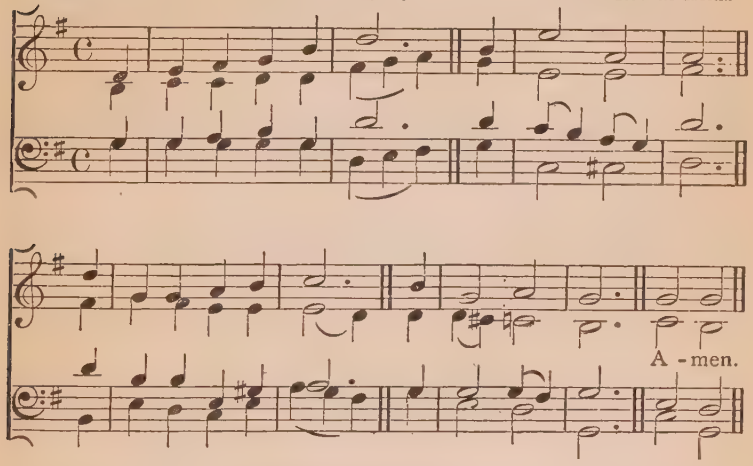
The saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
Oh, happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest

The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
Oh, happy saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

The saints of GOD their vigils keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till, from the dust they too shall rise,
And soar triumphant to the skies:
Oh, happy saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

O GOD of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O HOLY GHOST, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end:
That with all saints, our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee. Amen

384.—ST. FAITH. 6.4.6.4. ROBERT HOAR.



"Of Whom the world was not worthy.

THEIR names are names of kings
Of heavenly line;
The pride of earthly things
They dared resign.

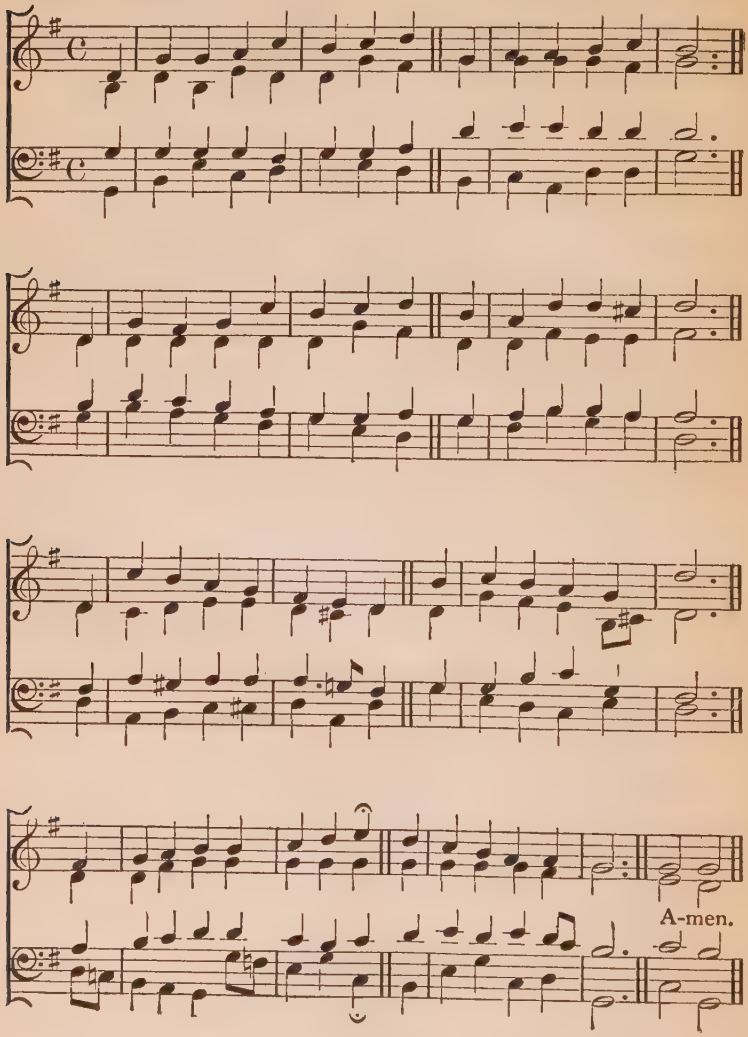
They bore the SPIRIT'S sword
And faith's strong shield;
They fought for GOD the Lord
On many a field.

Though hard their earthly lot,
'Mid hate and scorn,
In life regarded not,
In death forlorn;

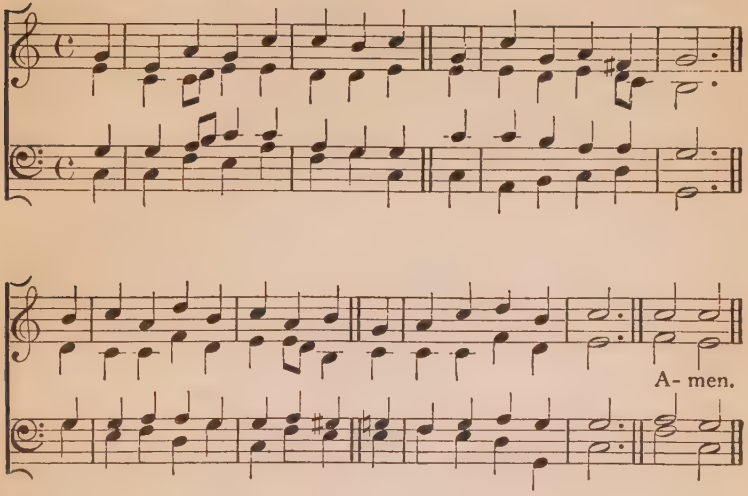
Yet blest that end of woe,
And those sad days;
Only man's blame below;
Above, GOD'S praise.

So did the life of pain
In glory cease:
LORD GOD, may we attain
Their Home of Peace! Amen.

385.—NORTHON. [*1st Tune.*] D.C.M. REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.



385.—St. Anne's. [*2nd Tune.*] C.M. Dr. Croft.



"Fight the good fight of faith."

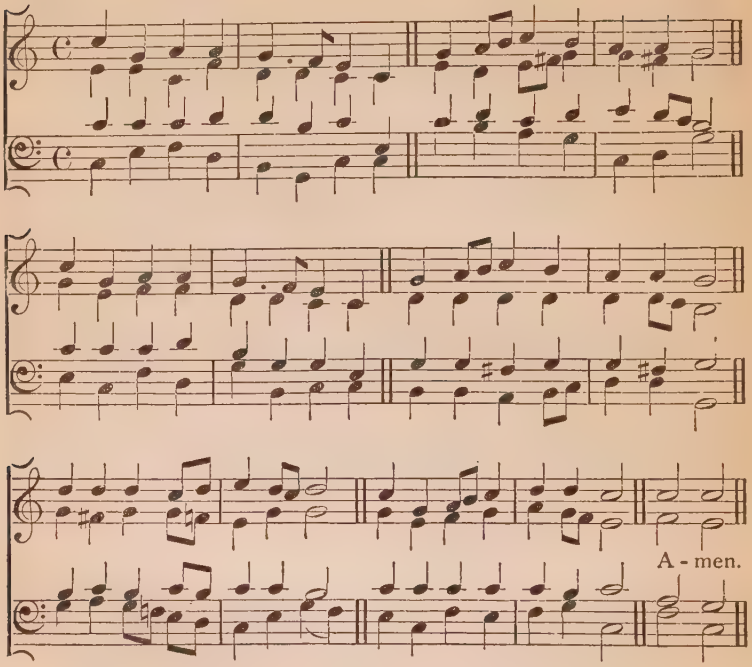
THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong.
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

386.—All Saints, No. 1. 8.7.8.7.7. German.



"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's Throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand?
Whence came all this glorious band?

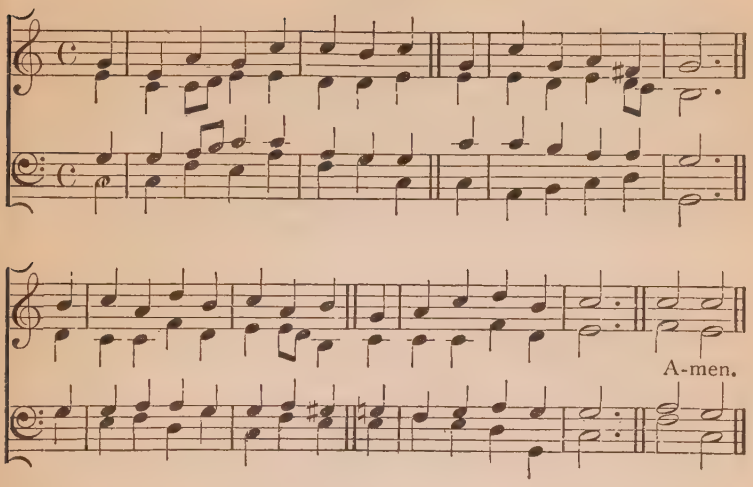
These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His Face.

Amen.

387.—St. Anne's. C.M. Dr. Croft.



"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

HOW bright those glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the Throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

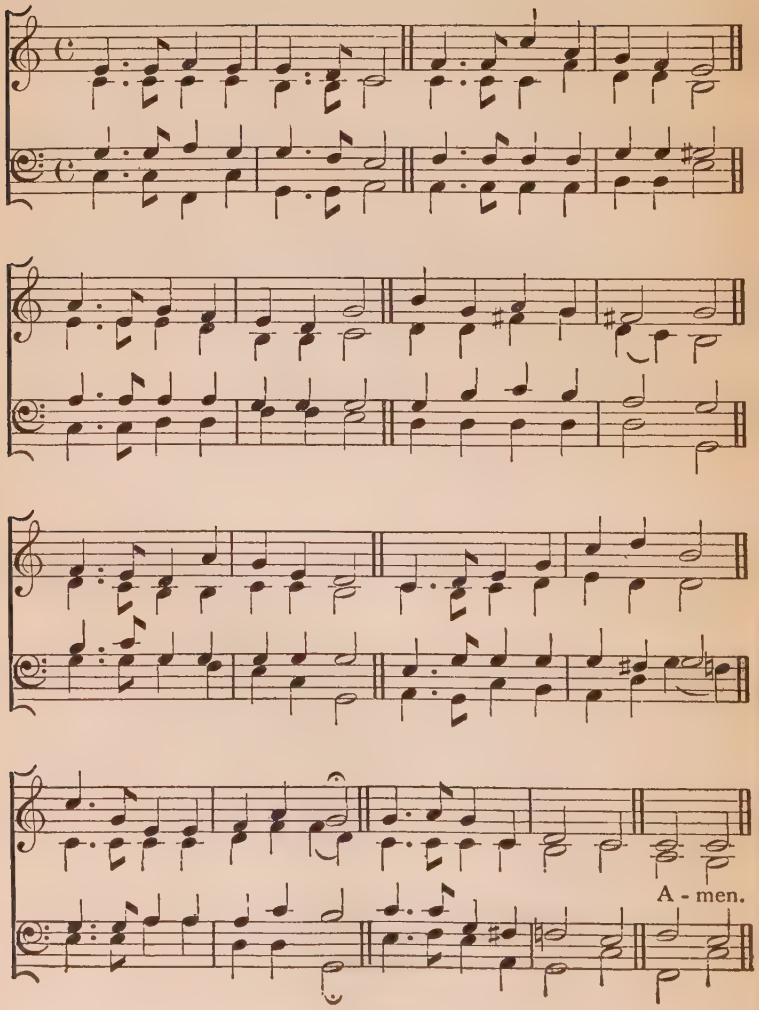
The Lamb, who reigns upon the Throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment Divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mid pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To God Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

LITANIES.

388.—TILFORD. 7.7.7.6. D. E. A. SYDENHAM.



Litanies.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

JESU, from Thy Throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving Eye;
Hear us, Holy JESU.
Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Little lambs may come to Thee,
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be;
Hear us, Holy JESU.
Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine;
Hear us, Holy JESU.
JESU, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the GOD and Lord of all;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Once a child, so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear;
Hear us, Holy JESU.
JESU, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy Will,
That we should be safe from ill;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Fold us to Thy loving Breast,
There may we in happy rest
Feel that we indeed are blest;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy Angels bright
Keep us safe till morning light;
Hear us, Holy JESU.
Make us brave, without a fear;
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey;
Hear us, Holy JESU.
May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame
Hear us, Holy JESU.

May we ever try to be
From our sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee;
Hear us, Holy JESU.
May our thoughts be undefiled;
May our words be true and mild;
Make us each a holy child;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, SON of GOD most high,
Who didst in the manger lie,
Who upon the Cross didst die;
Hear us, Holy JESU.
JESU, from Thy heavenly Throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done;
Hear us, Holy JESU. Amen.

389.—GROOMBRIDGE. 7.7.7.6.

Litanies.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

FATHER, from Thy Throne on high,
Deign to hear Thy children's cry,
Let them feel that Thou art nigh;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

FATHER, Thou dost love us all,
And we come at Thy dear call,
Low before Thy Feet to fall;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

JESU, tender Shepherd, hear;
Bid Thy little ones draw near;
Train them to Thy love and fear;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the promise Thou hast made,
By Thy Hands in blessing laid,
By the words that Thou hast said;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

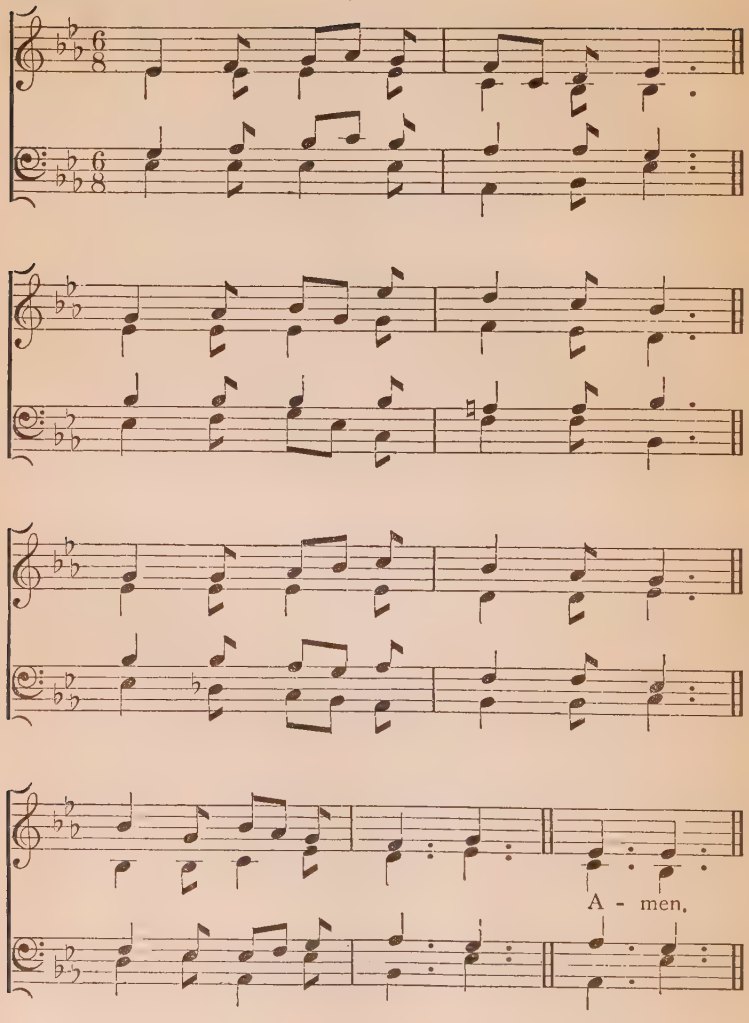
Weak and helpless, Lord, are we,
Yet Thy love is all our plea,
Suffer us to come to Thee;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

HOLY SPIRIT, Guide Divine,
Let Thy Light for ever shine,
Leave us not, for we are Thine;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

'Neath Thy Wings, O blessèd Dove,
May we feel Thy sheltering love,
Till we reach our home above;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Glory to the FATHER bring,
JESU! unto Thee we sing,
HOLY GHOST, Thy praises ring;
Alleluia! Amen.

390.—Mill Lane. 7.7.7.6.



Litanies.

CHILDHOOD OF OUR LORD.

JESU, SON of GOD Most High,
GOD from all eternity,
Born as man to live and die—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Leaving Thine eternal Throne,
Making mortal cares Thine own,
Making GOD'S compassion known—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, joining Heaven and earth,
Source of all our nature's worth,
Giving man his second birth—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Offspring of the lowly maid,
Born within the stable's shade,
In a rough, hard manger laid—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Nourished at the Virgin's breast
Helpless to her bosom pressed,
Yet her GOD and Lord confessed—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Borne in Joseph's trembling hand,
Worshipped by the shepherd band,
And the wise from far-off land—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Carried to the house of prayer,
Each appointed rite to share,
Circumcised, presented there—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Sought by Herod's envious might,
Into Egypt borne by night,
Angels guiding Thee in flight—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Gaining wisdom year by year;
And to GOD and man more dear,
As Thy heavenly gifts appear—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Taught Thy foster-father's trade,
Subject to the holy maid,
Though the GOD Whom she obeyed—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

With an ever clearer view,
Seeing what Thy Heart foreknew
Of the work Thou cam'st to do—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Moving onward while Thine Eye
Sees the Cross each day more nigh,
Still resolved for us to die—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

By the Angels' holy song,
As around they wondering throng,
Owning Thee their Ruler strong—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

By the lowly cattle shed,
By the narrow manger bed,
Where Thine Infant Form was laid—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

By the solemn praise and prayer,
By the gifts and offerings rare
Brought in lowly homage there—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

By Thy growing day by day,
By Thy zeal in wisdom's way,
Quick to learn and to obey—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

By Thy life, so lone and still,
By Thy waiting to fulfil
In its time Thy FATHER'S Will—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

By the care that weighed on Thee,
By Thy toil and poverty,
By Thy sorrows yet to be—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Make us ever long to know
Where our GOD would have us go,
Shrinking not from toil or woe—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

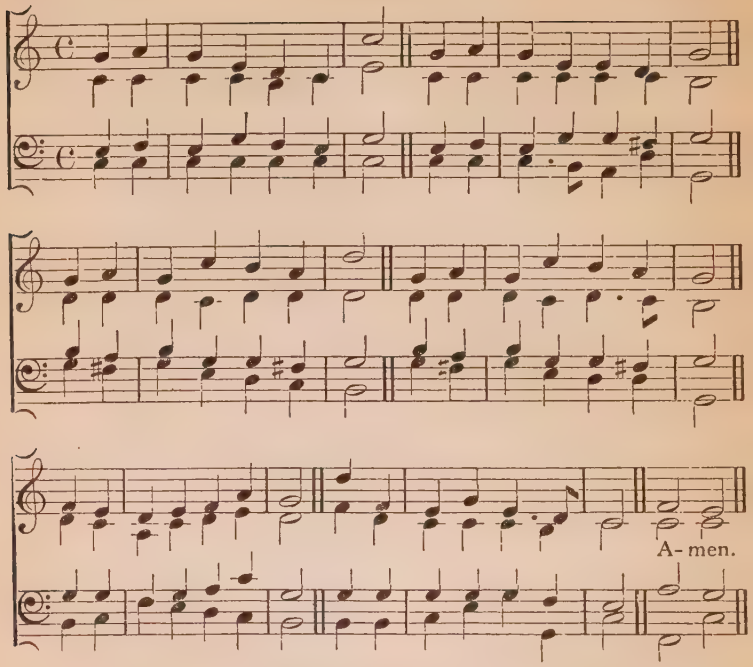
May we mark the pattern fair
Of Thy life of work and prayer,
And for truth all perils dare—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

May we calmly suffer blame,
Bear the cross, despise the shame,
In Thy strength and in Thy Name—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

As we live from year to year,
JESU, be Thou ever near,
Make us like Thee, Saviour dear—
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Bid us come, at last, to Thee,
And for ever perfect be,
Where Thy glory we shall see—
Hear us, Holy JESU. Amen.

391.—LITANY. 7·7·7·7·7·7· J. W. ELLIOTT.



LIFE OF OUR LORD.

BY Thy birth, O Lord of all,
In a stable's lowly stall,
Where Thou didst vouchsafe to rest
On a human mother's breast;
Guard Thy children, Lord, to Thee
Chanting this our Litany.

By Thy humble bed of straw,
Thy obedience to the Law;
By Thy forty days of woe
Wrestling with the mighty foe;
Guard Thy children, &c.

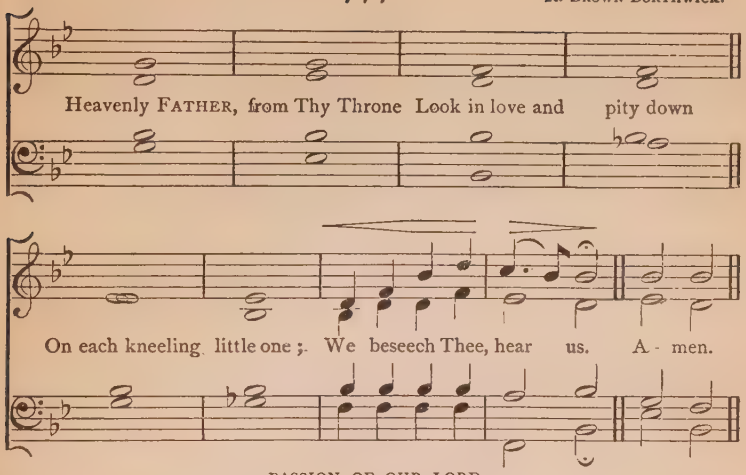
By the hallowed water poured
On Thy sacred Head, O Lord,
When Thou Jordan's wave didst bless,
And fulfil all righteousness;
Guard Thy children, &c.

By the anguish laid on Thee,
Kneeling in Gethsemane,
By Thy Cross and precious death,
By Thy last expiring breath;
Guard Thy children, &c.

By the word of pardon blest
To the dying thief addressed,
By Thy cold and rocky bed,
By Thy sojourn midst the dead;
Guard Thy children, &c.

By Thy Resurrection bright,
By Thy wondrous heavenly Flight,
By the Throne where Thou didst stand
At Thy Father's own Right Hand;
Guard Thy children, Lord, to Thee
Chanting this their Litany. Amen.

392.—Miserere Domine. 7.7.7.6. R. Brown-Borthwick.



PASSION OF OUR LORD.

HEAVENLY FATHER, fròm Thy Throne
Loòk in love and pìty down
Òn each kneeling lìttle one;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

JÈSU, Saviour ùndefiled,
Ònce on earth a hèlpless child,
Thòu on little ònes hath smiled;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Blèssed SPIRIT, gèntle Dove,
Fròm Thy home in Hèaven above
Còme and fill our heàrts with love;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the pains which Thòu didst bear,
Scòrn and sorrow, tòil and care,
Heàrken to our lòwly prayer;
JESU, Saviour, hear us.

By Thine hour of àgony
Pàssed in dark Gethsèmane,
Whèn the Angel strèngthened Thee,
JESU, Saviour, hear us.

By the scourging Thòu hast borne,
By the purple ròbe of scorn,
By the reed and cròwn of thorn;
JESU, Saviour, hear us.

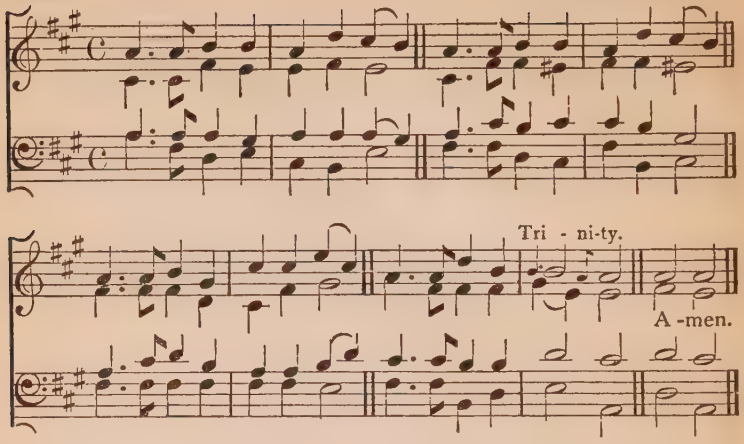
By Thy going fòrth to die,
By that oft-repeàted cry,
"Crùcify Him, crùcify,"
JESU, Saviour, hear us.

By the Cross men laid on Thee,
By Thy death on Càlvary,
Deàth which sets Thy children free,
JESU, Saviour, hear us.

By Thy pattern, pùre and bright,
Leàd our wills to whàt is right,
Wàsh our evil nàture white;
JESU, Saviour, hear us.

Fròm all childish sìns that stain,
Fròm all words that mìght give pain,
Fròm all wicked thòughts and vain,
Save us, Holy JESU. Amen.

393.—CORWEN. 7.7.7.6. LANGDON COLBORNE.



RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD.

GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
See us kneeling at Thy Throne ;
Hear us, Holy TRINITY.

Risen JESU, Thee we greet,
Falling at Thy pierced Feet,
For our joy is made complete ;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou the first-born from the dead,
Thou our now triumphant Head,
Thou Thy foes hast scattered ;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thee no powers of death could hold,
Thou must conquer as foretold
By the prophecies of old ;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou Whom Magdalene did seek
On that first day of the week,
Who to her didst comfort speak ;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou Who Peter didst restore
To Thy favour as before,
For the great love that he bore ;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, present with Thine own,
Forty days with them alone,
Ere ascending to Thy Throne ;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou, Thy earthly conflict o'er,
Reachest now the heavenly shore,
Where Thou ever wast before ;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

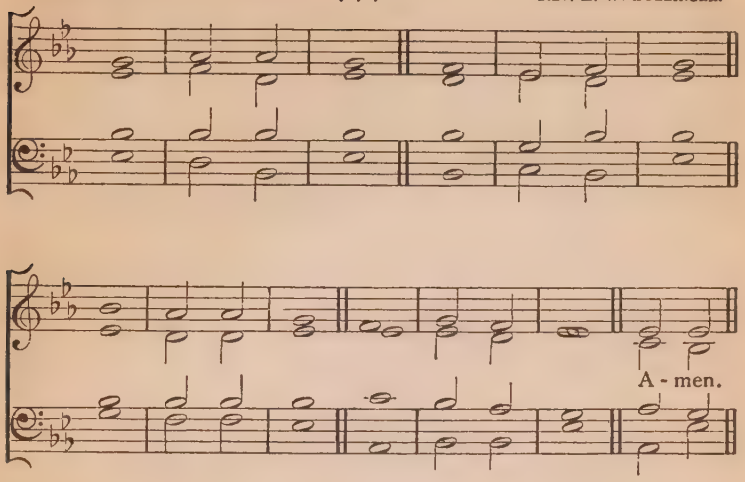
Thou Who dost our nature wear
That Thy triumph we may share,
And be ever with Thee there ;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Grant that we may live to Thee
In all grace and purity,
So for ever Thine to be ;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Grant that in the last great day,
When this earth shall pass away,
Thou may'st be our Strength and Stay ;
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Grant that when we rise again,
Purified from earthly stain,
We may ever with Thee reign ;
Hear us, Holy JESU. Amen.

394.—METRICAL CHANT. 7.7.7.8. REV. E. W. BULLINGER.



PENITENTIAL.

ALL our sinful wòrds and ways,
All our wasted hoùrs and days,
All our pride and lòve of praise,
Forgive, O LORD, for JÈSUS' sake.

Every time from trùth we've erred,
Every bad or ìdle word
Which Thy holy Eàrs have heard,
Forgive, O LORD, for JÈSUS' sake.

All the mischief wè have wrought,
All forbidden thìngs we've sought,
All the sin to òthers taught,
Forgive, O LORD, for JÈSUS' sake.

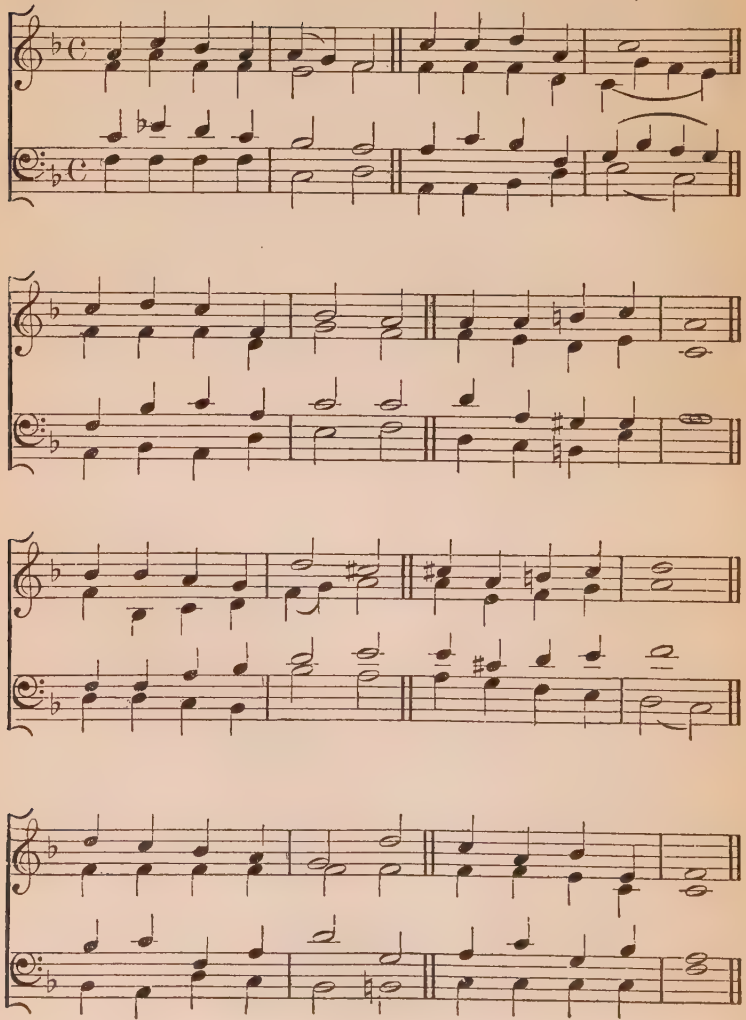
All our sloth and vànity.
All our sinful lèvity,
All forgetfulnèss of Thee,
Forgive, O LORD, for JÈSUS' sake.

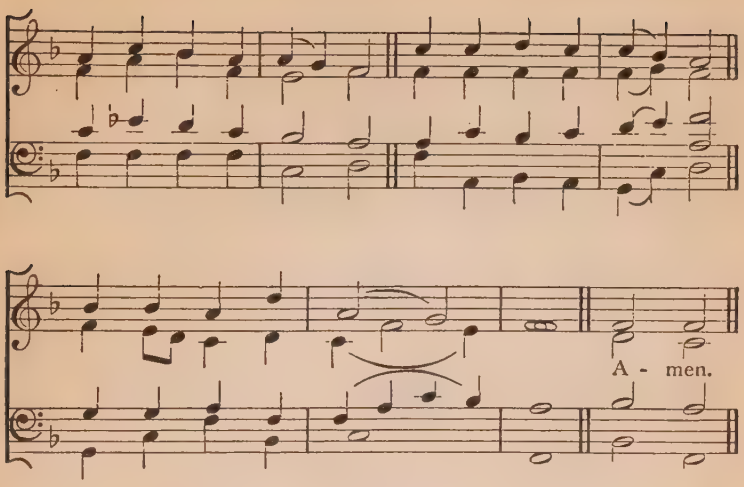
All the help we neèd each day,
That we may not fàll away,
Or from JESUS gò astray,
Oh, give us, LORD, for JÈSUS' sake.

Faith, to see Thee èver near,
Hope, to check each foòlish fear,
Constant strength to pèrsevere,
Oh, give us, LORD, for JÈSUS' sake.

Every needful gìft of grace,
Till we reach the hòly place,
Where we shall behòld Thy Face,
Oh, give us, LORD, for JÈSUS' sake. Amen.

395.—TUNSTALL. 6.5.6.5. D. 6.6.6. W. H. LONGHURST, Mus. Doc.





PENITENTIAL.

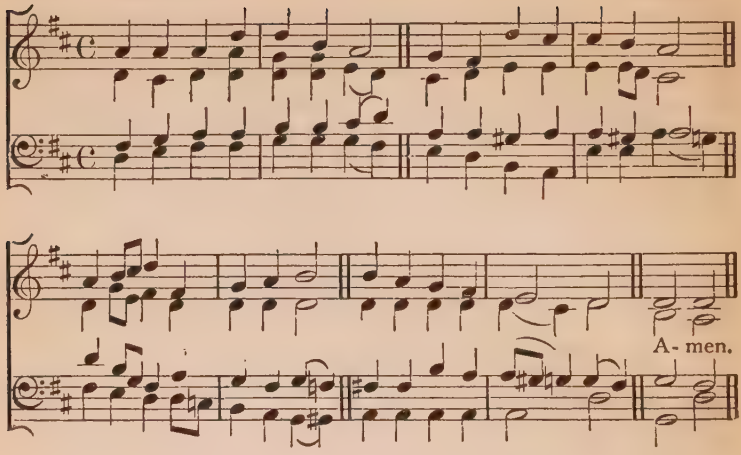
JESUS, Lord most mighty,
Humbly we adore,
Thee the King of glory,
And Thy grace implore.
By Thy Blood redeemèd,
We Thy servants pray,
Spare us, Thou that takest
Human sins away.
Lord, have mercy on us!
CHRIST, have mercy on us!
LORD, have mercy on us!

By Thine unknown sorrows
Mercy we entreat:
Sinners yet are welcome,
To their Saviour's feet;
Lord, with tears repenting,
We our guilt bewail,
For we know Thy mercy,
Lord, can never fail.
Lord, have mercy, &c.

By Thy wounds and bruises,
By Thy cross and grave,
Us in all our sorrows,
JESUS, hear and save.
By Thine exaltation,
Far above all height,
Evermore defend us,
Lord of power and might.
Lord, have mercy, &c.

In all tribulation,
In our day of peace,
Whensoe'er upon us
Earthly joys increase:
When Thy voice shall call us,
To the silent tomb,
When this world awaketh
To its day of doom.
Lord, have mercy, &c.
Amen.

396.—HAMPDEN. 7.7.7.6. W. FREESTONE.



PENITENTIAL.

JESU, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day,
Lost in paths of sin we stray :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Foolish, weak, and sad we lie ;
Guard us with Thy loving Eye,
Be our Helper, always nigh :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Keep us lowly that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

On our darkness shed Thy Light,
Lead our wills to what is right,
Wash our evil nature white :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest, and peace provide
Near to Thy protecting Side :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Make us earnest when we pray,
Diligent from day to day,
Meaning, doing, what we say :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

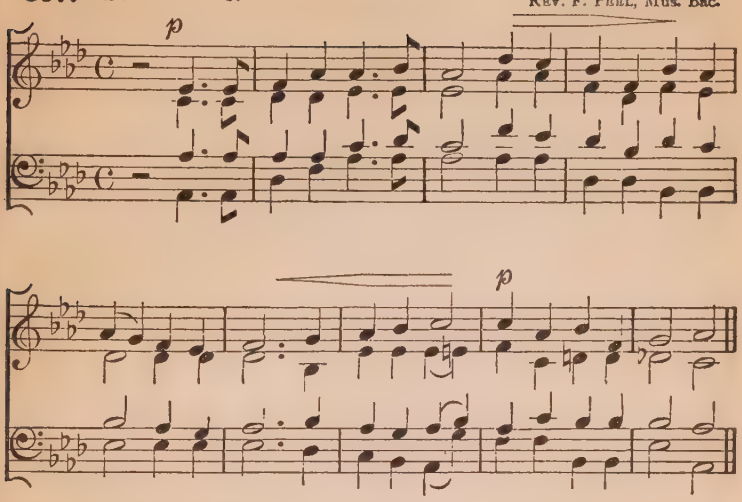
Fix our hearts on things on high,
Let no evil thoughts come nigh,
Purge from sin our memory :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

May Thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal :
Lord, in mercy hear us.

So at last from sin set free,
What we long for may we see,
And for ever blessèd be,
Lord, in mercy hear us. Amen.

397.—Supplicatio.

Rev. F. Peel, Mus. Bac.



Holy Father, hear our cry,
Saviour, intercede on high,
Let Thy Spirit sanctify
These our prayers and praises.

Oh, remember not our sin,
Cleanse us all without, within;
Be not angry; Peace Divine,
Breathe on us Thy children.

From a cold and hardened heart,
Loth to choose the better part,
Keep us, for alone Thou art
Able to deliver.

Never let us doubt Thy love,
May we still Thy mercy prove,
Let our Faith our fears remove
When past sins affright us.

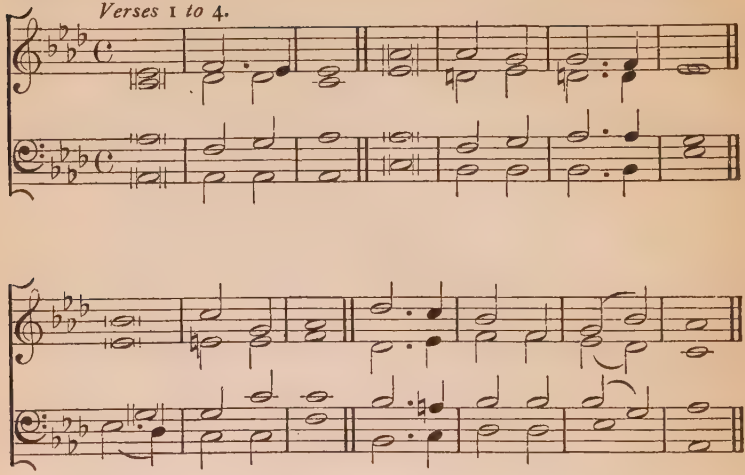
Bid our fretful hearts be still,
Bring us captive to Thy Will,
With Thine own obedience fill
All who kneel before Thee.

From great pain and suffering,
Doubtful thoughts, and wandering,
Death's dark vale when entering,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

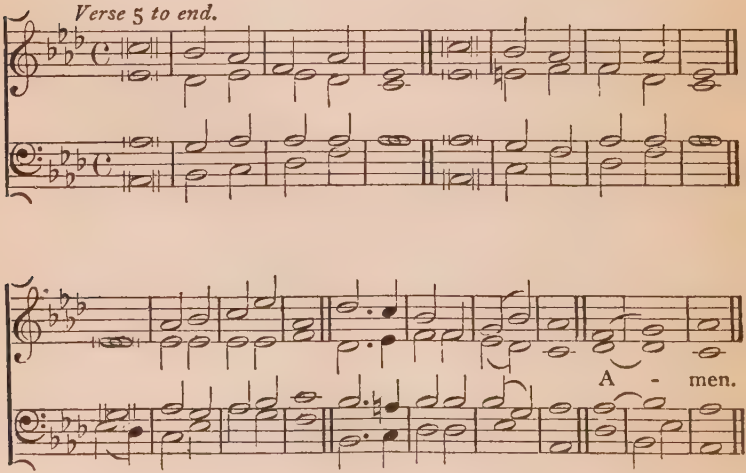
As we tread the narrow road,
Gentle Saviour, ease our load,
Thou hast passed it, shed abroad
Light on our last journey Amen.

398.—BEXHILL. 8.8.8.6. PROF. W. H. MONK.

Verses 1 to 4.



Verse 5 to end.



THE HOLY SPIRIT.

O THOU, Who art the Gĭft unpriced,
That for the pòorest hath sufficed,
The Grace and Peace from JÈSUS CHRIST:
GOD the SPIRIT, hear us.

O Thou, Who for the àwful fight
With more than mòrtal will and might
Hast ever armed the sòns of light:
GOD the SPIRIT, hear us.

Arm those who kneel befòre Thee now,
Let the dear sĭgn upon their brow
In every heart seal èvery vow:
GOD the SPIRIT, hear us.

Dread is the war they bàttle in,
But stronger Thòu their souls within
Than all the powers of Àdam's sin!
GOD the SPIRIT, hear us.

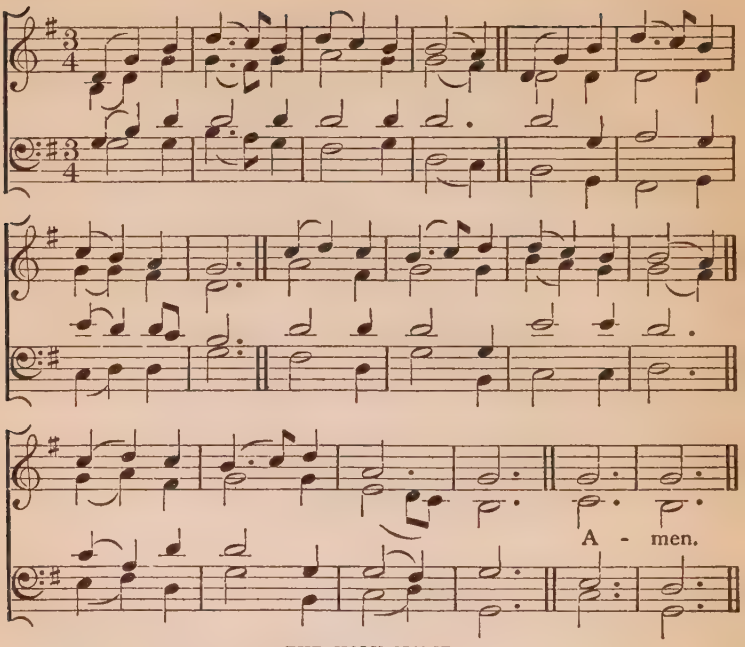
Oh, by their deàth in Him who died!
Their life in Him, the Glorified!
Keep them for èver at His Side,
GOD the SPIRIT, hear us.

So may they thròugh the hosts of ill
Go on from strèngth to strength, until
They win the pèaceful Holy Hill:
GOD the SPIRIT, hear us.

Through vigils làte and labours long,
Through all world-wèariness and wrong,
So guide them tò Thy evensong,
GOD the SPIRIT, hear us.

The song of wòrk in weakness done,
The song of rèst in mercy won,
The song of èndless life begun:
GOD the SPIRIT, hear us. Amen.

399.—Pré béni. 7.7.7.6. Cæsar Malan.



THE HOLY SPIRIT.

SPIRIT blest, Who art adored,
With the Father and the Word,
One Eternal God and Lord—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit of the only Wise,
Thou in Whom all knowledge lies,
Reading all with searching Eyes—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit guiding to the right,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit, Who dost fear impart,
Giving love to every heart,
Making mortals what Thou art—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit, falling like a dove
From the opened skies above,
With the Father's power and love—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit, by Whose gifts of grace
Jesus blessed our fallen race,
Raising them from lowly place—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit, showing us the way,
Warning when we go astray,
Pleading in us when we pray—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit, Whom our failings grieve,
Whom the world will not receive,
Who dost help us to believe—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit, guarding us from ill,
Bending right our stubborn will;
Though we grieve Thee, patient still—
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

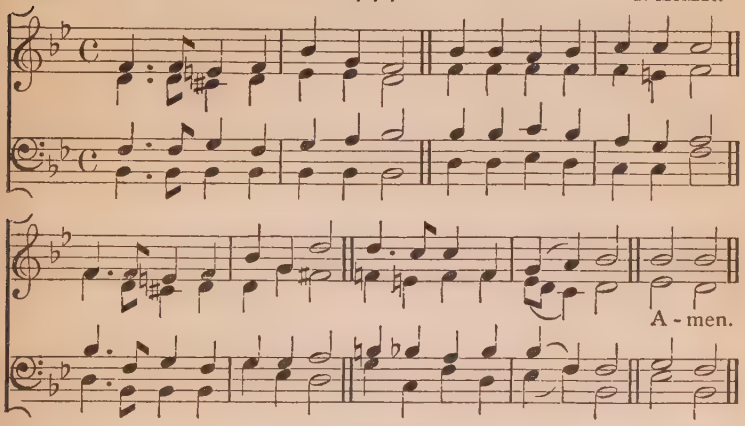
SPIRIT, strength of all the weak,
Giving courage to the meek,
Teaching faltering tongues to speak—
Hear us, HOLY SPIRIT.

SPIRIT, aiding all who yearn
More of truth Divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn—
Hear us, HOLY SPIRIT.

HOLY GHOST, when sinners fall,
And when snares their souls enthral,
Leading back with gentle call—
Hear us, HOLY SPIRIT.

SPIRIT, bidding terror cease,
When from sin we pray release,
Bidding us to go in peace—
Hear us, HOLY SPIRIT. Amen.

400.—MORLEY. 7.7.7.6. T. MORLEY.



MISSIONS.

HEAVENLY FATHER, let Thy light
Break upon our blinded sight,
Chase away the shades of night,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

To the nations gone astray,
Thine eternal love display,
Send Thy truth, direct Thy way,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Sow the seed, Thy Word revealed
In the earth's wide harvest-field,
That the increase it may yield,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

JESUS, Who didst suffer pain,
To release from error's chain
Man's lost Paradise to gain,
JESU, Saviour, hear us.

Let Thy ministers proclaim
Far and wide Thy saving Name,
With Thy love all hearts inflame,
JESU, Saviour, hear us.

Seek for those who careless roam,
Bring the wanderers safely home,
May Thy glorious Kingdom come,
JESU, Saviour, hear us.

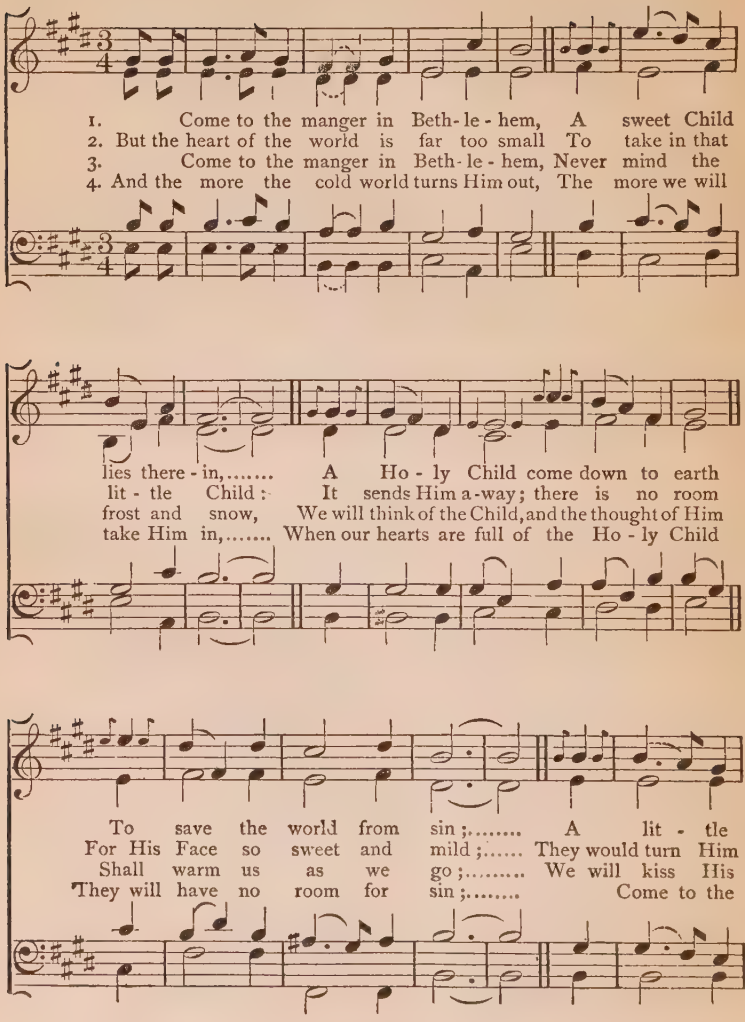
Blessèd SPIRIT, heavenly LORD,
Speak with power the saving Word,
How the lost may be restored,
Blessèd SPIRIT, hear us.

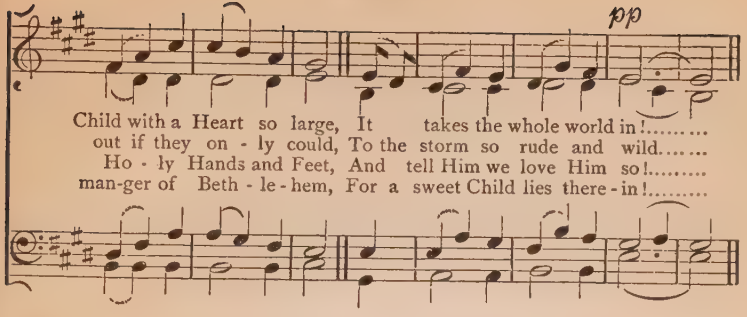
Come and breathe new life within,
Rescue souls from death and sin,
Teach the careless Heaven to win,
Blessèd SPIRIT, hear us.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Loving those who need Thee most,
Raise the fallen, save the lost,
We beseech Thee, hear us. Amen.

CAROLS.

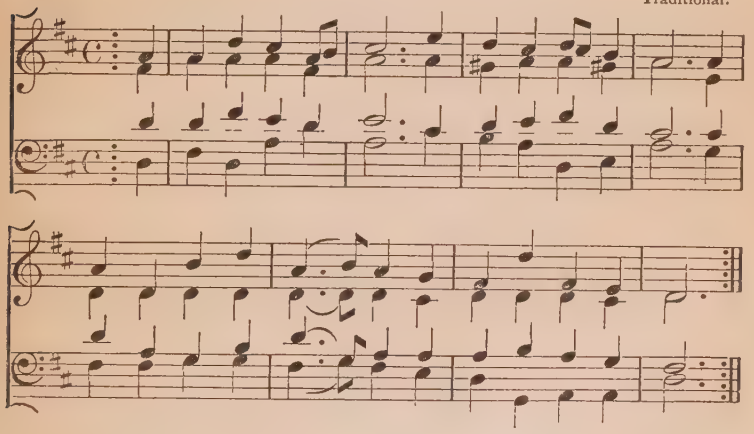
401. "COME TO THE MANGER." SAMUEL SMITH.


1. Come to the manger in Beth-le-hem, A sweet Child
2. But the heart of the world is far too small To take in that
3. Come to the manger in Beth-le-hem, Never mind the
4. And the more the cold world turns Him out, The more we will
lies there-in,..... A Ho-ly Child come down to earth
lit-tle Child: It sends Him a-way; there is no room
frost and snow, We will think of the Child, and the thought of Him
take Him in,..... When our hearts are full of the Ho-ly Child
To save the world from sin;..... A lit-tle
For His Face so sweet and mild;..... They would turn Him
Shall warm us as we go;..... We will kiss His
They will have no room for sin;..... Come to the


pp
Child with a Heart so large, It takes the whole world in!.....
out if they on - ly could, To the storm so rude and wild.....
Ho - ly Hands and Feet, And tell Him we love Him so!.....
man-ger of Beth - le - hem, For a sweet Child lies there - in!.....

402. "A CHILD THIS DAY IS BORN."

Traditional.



A CHILD this day is born,
A Child of high renown;
Most worthy of a sceptre,
A sceptre and a crown.

CHORUS.

Glad tidings to all men,
Glad tidings sing we may,
Because the King of kings
Was born on Christmas-day.

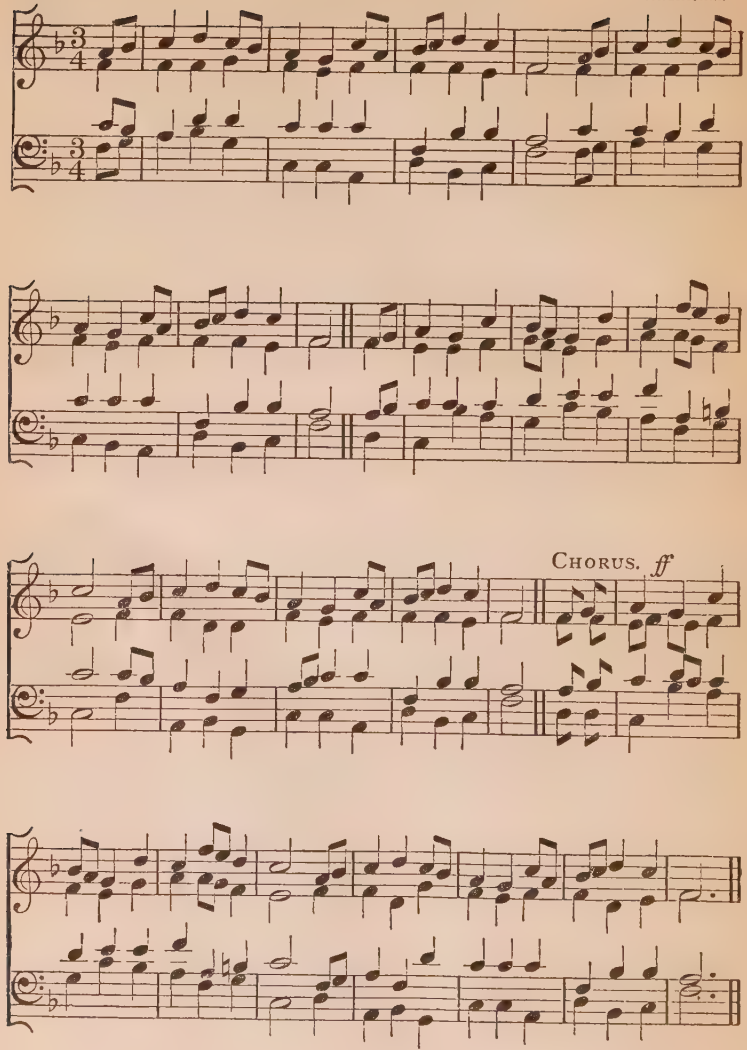
These tidings shepherds heard
Whilst watching o'er their fold,
'Twas by an Angel unto them
That night revealed and told.
Glad tidings, &c.

Then was there with the Angel
A glorious regiment
Of heavenly-bright soldiers,
All from the highest sent.
Glad tidings, &c.

They praised the LORD our GOD,
And our celestial King:
All glory in the highest be,
This heavenly host do sing.
Glad tidings, &c.

All glory be to GOD,
That sitteth still on high,
With praises and with triumph great,
And joyful melody.
Glad tidings, &c.

403. "A Virgin most pure." Traditional.



A VIRGIN most pure, so the Prophet foretold,
Should bring forth a Saviour, Which now we behold,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which Adam's trangression had wrappèd us in.

CHORUS.

Aye and therefore be merry, set sorrow aside,
CHRIST JESUS our Saviour was born on this tide.

At Bethlehem city in Jewry it was
That Joseph and Mary together did pass,
All for to be taxèd with many one moe,*
Great Cæsar commanded the same should be so.
Aye and therefore, &c.

But when they had entered the city so fair,
A number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could find in the inn there no lodging at all.
Aye and therefore, &c.

Then were they constrained in a stable to lie,
Where horses and asses they used for to tie :
Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn,
But against the next morning our Saviour was born.
Aye and therefore, &c.

The King of all kings to this world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought,
But when she had swaddled her young SON so sweet,
Within a poor manger she laid Him to sleep.
Aye and therefore, &c.

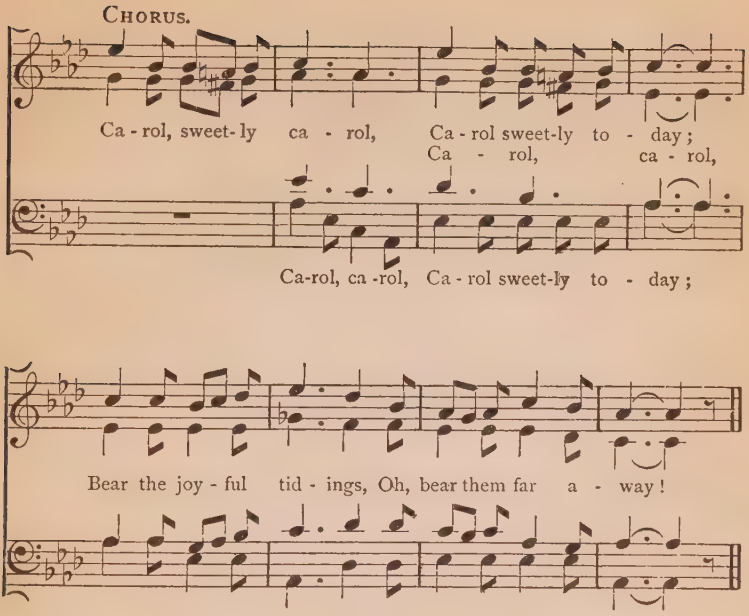
Then GOD sent an Angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
Aye and therefore, &c.

Then presently after the shepherds did spy
Vast numbers of Angels to stand in the sky ;
They joyfully talkèd and sweetly did sing,
To GOD be all glory, our heavenly King.
Aye and therefore, &c.

To teach us humility all this was done,
And learn we from thence haughty pride for to shun :
A manger His cradle who came from above,
The great GOD of mercy of peace and of love.
Aye and therefore, &c.

* More.

404. "CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL." P. V.


Chorus.
Ca - rol, sweet - ly ca - rol, Ca - rol sweet-ly to - day;
Ca - rol, ca - rol,
Ca-rol, ca -rol, Ca - rol sweet-ly to - day;
Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way!

CAROL, sweetly carol,
A Saviour born to-day;
Bear the joyful tidings,
Oh, bear them far away!
Carol, sweetly carol,
Till earth's remotest bound
Shall hear the mighty chorus,
And echo back the sound.

CHORUS.

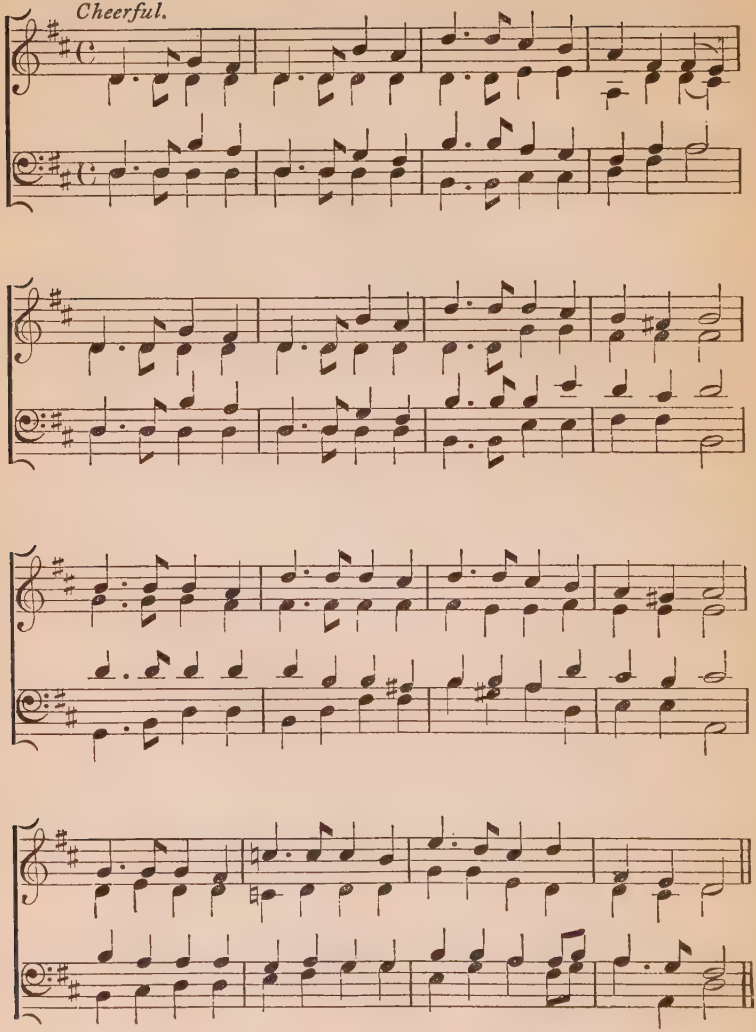
Carol, sweetly carol,
Carol sweetly to-day;
Bear the joyful tidings,
Oh, bear them far away!

Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the Angel throng,
O'er the vales of Judah,
Awoke the heavenly song:
Carol, sweetly carol,
Good-will, and peace, and love,
Glory in the highest
To GOD Who reigns above.
Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time:
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime:
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming love!
Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

405. "COME YE LOFTY." SIR G. J. ELVEY.

Cheerful.



COME ye lofty, come ye lowly,
Let your songs of gladness ring;
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the King:
See in Mary's arms reposing
CHRIST by highest Heaven adored:
Come, your circle round Him closing,
Pious hearts that love the Lord.

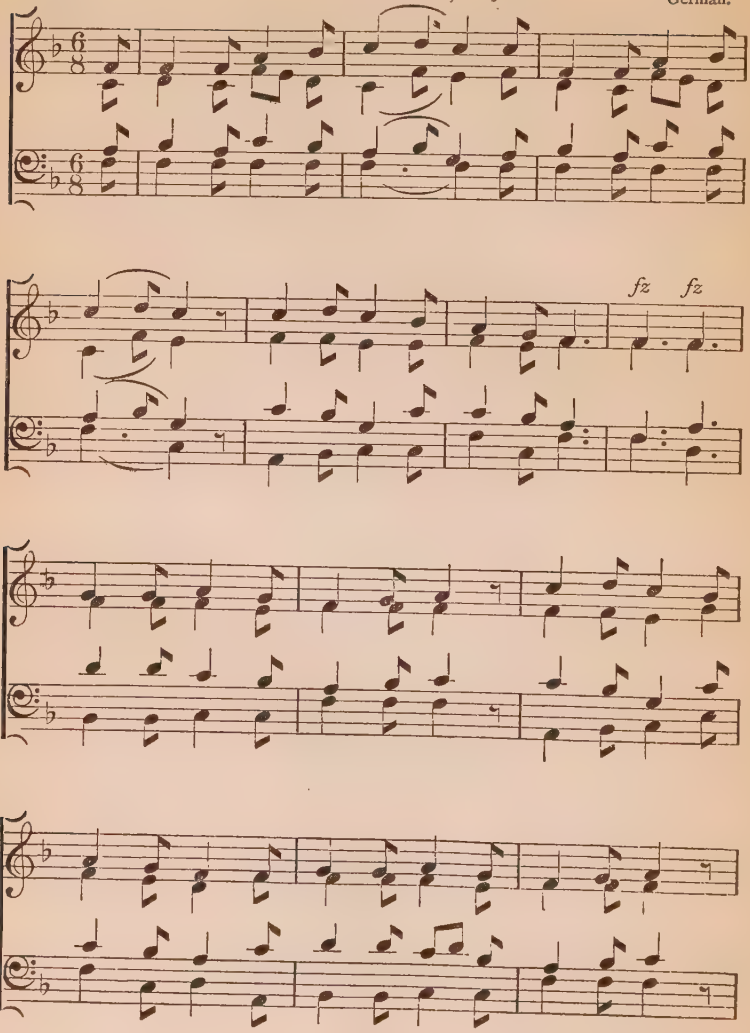
Come ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adore:
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Oxen, round about behold them;
Rafters naked, cold, and bare,
See the shepherds, GOD has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

Come ye children, blithe and merry,
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake:
Come ye gentle hearts and tender,
Come ye spirits keen and bold;
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old.

High above a star is shining,
And the wise men haste from far:
Come glad hearts, and spirits pining;
For you all has risen the star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise,
Come ye people, come ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

Hark the Heaven of heavens is ringing;
CHRIST the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts too singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn!
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

406. "GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE." German.



GOOD Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice,
Give ye heed to what we say;
News! News!
JESUS CHRIST is born to-day:
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now
CHRIST is born to-day!
CHRIST is born to-day.

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Joy! Joy!
JESUS CHRIST was born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessèd evermore.
CHRIST was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Peace! Peace!
JESUS CHRIST was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall:
CHRIST was born to save.

407. "Good Christian people all." H. G. Trembath, Mus. Bac.

Good Christian peo - ple all, A mer - ry Christmas- day : Hark
how the bells do call ! A - rise, and come a - way ! Come
see the won-drous thing The An - gels' lips re - veal ! And
let the joy-bells ring..... A wel-come to the new-born King, With a

f
merry, merry Christmas peal, With a merry Christmas peal. No - el ! No -
ff
mf
cres.
- el ! No - el !..... Let all up - on the earth that dwell, Sing
ritard. molto.
ff
prais - es to EM - MAN - U - EL : No - el ! No - el ! No - el !

GOOD Christian people all,
A merry Christmas-day :
Hark how the bells do call !
Arise, and come away!
Come see the wondrous thing
The Angels' lips reveal ;
And let the joy-bells ring
A welcome to the new-born King,
With a merry, merry Christmas peal.
Noel ! Noel ! Noel !
Let all upon the earth that dwell,
Sing praises to EMMANUEL :
Noel ! Noel ! Noel !

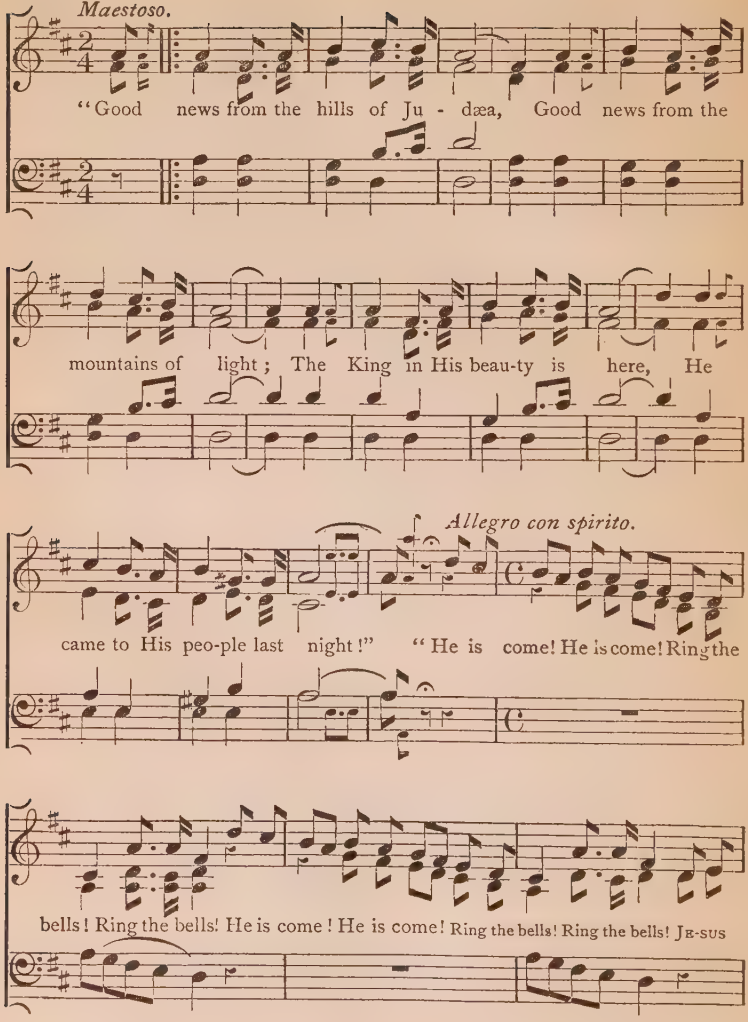
Oh, praise the King of Heaven !
For on this blessèd morn
To us a SON is given,
To us a Child is born !
Come, see the wondrous thing, &c.

Springs forth a fruitful rod
From Jesse's royal stem,
And CHRIST, Incarnate GOD,
Is born at Bethlehem.
Come, see the wondrous thing, &c,

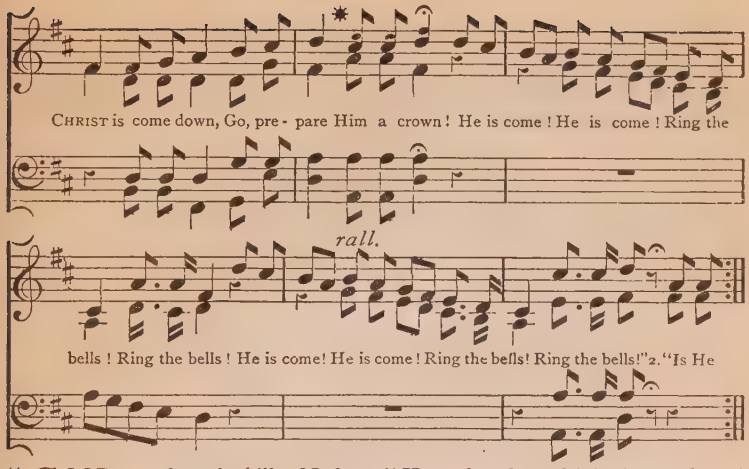
Enwrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid,
Behold Him, by Whose Hands
The heavens and earth were made.
Come, see the wondrous thing, &c.

The darkness now is past,
The light of life doth shine,
The day hath dawned at last,
Behold the appointed sign.
Come, see the wondrous thing, &c.

408.— * MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY.


Maestoso.
"Good news from the hills of Ju - dæa, Good news from the
mountains of light; The King in His beau-ty is here, He
Allegro con spirito.
came to His peo-ple last night!" "He is come! He is come! Ring the
bells! Ring the bells! He is come! He is come! Ring the bells! Ring the bells! JE-SUS

* This carol may be sung as a choral duet.


CHRIST is come down, Go, pre- pare Him a crown! He is come! He is come! Ring the
rall.
bells! Ring the bells! He is come! He is come! Ring the bells! Ring the bells!"
2. "Is He

"GOOD news from the hills of Judæa,
Good news from the mountains of light;
The King in His beauty is here,
He came to His people last night!"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
JESUS CHRIST is come down,
Go, prepare Him a crown!
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

"Is He come to the castle so grand,
To be feasted and honoured to-day?
Is He come to the lords of the land?
Is He come to the bright and the gay?"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
JESUS CHRIST is come down
To a poor little town;
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

"Is He come in His grandeur and pride
To ride through the streets of the town,
With the princes and priests at His side,
And the soldiers defending His crown?"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
In a cave cold and bare
You will find the King there;
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

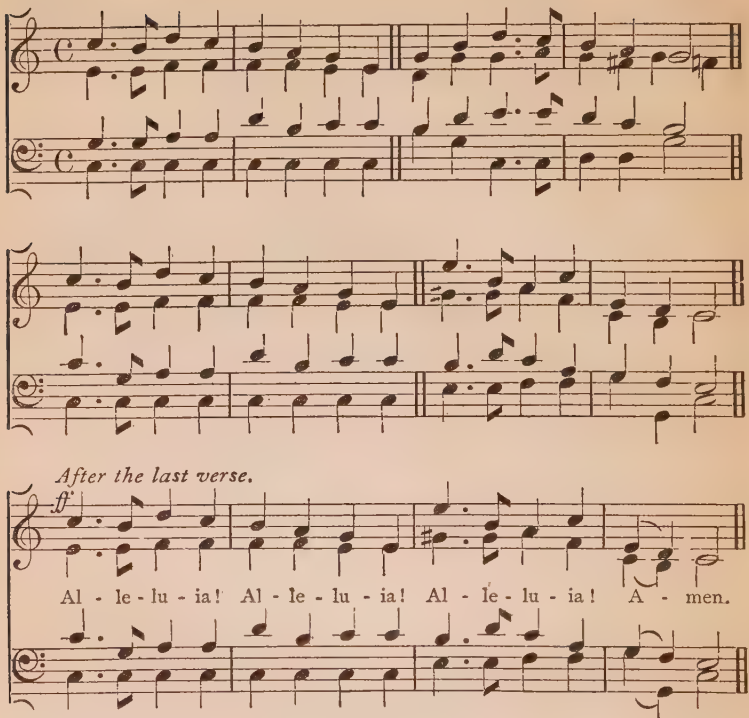
"Have they dressed Him in purple and gold?
Have they laid Him within a soft bed,
Like the kings and the princes of old,
With a guard to watch over His Head?"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
He is laid in the grass
With the ox and the ass;
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

"Have they sounded the trumpets afar?
Have they welcomed with music and song
The Prophet, the King, and the Star,
The Light we have looked for so long?"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
To the shepherds alone
Hath He made Himself known;
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

"If the shepherds were poor, so am I;
For nothing I have of my own;
To the love of the King may I fly?
May I kneel at the foot of His Throne?"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
JESUS CHRIST loveth all
Young and old, great and small,
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

* The small upper notes to be sung by voices that can reach the F♯.

409. "Hail, sweet Baby, pure and holy!" F. A. Mann.



HAIL, sweet Baby, pure and holy!
Hail, fair Son of Mary blest!
Royal Infant! in a manger
Thou art gently laid to rest.

Filled with awe and tender rapture,
Tears of joy Thy mother weeps,
Through the night Thy foster-father
By Thee faithful vigil keeps.

Hovering o'er the hallowed stable
Choirs of Angels carols sing,
Glory, glory in the highest,
Hail to Thee, O Christ our King!

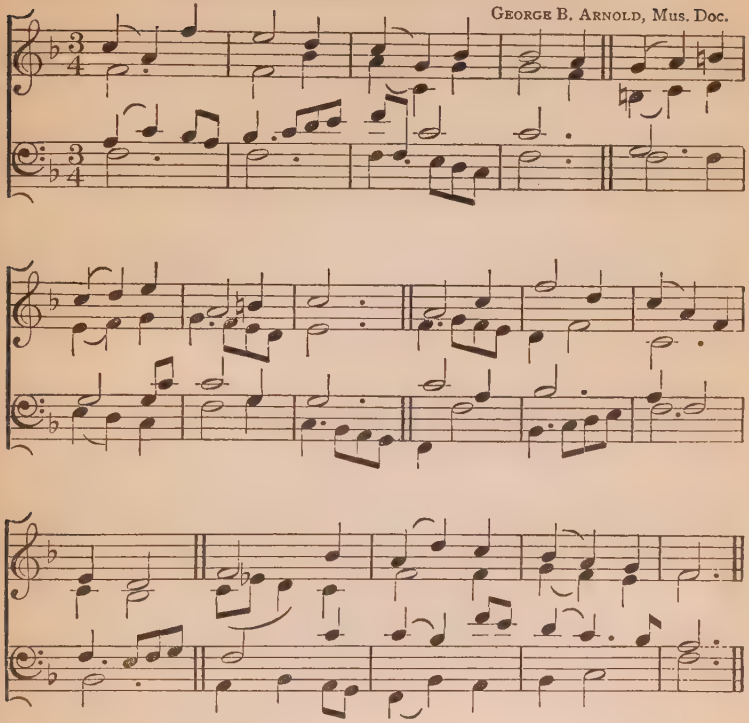
Shepherds, leave your flocks, and hasten
To adore, on bended knee;
Wrapped in swaddling clothes your Saviour,
Israel's Shepherd, ye shall see.

Children, year by year with gladness
Keep Christ's birthday feast anew,
Sing His praise with loving voices
Who was born a Babe for you.

Hail, sweet Baby, Child of Mary,
Hail King David's royal Son,
Singing carols round Thy cradle,
We adore Thee, Holy One.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

410. "HARK, WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES."

GEORGE B. ARNOLD, Mus. Doc.



HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding from the skies?
Lo, the Angel host rejoices;
Heavenly alleluias rise.

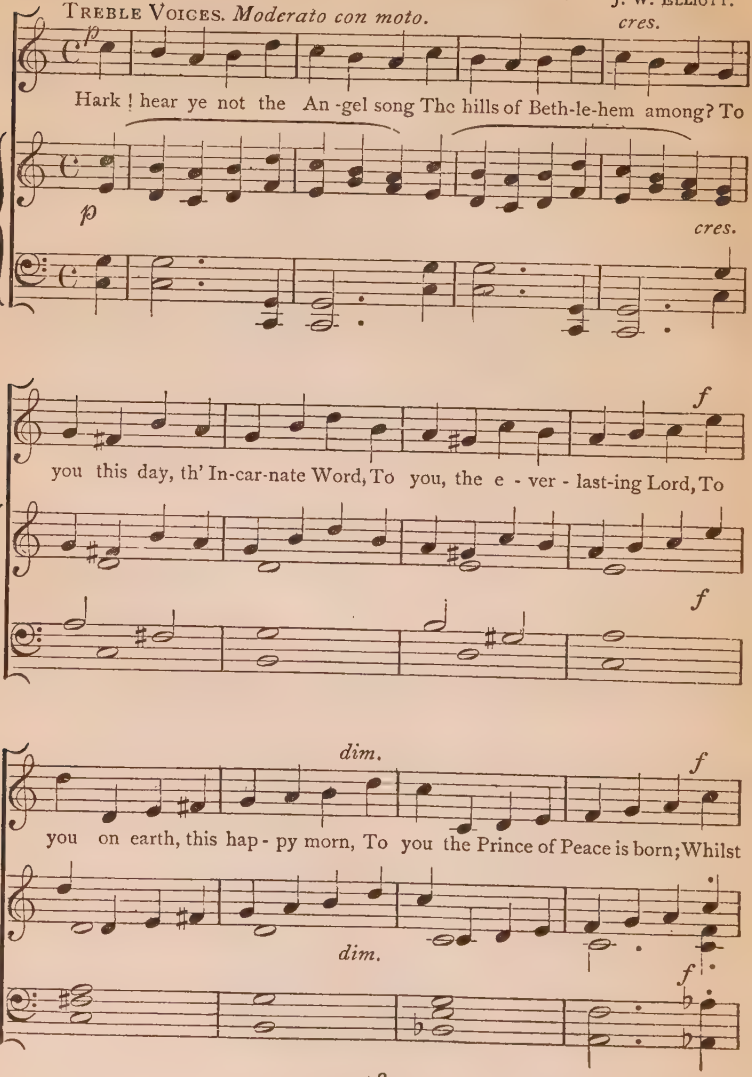
"Glory in the highest, glory,"
Thus they chant their joyful strain;
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

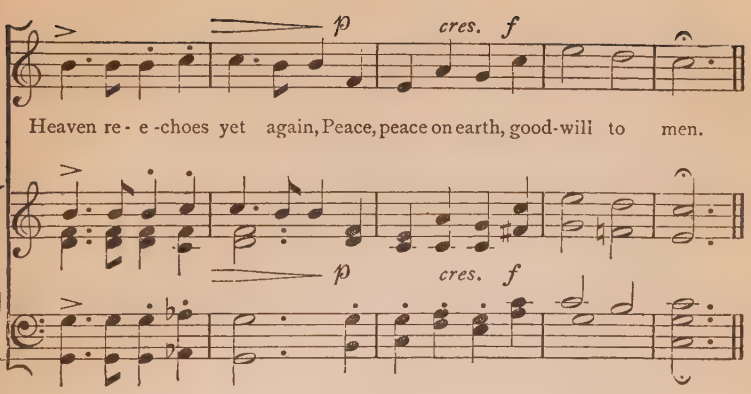
With their blessèd alleluias
Hear what wondrous things they tell—
How lost man has now a Saviour,
Born to conquer death and hell.

Born Thy people to deliver,
JESU, from the death of sin;
Born to make us Thine for ever;
Still abide our souls within?

SON of GOD, most holy JESU,
Endless glory be to Thee,
To the FATHER and the SPIRIT
Now and through eternity.

411. "HARK! HEAR YE NOT THE ANGEL SONG." J. W. ELLIOTT.


TREBLE VOICES. *Moderato con moto.*
p
cres.
Hark! hear ye not the An-gel song The hills of Beth-le-hem among? To
p
cres.
f
you this day, th' In-car-nate Word, To you, the e - ver - last-ing Lord, To
f
dim.
f
you on earth, this hap - py morn, To you the Prince of Peace is born; Whilst
dim.
f

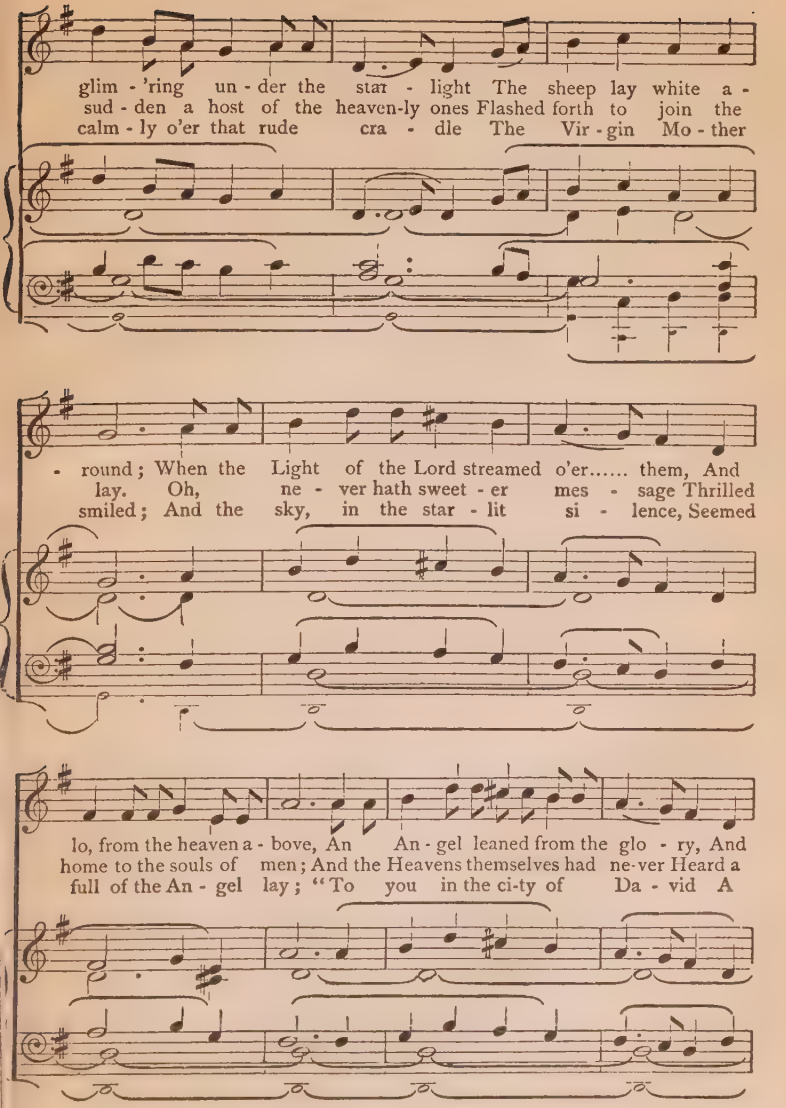


HARK! hear ye not the Angel song
The hills of Bethlehem among?
To you this day, th' Incarnate Word,
To you, the everlasting Lord,
To you on earth, this happy morn,
To you the Prince of Peace is born;
Whilst Heaven re-echoes yet again,
Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men.

Thus Angels sang, and thus sing we,
"To GOD on high all glory be;
Let Him on earth His peace bestow,
And unto men His favour show."
Then men and maidens, young and old,
Come, join the shepherds at the fold,
And singing list, and listening sing,
A carol to our new-born King.

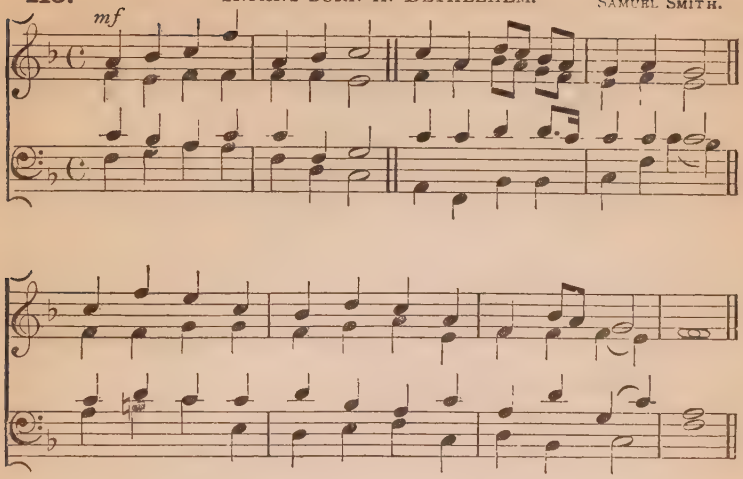
412. "IN THE FIELD." JOHN FARMER.

Allegretto.
♩=120. p
PED.
FOR ONE OR MORE TREBLE VOICES.
1. In the field with their flocks a -
2. "To you in the ci - ty of
3. And the shep - herds came to the
- - bid - ing, They lay on the dew - y ground; And
Da - vid A SA - VIOUR is born to - day," And
man - ger, And gazed on the Ho - ly Child; And


glim - 'ring un - der the star - light The sheep lay white a -
sud - den a host of the heaven-ly ones Flashed forth to join the
calm - ly o'er that rude cra - dle The Vir - gin Mo - ther
- round; When the Light of the Lord streamed o'er..... them, And
lay. Oh, ne - ver hath sweet - er mes - sage Thrilled
smiled; And the sky, in the star - lit si - lence, Seemed
lo, from the heaven a - bove, An An - gel leaned from the glo - ry, And
home to the souls of men; And the Heavens themselves had ne-ver Heard a
full of the An - gel lay; "To you in the ci-ty of Da - vid A

CHORUS. TREBLES AND ALTOS.
rit.
p a tempo.
sang his song of love: He sang, that first sweet
glad - der choir till then, For they sang that Christ- mas
SA-VIOUR is born to - day." On they sang—and I ween that
rit.
p a tempo.
Christ - mas, The song that shall ne - ver cease;
ca - rol That ne - ver on earth shall cease;
ne - ver The ca - rol on earth shall cease;
TUTTI.
f
"Clo - ry to GOD in the high - est, On earth good will and peace."
"Glo - ry to GOD in the high - est, On earth good will and peace."
"Glo - ry to GOD in the high - est, On earth good will and peace."
f
PED.

413. "Infant born in Bethlehem." Samuel Smith.



INFANT born in Bethlehem,
Born to save Jerusalem.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

In the manger see Him lie,
Him who reigns above the sky.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Ox and ass behold His Face,
Son of God and King of grace.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Eastern sages to their King
Gold and myrrh and incense bring,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Entering in they bow before
Him Who reigns for evermore.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Of a lowly Virgin born;
Wound of serpent doth He scorn.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

To our flesh He entered in,
Like to us in all but sin.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Back for God He did us buy;
We for Him must live and die.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

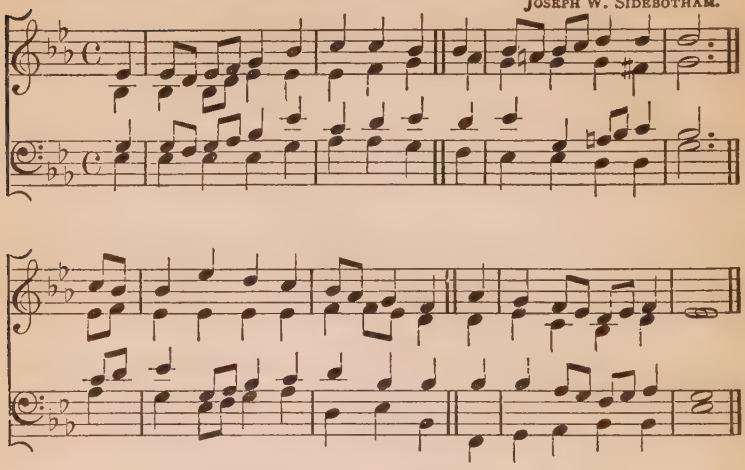
On His birthday we rejoice,
Praise our God with heart and voice.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Glory to the Virgin-born,
Come to us on Christmas morn.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Praise to God Who sent His Son,
Praise the holy Three in One.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

414. "Let Heaven and earth rejoice and sing."

Joseph W. Sidebotham.



LET Heaven and earth rejoice and sing;
Salute this happy morn;
The Saviour, Which is CHRIST our King,
And on this day was born.

Wise men and kings rich gifts did bring
To Bethlehem straightway,
Conducted by a leading Star,
Where CHRIST our Saviour lay.

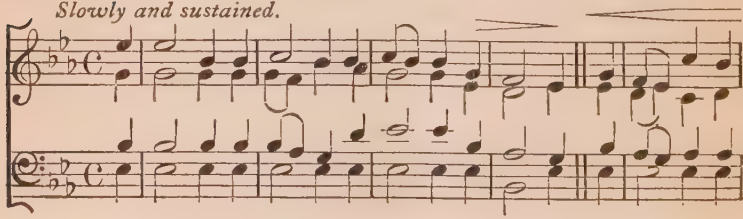
Come, let us join our hearts to GOD,
And thus exalt His fame;
To save us all this Babe was born,
And JESUS is His Name.

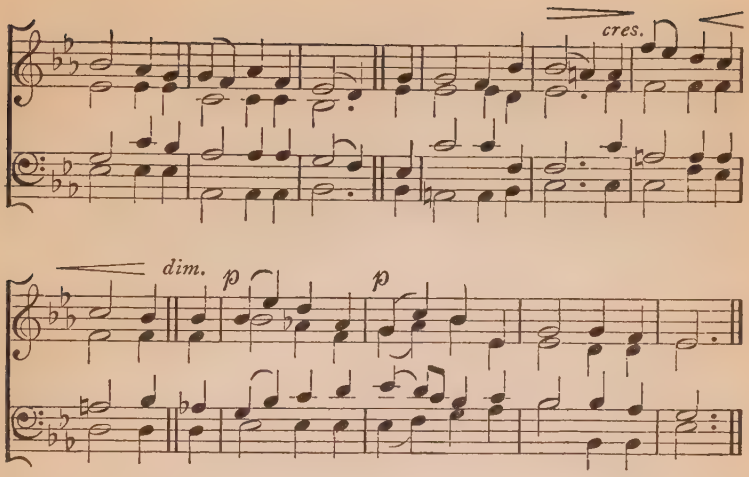
O LORD, to Thee all glory be,
Whom Heaven and earth adore;
For our Redeemer we will praise
This day and evermore.

415. "No room in the Inn."

H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.

Slowly and sustained.





NO room in the inn for the travellers weary,
Though hungry and thirsty and footsore they be;
The children of David, in David's own city,
They come to enrol at the Cæsar's decree.

No place but the stable for Joseph and Mary,
Although they are owned of the true royal line;
They turn from the inn, from its warmth and its plenty,
To rest for the night with the asses and kine.

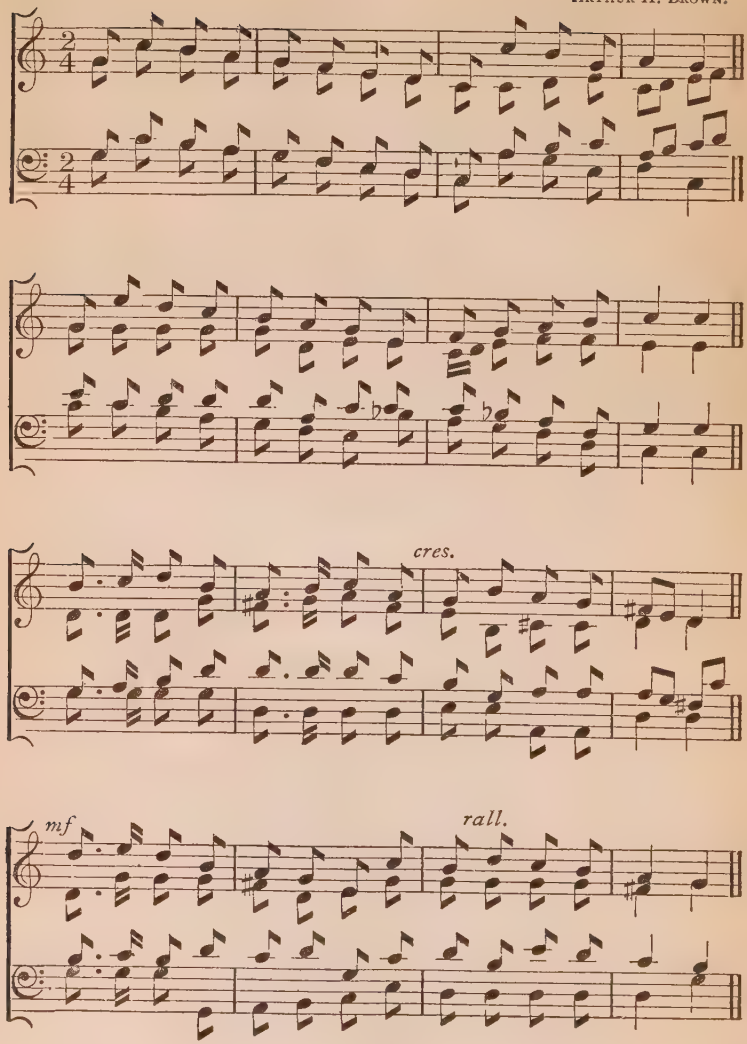
Oh, had the host known, though the inn was o'ercrowded,
Who sought in his hostel for shelter and rest,
The fairest guest chamber had been for the strangers,
And he had provided for them of his best!

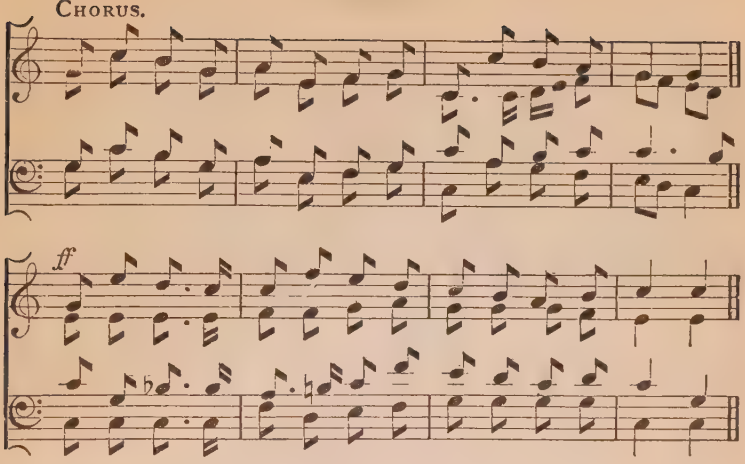
For in the rude stable, when stars were all shining,
The Lord of the Angels took up His abode,
The Babe in the manger so calmly reposing,
Was Israel's Messiah, the dear SON of GOD.

We join with the Angels in giving GOD glory;
From Christmas to Christmas the story repeat
How JESUS was laid a fair Babe in the manger,
And hasten with shepherds to kneel at His Feet.

All glory, all glory to GOD in the highest!
All glory to JESUS for His lowly birth!
With hearts full of joy we re-echo with gladness,
Good will be to men, and sweet peace upon earth.

416. "RING THE BELLS." ARTHUR H. BROWN.



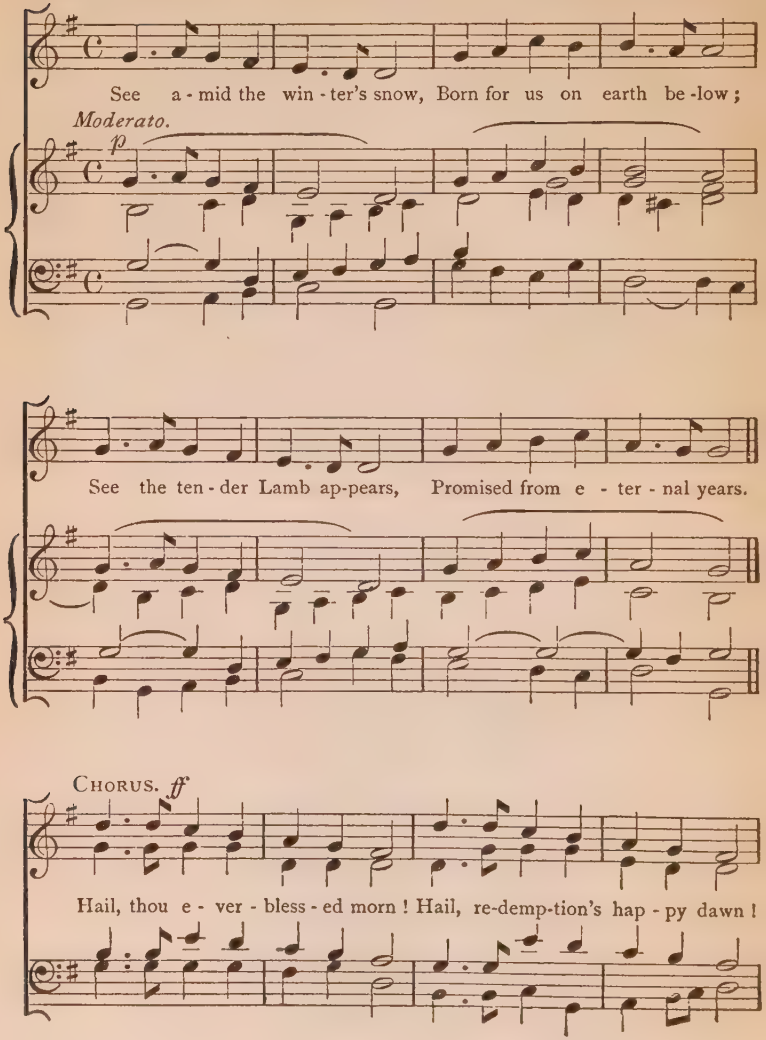


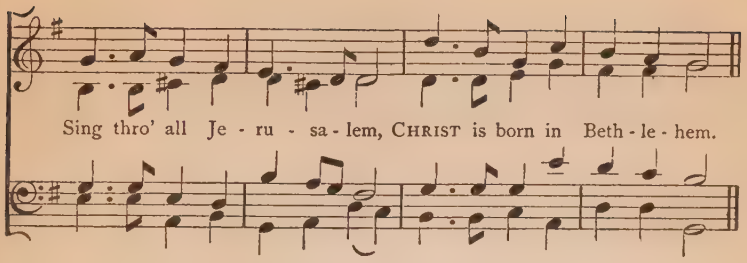
RING the bells, the Christmas bells;
Chime out the wondrous story;
First in song on Angel tongues
It came from realms of glory;
Peace on earth, goodwill to men,
Angelic voices ringing—
CHRIST the Lord to earth has come,
His glorious message bringing.
Ring the merry Christmas bells;
Chime out the wondrous story;
Glory be to GOD on high,
For evermore be glory.

Wise men hastened from the East
To bring their richest treasure—
Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense,
And jewels without measure.
Him they sought, although a King,
They found in birthplace lowly,
There within a manger lay
The Babe so pure and holy.
Ring the merry Christmas bells, &c.

Earthly crowns were not for Him;
He came God's love revealing;
On the Cross He died for us,
His Blood forgiveness sealing.
'Tis the Saviour promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day
Its grateful anthems raises.
Ring the merry Christmas bells, &c.

417. "SEE AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW." J. STAINER, M.A., Mus. Doc.


See a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low;
Moderato.
p
See the ten - der Lamb ap-pears, Promised from e - ter - nal years.
CHORUS. ff
Hail, thou e - ver - bless - ed morn! Hail, re-demp-tion's hap - py dawn!



SEE amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below;
See the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

CHORUS.

Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn;
Hail, redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.

Lo, within the manger lies
He Who built the starry skies;
He Who throned in height sublime
Sits amid the Cherubim!
Hail, thou ever-blessèd, &c.

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lowly mountain steep?
Hail, thou ever-blessèd, &c.

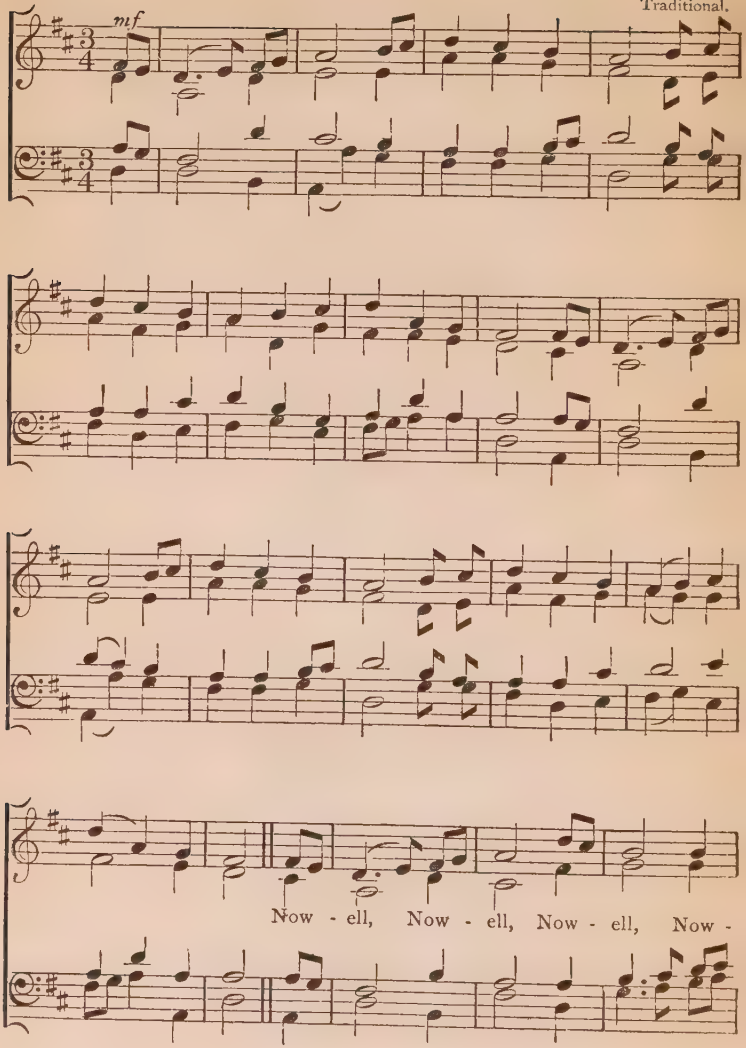
"As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."
Hail, thou ever-blessèd, &c.

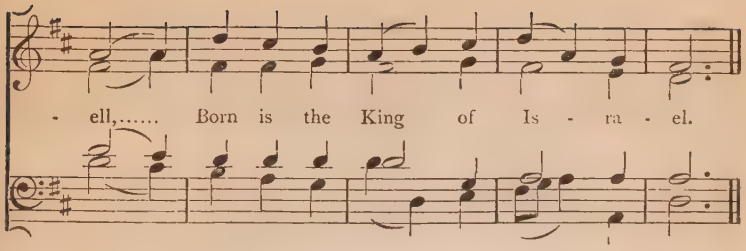
Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!
Hail, thou ever-blessèd, &c.

Teach, oh, teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy Face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility.
Hail, thou ever-blessèd, &c.

418. "THE FIRST NOWELL."

Traditional.





THE first Nowell the Angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay—
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

CHORUS.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, &c.

And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
Nowell, &c.

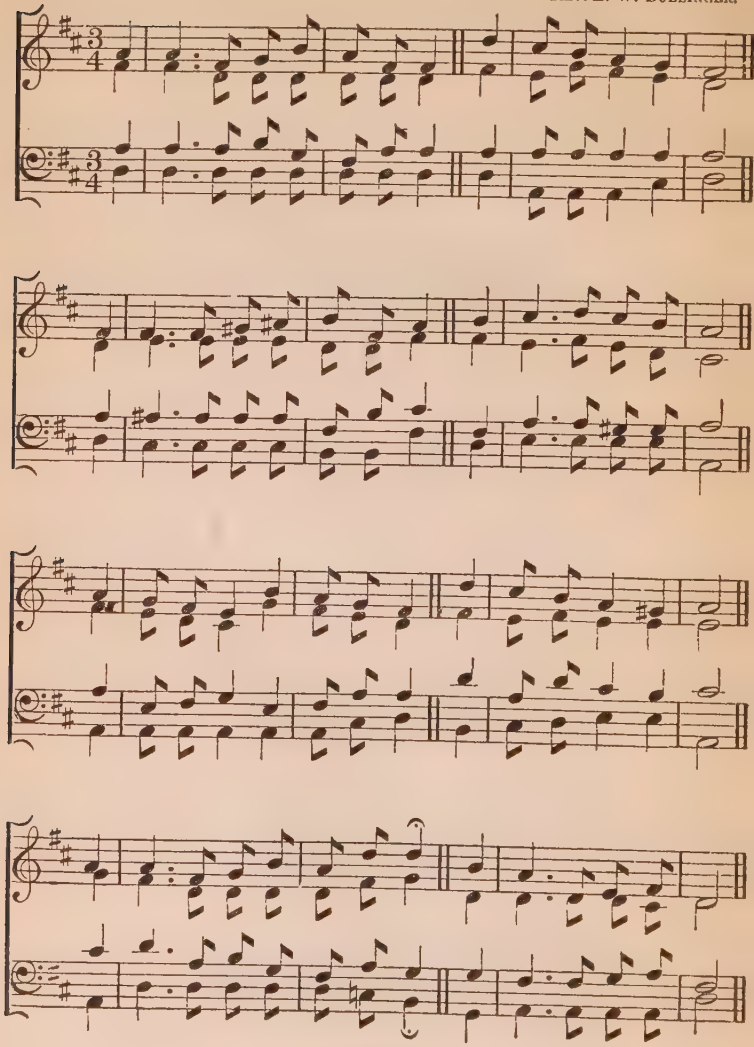
This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest;
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where JESUS lay.
Nowell, &c.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Nowell, &c.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord;
That hath made Heaven and earth of nought,
And with His Blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, &c.

419. "THE STARS ARE SHINING BRIGHT AND CLEAR."

REV. E. W. BULLINGER.



Carols.

THE stars are shining bright and clear,
The hills are white with snow:
Our Christmas-eve has come again,
Our hearts with joy o'erflow;
The Christmas carols, sweet and glad,
Are sounding on the air;
And Christmas wreaths, in glistening show,
Make bright the house of prayer.

Not here across the snow was heard
The first sweet Christmas song;
But where the crimson lilies bloom,
Judæa's hills among;
Those hills where David long before
His father's sheep had kept;
And where, o'er Rachel's lonely tomb,
The mourning Jacob wept.

And not by earthly choristers
Was that first carol sung;
Not through the temple's shining courts
Its faultless music rung;
No listening crowds had gathered there,
That wondrous chant to hear;
Save watchful shepherds on the hills,
No human soul was near.

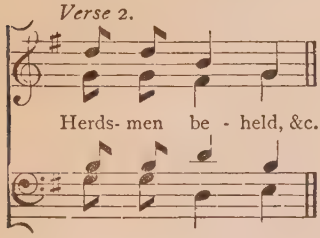
'Twas sung by countless multitudes
Of Angels pure and bright,
And o'er the bare and silent hills
There shone a glorious light;
Such heavenly music ne'er was heard
Before by sons of men,
And never more shall song like that
Be heard on earth again

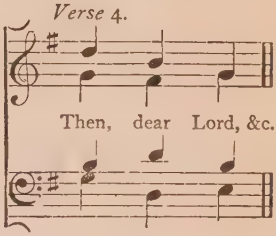
We know the tidings which they brought
Of CHRIST our Saviour's birth,
Their song of "Glory be to GOD,
Good-will and peace on earth;"
In crowded church and quiet homes
We chant that carol still;
'Tis heard from city streets and courts,
From vale and lonely hill.

For us the gracious Saviour came,
For us He lived and died,
For us was born a little babe,
For us was crucified;
And so the Christmas carol, sung
By Angels long ago,
Is sweeter than all other songs
Which Christians sing below.

420. "When Christ was born of Mary free." A. H. Brown.

When Christ was born of Ma - ry free, In Beth - le-hem that fair ci - tie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee, "In ex-cel - sis glo - ri - a."
Chorus. ff
In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a,





WHEN CHRIST was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,
"In excelsis gloria."

CHORUS.

In excelsis gloria,
In excelsis gloria,
In excelsis gloria,
In excelsis gloria,

Herdsmen beheld these Angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said GOD'S SON is born to-night,
"In excelsis gloria."

The King is come to save mankind,
As in the Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song we have in mind,
"In excelsis gloria."

Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace
Grant us in bliss to see Thy Face,
That we may sing to Thy solace,
"In excelsis gloria."

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